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Haskell's
WOMEN OF THE BIBLE
WIVES OF PRESIDENTS,
ETC.

1892.

INTRODUCTORY REVIEW.

BY DR. EUGENE F. STORKE.

"The Women of the Bible and Wives of Our Presidents, etc.," is the title of a new book now issuing from the press and challenging public attention. The author, Thomas Nelson Haskell, having finished his third volume of poetry and prose writings, has submitted it for an introductory review, and having perused it with pleasure and profit we predict for it an extensive and useful patronage. Complimentary as the press of different countries has been towards "Konkaput and Occasional Poems and Descriptive Pieces," we think this volume, in the same ornate style as the others, will attract still higher appreciation. It has several distinct general subjects, each of which is popular and ennobling, and no readers of literary taste, who are either pious or patriotic, can fail to prize this new and unique contribution to the biblical, biographical and historical literature of our land.

The first section of this forthcoming book is a Resumé of a larger work entitled "Echoes of Inspired Ages," and like that is conveniently arranged for daily reading. This resurvey of that ground is entitled "Women of the Bible," and is devoted entirely to the female personages found in the Sacred Scriptures, and has over seventy sketches of biblical characters, from Eve in Eden to Eunice and the "Elect Lady" of all lands, described by the Apostles. One beautiful character is word-painted on each page, in most part in flowing pentameters, with now and then Alexandrine couplets which do *not*, as Pope complained, "drag their slow length along." The successive page-poems are in their chronological order, and logically follow appropriate scripture passages on which they are based, and much thought and action are compressed into a limited space, giving the reader abundant matter for meditation.

Appropriately supplementing this division are brief poetical accounts of "Some Bible Women," in various lands, whose characters were formed by reading Family Bibles, or—as in the Catholic examples given—indirectly from its influence. Among these notable women will be found Madame Guiyon, Madame Guizot, Mrs. Wesley, Mrs. Hemans, Queen Victoria, Jenny Lind and Florence Nightingale. The verses of tribute to their noble efforts, deeds and sacrifices, follow condensed historical sketches and suggestive scripture references.

After this foreign section is one entitled: "Bible Women of America." In this a truly national spirit and very patriotic feelings are evinced. Taking up the songs and philanthropic services of Jenny Lind and Florence Nightingale, this begins with "Christian Nurses in Our Country's Need" and "Teachers of the Freedmen," and presents "The Wives of Missionaries, Home and Foreign," Christian Teachers in Sunday and public schools, and such "honorable women not a few" as Emma and Francis Willard, Amelia Welby and Mrs. Vice-President Morton.

Then comes the "Mothers, Wives and Daughters of Our Presidents," nearly all of whom appear to have been Bible Women of great excellence, constituting the completest *succession* of historic female worthies in the world. With these glorious themes the author seems entirely at home and certainly does rare and commensurate literary work. A long residence in Washington as pastor of an important church made him familiar with many interesting facts which he shadows forth succinctly in his rhythmic words. Carrying out the prevailing line of thought, he comprehensively and briefly sums up into a single page the biography of each of these noble women as a nucleus around which gathers the halo of their country's glory and their illustrious husbands' high renown. From "Mary, the Mother of Washington" down to "Harrison's Daughter and Baby McKee," all are pleasantly depicted in true poetic colors, so that each reader feels acquainted with every "Lady of the White House" and their distinguishing traits. The book is free from all efforts at toadyism, poetical

exaggerations and historical inaccuracies. It is, as the author says, impartial in politics, unsectarian in religion, and fair in everything.

Immediately after these various tributes, and before the famous article on the President of the Rebel Confederacy, is placed "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Uncle Tom," which would have been among "The Bible Women of America," but for a careless omission. This printer's blunder, however, proves to be a sort of Providential blessing, for certainly this portion of the book comes midway between the conditions which led up to secession and the rebellion itself, and it is proper to confront the two great anti-slavery and pro-slavery leaders together in the presence, as it were, of the glorious lovers of their country who have lived as our models in the Executive Mansion. There will be an intensified interest in this book also when the reader is informed that Professor Haskell's wife was the Miss Annie Edwards who acted as Mrs. Stowe's secretary in Andover, and their veneration for this renowned American authoress is very great and filial.

Supplementing the poetical portion are these two prose articles, "HASKELL'S REPLY TO REDPATH'S EULOGY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS" and his "ESSAY ON BRIBERY AND THE BALLOT," both of which are now of great political and public importance. It is in the first of these that the reader will find Mr. Haskell at his best. Strong though much of his poetry may be, yet in the fields of stirring prose does he evince his full strength and sterling worth. In proof of this see the closing paragraph of his spontaneous and able rejoinder to Redpath, from which we quote:

"And when the relentless finger of time shall have rubbed out every inscription, and his mighty hand have thrown down the monument, there will still be written in history and upon the heart and memory of humanity also, this simple, solemn memorial, more enduring than time and more eloquent than eulogy: Wrong—though overruled and forgiven—is wrong forever."

The closing essay on "Bribery" is both peerless and opportune, and is so candid and so conclusive that no conscientious American citizen can arise from its perusal without appreciating the supreme import-

ance of purifying our politics, and saying with Professor Haskell concerning the bribing of the ballot: "Franchise is more than friendship; it is the life of this Nation. Were my dearest brother in this great wrong, I would defend the right lit whom I might. Let those who sympathize with these sentiments put on their virtuous armor and defend them with valor. Let no man despise his birthright. The Past, with all its sacrifices and examples; the Present, with all its obligations; the Future, with all its hopes, unite to say: Let every citizen stand by our suffrage as sentry and everybody do his *duty* to his kind and country."

We have sincere words of commendation for this compact and comprehensive book, as remarkable for its marvelous originality as for its elegance of design and diction. That it will be interesting to all, who shall be so happy as to own and use it, we cannot for a moment question; and we close by repeating that we have great pleasure in the work assigned us of Introductory Reviewer.

E. F. S.

British Reviews of Haskell's Books.

The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D. D., of Glasgow, a noted Scotch author and critic, in a three column "Review of Haskell's Konkaput and Occasional Poems," says: "They are most entertaining and useful volumes. The romance entitled 'Young Konkaput, the King of Utes,' begins with an exciting 'Indian Legend of Twin Lakes,' and has its principal scenes laid among the Rocky Mountains. Although professedly a work of fiction, it may be considered as an imaginary embellishment and poetical exaggerations of facts which really were or might there have been. Its heroine, Susan, or Shawsheen, is a real personage, like Pochahontas, and the hero is the supposed son of a famous Sachem, Colorado I., whose twin sisters were seized by invading savages and driven with their captors into the 'Upper Twinlake' and drowned. (An excellent frontispiece engraving represents this scene.) In this beautiful region 'King Konkaput' was born, and in the neighboring 'South Park,' he met and wooed his dusky maid, whom he meant to make the Queen of Utes, when his mother, Piesse, shall have passed away. He is, however, tempted to enter upon a long trapping and hunting expedition, and never sees either of them again; for during his absence an Indian war broke out, his betrothed, Shawsheen, is carried away captive, and both his parents perished.

"After his return, the principal part of this romantic poem is occupied with Konkaput's wanderings among both savages and civilized people to find the captive squaw. He hears that she had been rescued by the whites from the burning stake and taken to the Pacific Coast; but there he is told she was carried East to be educated. Thither he goes and gets an education

himself, but nowhere has any trace of his prospective queen. . As Longfellow's Evangeline searched for Gabriel, so young Konkaput has wandered from tribe to tribe and sea to sea without finding the object of his search; but in his lonely journeyings he surveyed the whole Indian subject and sets it forth

'In thoughts that breathe and words that burn.'

"At length he hastens back again to his tribe to help them into civilized life, and there learns that Shawsheen was restored to the Utes, and, supposing he was dead, has married a famous medicine man, and so can never be his wife. This makes him all the more devoted to his ennobling mission to raise savages into saints and citizens. But alas! like our Lord, 'he came unto his own and his own received him not!' Shawsheen's brother, Arrow, had usurped the headship of the Utes and connives at Konkaput's death, but finally felt such compunction for this murder, heightened by certain papers found on the martyr's person (which a white man interpreted) that he often visits the dead king's grave to confess this sin, and enters even upon the very course of reform among his people which the enlightened Konkaput had planned.

"Such," says the Scotch reviewer, "is an outline of the story that Professor Haskell tells in such a way as to make it very interesting and beneficial, too. There is a fine breeziness about the book, as if it breathed forth constantly the mountain air of freedom. The author everywhere evinces sympathy for the oppressed and weak of every race, and admiration for all liberators, of whatever clime; still he is not blind to the faults of the American aborigines, whom he represents as being often savage in their cruelty, as seen in The 'Key to Konkaput, or, The Fate of the Philanthropic Meeker Family.' "

"We are very unwilling," continues the critic, "to find fault with so interesting and valuable a poem, but we venture a suggestion: There are five pages—(42–47) written in the measure of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' which are so admirably expressed that we fancy it would have been a decided improvement if the whole poem had been in that rhythm, instead of what musicians call the 'long metre' of Scott's poetical works. It could have been, even, in the measure of *Evangeline* and retained its original and unique character. Either of Longfellow's popular measures would have fitted the Legend of Konkaput well, and still left the author the imitator of none but himself. Homer did not copy Hesiod though both wrote hexameters, and no style is any one man's exclusively.

"This criticism does not, of course, apply to the odes and addresses which the author, every here and there, puts in the lips of his principal characters. Thus 'Konkaput's Apostrophe Upon Pike's Peak' (p. 177), in the French *Alexandrine*, is truly sublime, and we are sure our readers will like the young king's hymn upon 'The Mount of the Holy Cross,' beginning with this heaven-born assertion, (p. 183)

"The loftiest thing in human thought
Is God's redeeming love!"

"As to HASKELL'S DOMESTIC POEMS, we should have mentioned sooner, that one attractive feature of these books is their admirable pictorial illustrations; and here, after a modest, frank preface, which fully justifies the author's family feeling of friendship with his readers, we have a fine cut, called 'Courting on Horseback,' in which the equestrians meet in a sequestered grove near the Andover lakes, and the likeness and posture of Mrs. Haskell (Miss Edwards, then), are so very sweet and graceful that we do not wonder that the Professor fell in love with her.

"In another engraving the countenance of their dear daughter Florence, who died in Denver at the age of 14, and yet in what seems the maturity of womanhood, is so sedate and winning we do not wonder at the beautiful tribute to her memory, 'The Second Anniversary of Sorrow.' The other domestic pictures of both parents and children, and the types of women and maidens and martyrs and Susan are delightfully apropos, suggestive and eloquent, while the rougher 'chalk sketches,' like Konkaput with his sledge drawn by jubilant deer, are delightful for children and inspiring to all.

" 'THE OCCASIONAL POEMS ' Foreign, Patriotic and Juvenile,' are also worthy of the beautifully printed book in which they are bound. We had no thought when we were once traveling in Palestine with Professor Haskell that he was writing a poem every day on passing scenes and events; but here the spontaneous compositions are in terse and rythmical form upon topics of interest all the way from Egypt to Athens and the Alps, via Jerusalem, the Jordan, Damascus, Smyrna, Mars Hill and *Firenzi*, or Florence on Arno's fair and classic banks, till finally on Switzerland's Alpine pinnacle he sings:

" On the top of Mt. Rhighi this Fourth of July,
The year of our Lord eighteen sixty and two,
I swear in Christ's name I were willing to die
To make my dear country immortal and true!"

"Soon after this consecration to his country's cause Mr. Haske'll came to Scotland and here published in the *Glasgow Christian News* an important International Letter upon 'The Origin, Issues and Prospective End of the Pro-Slavery War then Waging in the United States.' Opinions were much divided here then in regard to that war; but his instincts and predictions proved eventually to be correct; for the

Union cause triumphed and the slaves became free. Subsequently Mr. Haskell was Professor of Logic, Literature and Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin, but moved to Denver, Colorado, in the hope to save the life of his child, the beautiful Florence before described. We have occasionally exchanged letters from afar, and will be glad to meet our old fellow-traveler again in the fields of poetry or prose, and if not once more in the Palestine of earth will greet yet again in the Paradise of heaven."

ANOTHER BRITISH REVIEWER SAYS :

"I have found much amusement and profit in reading 'King Konkaput and Other Poems,' by Professor Haskell of Denver. The first is a rythmical romance suggested by the terrible 'Meeker Massacre,' and seems to give the true solution of the vexed Indian problem in the United States. Having glanced, here and there through these neatly bound volumes, I was struck with their unique, original and highly picturesque character. Perceiving some most beautiful poetic gems of the first water therein, I said to myself: Here I shall find real mental recreation and rest.

"But after a little more desultory reading, I became so fascinated with Konkaput that I could not lay it down. Even my meals seemed intruded upon me. Yes, 'Young Konkaput' is *indeed a fascinating book*, handsomely bound and elegantly illustrated. Its style is easy and perspicuous, rich in the sublime, flowing full of nature's charming scenes as they pass before the eyes like a panorama of the rocky crest of that great land, and each scene is photographed on the reader's mind by the pure and lucid style of the author.

"It must enhance the pleasure of tourists through

the Rocky Mountain scenery to read Konkaput before starting on their trip. It would add good sauce to a rich feast. The rhythmic and graphic style of this romance reminds one of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, though its tone and sentiments are purer and more ennobling. The lines are clearly drawn between savage and civilized Christian life. It is a book that is bound to live and become popular with lovers of nature and good poetry. While the whole book is a casket, still some of its gems are richer and more radiant than others.

“How simply beautiful are the four stanzas entitled ‘The Holy Cross, by Konkaput.’ There is a precious gem that *ought to be set in letters of gold*. The thoughts reach the infinite, while the words are so meek! What lofty inspiration is breathed forth, also, in that graphic piece, ‘King Konkaput’s Apostrophe Upon Pike’s Peak.’ Another brilliant gem is ‘The Last Lone Indian’s Soliloquy’ by the Sunset Sea, page 121, and Zinziba’s last letter to Konkaput, page 201, is as compact heroism as can be conceived, while the ‘Paraphrase to Pushmata’s Address to La Fayette’ is even better than Chief Logan’s Hebraic rhythm, so famous for its eloquence.

“‘HASKELL’S OCCASIONAL POEMS’ are also refreshing to the mind and do it good like a medicine. In reading them, I experienced the truth of Dr. Carpenter’s teaching in his mental physiology, concerning the mutual influence of the body and the mind. The humor of the ‘Quack Doctor and his Hypochondriac Case,’ the playfulness of the ‘Boy’s Visit to the Moon,’ and the solemn beauty of the ‘Seer-like Song of Sixty-One,’ will suggest the pleasing variety that pervades all of Professor Haskell’s books.”

Rev. WM. ANDERSON, A. M.

(Of Trinity College, Dublin.)

OTHER TESTIMONIALS

TWO BOOKS THAT ARE BEAUTIES.

"Collier & Cleveland are publishing a new holiday issue of Haskell's Romance and Poems entitled 'The Legend of Twin Lakes—Konkaput and Key,' and 'Occasional Poems at Home and Abroad.' These Vols. I. and II. are elegantly bound, gilt-edged and stamped for both shelf and center table. In matter and appearance they are twin beauties, and entitled to a place in every household library in the land. The books contain also two British Reviews and other opinions of the press that show a high appreciation of them as standard works that are in the literature of America to live and hold an honored place."

Colorado Patriot.

"Haskell's beautiful poems have won much praise here and elsewhere for their author. Mrs. Condit (who is a reader of fine literary taste) pronounced Konkaput 'fascinating and masterly.' She read, then re-read, and loaned to our friends.

"PROF. P. M. CONDIT,

"(Supt. of Schools, Delta Co., Colo.)"

"Thomas Nelson Haskell is one of the true poets. His Legend of Twin Lakes has not only poetic value, but its descriptions of natural scenery are excellent." —*Milwaukee Herald*, (German).

"Mr. Haskell not only deals with the Indian Question, but touches also our duty to the Colored People of the South, and writes with special facility when dealing with western scenes and themes. His Occasional Poems have a marked variety and merit." —*Chicago Interior*.

"Of Haskell's Poems indicating high water mark, we single out the one 'On Leaving Jerico.' There can be no hesitation in ranking this with Ray Palmer's best." —*Geo. McClurg in Pike's Peak Herald*.

“ ‘The Story of Konkaput,’ the King of Utes, and Shawsheen, his maiden Queen, is of thrilling interest and holds the reader’s rapt attention from the opening verse to the closing line.”—*Hon. Arthur E. Pierce, in Denver Eye.*

“In Konkaput the author rises to unusual poetic altitudes, his plan is subtle and artistic, and the enthusiast ever prevails throughout its fascinating pages.”—*A. Kauffman in Commonwealth.*

KIND ESTIMATE OF A COLORADO AUTHOR.

“Hon. Charles Townsend of Ohio, in speaking of Western authorship, says: ‘I read with great satisfaction Prof. Haskell’s Review of Redpath’s Memories of Jefferson Davis. The arraignment of the great Confederate leader’s conduct is the essence of law and reason, so vigorously and clearly stated as to be unanswerable. I have never read an abler review.’ This literary statesman also writes concerning ‘Haskell’s Legend of Twin Lakes:’ ‘I read Konkaput with intense pleasure. Sweet and pleasing is the current of the rhythm, and elevating and instructive the lesson. So graceful, indeed, in manner that it carries the reader along on easy and noiseless wings. I would rather be the author of this poem than hold any place of official distinction within the reach of reasonable ambition.’”—*Denver Republican.*

“Professor Haskell mailed to Mr. Gladstone a copy of his ‘Young Konkaput, the King of Utes.’ not expecting any notice of its reception, but the Grand Old Man sent a very cordial and grateful autograph acknowledgment and appreciation of the work, signed, ‘Yours, very faithful and obedient, WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.’”—*Rocky Mountain News.*

For other “Opinions” of the book see notices in the back part.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

A RÉSUMÉ

OF

ECHOES OF INSPIRED AGES,

BY

THOMAS NELSON HASKELL,

AUTHOR OF

"MESSIAH AND HIS MARTYRS," SEVERAL BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS,
"THE LEGEND OF TWIN LAKES," "OCCASIONAL
POEMS," ETC., ETC.

DENVER:
THE REED-WHEELON PUB. CO.
1892.

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*Yours in haste and heartily,
Thomas Nelson Haskell.*



DEDICATION.

To my Mother, Wife, Sisters and Daughters, and to all Women who sincerely love the Word of God and the model characters which it contains, is this work dedicated with a glad and grateful heart.

T. N. H.

Contents.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

Invitation—Come Heed the Call,	1
Bible Women the Fairest in the World,	2
Help of Women in the World's History,	3
The First Woman and her Future Worth,	4
The Four Women that Would Cross the Flood,	5
Three Maternal Ancestors of Messiah at Mamre,	6
Rachel the Lover of Children, Leah's Rival,	7
"Remember Lot's Wife," Ancestress of Ruth,	8
Hagar's Sorrow and Help with Ishmael, her Son,	9
Hebrew Midwives and their Heathen Monarch,	10
Jochebed, Moses' Judicious Mother,	11
Moses' Sister, Miriam, Mistress of Song,	12
Inspired Helpers on the Lord's House,	13
The Faith of Rahab, the Harlot Reformed,	14
Judge Jephtha's Daughter—Joy and Grief,	15
Judge Deborah, the Seeress, and her Divine Song,	16
Jael the Kenite, and Sissera's Mother,	17
Judge Samson's Mother and her Mighty Son,	18
Naomi and Ruth, the Redeemer's Mother,	19
Hannah, the Mother in her Nation's Emergency,	20
The Women who Sang of David and Saul,	21
Michal, Saul's Daughter, Saving David from Death,	22
Abigail, "the Wise and Beautiful" Wife and Widow,	23
The Wise Woman of Tekoah and her Miserable Mistake,	24
The Wise Woman of Abel and her Pacific Power,	25
The Wise Mother of the Wisest of Men—Bathsheba,	26
Rizpah's Devotion to her Crucified Sons,	27
Jereboam Sends Ano to Ahijah the Seer,	28
So Ano Comes Mourning to Tirza To-day,	29
The Great Woman of Shunem in Grief for her Son,	30
A Prophet's Widow with her Sons in Want,	31
The Little Maid and her Leprous Master,	32
Jehoshabeth Saving her King's Son,	33
Athaliah, a False Mother and a Foul Murderess,	34
Wicked Jezebel, Harlot Wife of Ahab,	35
Huldah, a Prophetess Heroic Before Princes,	36

Esther the Queen—Whence the Wise Men Came,	37
Elizabeth, the Mother of John the Baptist,	38
Mary, the Mother of Jesus, the Messiah,	39
Anna the Seeress, Owning the Infant Savior,	40
The Legend of Ambition to Bear Our Lord,	41
The Hunchback Daughter of Abraham Healed,	42
The Ruler's Daughter Raised From the Dead,	43
Mary Magdalen's Love for her Lord,	44
Herodias, a Mother, with the Head of her Martyr,	45
A Grecian Woman with Great and Wonderful Faith, . . .	46
A Widow Solaced when Weeping for her Only Son, . . .	47
Peter's Wife's Mother and her Pious Ministry,	48
The Woman of Samira Winning Others to Messiah, . . .	49
The "Woman that was a Sinner,"	50
The Adulterous Penitent Arraigned and Pardoned,	51
Martha, Exacting Sister but Excellent Hostess,	52
Her Sister Mary Sitting with Their Master,	53
Salome: Who was Mother of Zebedee's Children?	54
Pilate's Wife Procla, and Peter's Accusers.	55
The Women at the Tragic Mountain,	56
The Women at the Sepulchre,	57
Did <i>Women</i> See Our Lord as He Went Into Heaven? . . .	58
Jesus' Mother in the Pentecost Prayer-Meeting,	59
Saphira's Sin Against the Holy Ghost,	60
Mary the Mother of Mark and her Meeting for Prayer, . .	61
Rhoda, the Damsel that Harked at the Door,	62
Tabitha—Dorcas—Raised from the Dead,	63
Lydia, the Hostess who Loveth the Lord,	64
The Demoniac Damsel and Slave,	65
Deacon Philip's Four Daughters,	66
"Candace of Ethiopia" and "Queen of the South," . . .	67
Phebe the Deaconess, and Other Daughters of God, . . .	68
And "Honorable Women Not a Few,"	69
Eunice and Lois and their Lives Even Now,	70
"The Elect Lady" and her Like in all Lands,	71
Saint Agnes, and Such as then Knew the Savior,	72

BIBLE WOMEN.

"Santa Monica," Augustine's Mother,	73
Kathrine Von Bora, an Augustine Monk's Bride,	74
Annie Askew, a Bible Reader, Burned,	75
"The Woman on the Scarlet Beast" Burning a Blind Girl, .	76
"Saint Elizabeth" of Hungary,	77
"Saint Theresa" of Spain,	78
Madam Guyon—the Godly "Mystic,"	79

Madam Guizot and his Godly Mother,	80
Grace Aguilar, a Godly Jewess,	81
Princess Louise, Prussia's Illustrious Queen,	82
Victoria, Empress of India and Queen of England,	83
Ramabai of India, Born Again of the English Bible,	84
Madam Susannah Wesley—"Mother of Methodism,"	85
Mistress Hannah More and her Devout Works,	86
"Charlotte Elizabeth" and her Loyalty to Truth,	87
Mrs. Felicia Hemans and her Pilgrim Hymn,	88
Jennie Lind, "The Swedish Nightingale,"	89
Florence Nightingale and her Aid to America,	90

BIBLE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

The Christian Nurses in our Country's Need,	91
Women that Followed the War as Teachers of Freedmen,	92
The Widow Lee, of East Tennessee, and her Son,	93
"The Angels of Buena Vista," by the Quaker Bard,	94
Isabella de Herera, "The Rose of Peru,"	95
Mesdames Guyort and Chauveny, of Quebec,	96
Margaret Bourgeoys, of Montreal,	97
Our Bible Women as Missionaries Abroad,	98
Home Missionaries' Wives as Bible Women,	99
Young Women Teaching the Bible in Sunday Schools,	100
A Common School Teacher who Taught Christian Truth,	101
Mrs. Emma Willard, whose Mission was Grand,	102
Miss Frances E. Willard, of the World's W. C. T. U.,	103
Utterly Bereft—Mrs. President Marsh,	104
Amelia C. Welby, a Wondrous Mistress of Song,	105
Mrs. Vice President Morton, and her Motherly Pride,	106

OUR PRESIDENTS' WIVES, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Prefatory Notice,	2
Mary, Mother of Washington,	3
Martha, Washington's Wife,	4
Abigail Adams, the Second President's Wife,	5
Martha Jefferson and her Daughters,	6
Mrs. Dorothy (Payne) Madison,	7
Mrs. Eliza (Cortright) Monroe,	8
Mrs. Louisa (Johnson) Adams, J. Q.,	9
Mrs. Rachel (Donelson) Jackson and Niece,	10
Mrs. Hannah (Hoes) Van Buren and Angelica V. B.,	11
Mrs. Anna (Symms) Harrison,	12
Mrs. Letitia (Christian) Tyler (and Julia G. T.)	13
Mrs. Sarah (Childress) Polk,	14
Mrs. Margaret (Smith) Taylor and Daughter,	15

	PAGE
Mrs. Abigail (Powers) Fillmore,	16
Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore,	17
Mrs. Jane (Appleton) Pierce,	18
Miss Harriet Lane—Buchanan's Niece,	19
Mrs. Mary (Todd) Lincoln,	20
Abraham Lincoln's Mother,	21
Mrs. Eliza (McCardle) Johnson,	22
Johnson's Daughters, Martha and Mary,	23
Mrs. Julia (Dent) Grant,	24
Mrs. Sartoris—The Nation's Pet, Nellie,	25
Mrs. Lucy (Webb) Hayes,	26
Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield (Mother),	27
Mrs. Lucretia (Rudolph), Garfield's Wife,	28
Mrs. (Herndon) Arthur, and Mrs. McElroy,	29
Mrs. Frances (Folsom) Cleveland,	30
Miss Rose Cleveland—The "Maiden Mistress,"	31
Mrs. Carrie (Scott) Harrison,	32
Harrison's Daughter and "Baby McKee,"	33
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom,"	34
Haskell's Reply to Redpath's Eulogy of Jefferson Davis, . .	
Haskell's Essay on Bribery and the Ballot,	

INVITATION.

COME! HEED THE CALL, BOTH ONE AND ALL!

Come to my garden and gather the lilies and spices. Wake, O north wind, and come thou south; and breathe on the flowers, that their fragrance may flow forth. Where is thy beloved, O fairest of women? Let him come and feast on the pleasant fruits. Come, daughters of Zion, see King Solomon crowned by his Mother, in the day of his espousals and gladness of heart.

(See Solomon's Song.)

Come into my garden of spices;
Abide in the beautiful bowers;
Discern all its artful devices;
Its fragrance, its fruits, and its flowers;
There feast with the "fairest of women,"
Bright stars in the Biblical story,
Who shine more than diamonds and ermine
And "Solomon in all his glory!"

O look and rejoice at the lilies and roses,
While breezes, spice-laden, breathe love half un-
spoken,
And virgins declare, aye, their *virtue* discloses
The troths that they breathe, all too true to be
broken;
And lives all day long are delightful in duty,
And voices of song greet the sunbeams so vagrant;
And blush, like pomegranates, emblazens love's
beauty,
Till matronly fruits shall mature fresh and fragrant.

Aye, come to this garden—to Eden's enclosure;
To Miriam's brave marching with timbrels and
dancing;
To Debora's people she saved from exposure;
To women who sang Saul and David's advancing;
To Ruth in her beauty, 'mong Bethlehem reapers;
To Hannah, when called to her hopeful confession;
To women with Christ, and his sepulchre weepers—
How precious in faith this *whole* female procession!

Come, come, then, regale in these gardens of roses—
From Eden, from Sharan, from Bethany's greeting,
From the garden wherein e'en the Godhead reposes
And women with spices the Angels are meeting;
O visit my gardens, Mary Magdalens, even—
And here enter kindly the kingdom of heaven!

THE BIBLE WOMEN WILL BE FOUND THE FAIREST IN THE WORLD.

[In all the land there were found no women so fair as the daughters of Job—the earliest of Biblical authors. He named them Jemima—bright as day; Cassia—the aroma of heaven, and Cornucopia—a horn of plenty and beauty; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.]—Job xlii:14-15.

There's beauty in the heavens above,
 And beauties on the earth abound,
 But the best thing of thought is love
 That in "fair women" will be found;
 For beauty of their body beams
 In highest acts of heavenly art
 On matter animate, that teems
 With beauties of both mind and heart.

When in creation's course there came to view
 The beautiful, in sky and field and flower,
 And moving things, in varied modes, so new,
 Appropriate, and proud of life and power.
 The human form came forth a finished fact;
 Earth's Maker in his image made a man,
 To imitate himself in mind and act,
 Then closed with Woman—climax of his plan.

And women vary over all the world;
 This great variety gives spice to lives;
 The banner of their love hath been unfurled
 By model Women—maidens, mothers, wives;
 Those in the Bible are the best of earth—
 Unless we look at lives now by it led,
 Whose loveliest features in its faith have birth,
 For brightest beauties found are *Bible-bred*!

The Bible woman's the most beautiful
 In *every* land; in work and love as well;
 Her days and nights, indeed, how dutiful.
 And time and tongue would fail her worth to tell.
 "Wise women" often grace the Word of God;
 Brave, wise, fair, beautiful, will there be found;
 Then go, retrace, where'er God's Truth hath trod,
 Till "Rights of Women" o'er the world resound,
 And these kind people keep their recompence,
 And, like their brethren, have inheritance!

THE HELP OF WOMAN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

[God said: It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a help meet for him. A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her.]-Genesis i:27; Proverbs xxxi:30.

The noblest feature in a nation's faith,
Is formed from mutual confidence
Of sex, when each sincerely prayeth
For heaven's pledged inheritance. (Psalms 127:3)
No ancient people e'er this fact
Possessed, in vital power and zest,
Like *Bible women*, who did act
Upon this fact and so were blessed.

Fidelity and fortitude abound
In women of that rare and wondrous race;
Deeds chaste, heroic, charming, here are found,
And grandest fame grows hence from female grace.
From Rachel's virtue rose the valiant strength,
When Joseph broke Zuleeka's brazen snares;
Our *Christian* loyalty hath come at length
From Bible women and their works and prayers.

The *Bible-Mother* and the *Bible-Maid*
Were source and succor of their nation's might;
Surpassing worthy, and without parade,
Their temper, good and true for God and right,
Did not desert them in their darkest age;
In startling changes of both church and state
Appear they *apropos* upon the stage,
And kings and wise men on their counsels wait.

We should judge nations *now* by notions shown
Regarding woman and her rights and wrongs;
And note that thence is naturally known
What future fortune to their fate belongs.
It will be good to turn, then, to God's Word,
To test its patterns of the pure and true,
From Eve to Eunice, "handmaids of the Lord,"
Till Christian virtues rise in quick review,
And women rule the world as their reward
For "*fearing God*" and founding *Home* regard;
Although their life at home is often hard!

THE FIRST WOMAN AND HER FUTURE WORTH.

[And God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the first man Adam, and took one of his ribs and made a woman, and brought her unto the man; and Adam said: This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, she shall be called woman; therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. And Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living; and he begat sons and daughters.]—Genesis i:27; ii:18-24; iii:20; v:4.

A sinless sight of sinless *Eve*,
 More fair than *Ariadne's* face,
 Or *Mary* sitting to receive
 Titian's last touch of tender grace,
 Is here displayed in homely speech,
 Inspired with beauty from above;
 Till Adam's tongue to us doth teach
 The claims of *all* connubial love.

• Thence we obtain the best ideas on earth
 Of mankind's social duties the most dear;
 Of woman also—her immortal worth—
 In modest virtues which all men revere.
 She is indeed embodied art divine;
 The crowning part of the creative plan;
 The last best gift of God's ornate design;
 The partner, helpmeet, and the hope of man.

Her *source*, from her own sleeping consort's *side*;
 His flesh and bones selected and refined,
 Into the beautiful *young maid* and *bride*,
 Endowed with modest and devoted mind,
 Well *suit*ed his unselfish love to win;
 Her social nature—known to Satan well;
 Her godly sorrow for her guilty sin;
 Her unbelief, that disobeyed and fell:

Her origin, her actions, and her heirs;
 Her guileless nature, near her guilt and grief;
 Her promised "SEED" to heed her sighs and prayers;
 Her *full, brief sketch* can scarcely fail belief!
 The delicate love-legend of her life—
 As real *Madonna* of our mortal race,
 This world's *first maiden, woman, mother, wife*--
 Engraves her, *source of grief, and source of grace*,
 Weak struggler with the strong in this world's strife;
 OUR LORD'S FIRST MOTHER DEAR, LET ALL REVERE!

THE FOUR WOMEN THAT WOULD CROSS THE FLOOD.

[And Noah went into the ark, and his three sons and his wife and his three sons' wives with him; and the ark went upon the face of the waters, until it rested on Mount Ararat. Then Noah went forth with his wife and his sons and their wives, and they built an altar unto the Lord, and He blessed them, saying: Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.]-Genesis vii and viii.

The wives of Bradford, Allerton,
Of Winslow, and Miles Standish brave,
World-wide renown for wisdom won,
Because their wills could breast the wave,
And bear their loving lives afar,
To plant a new world's life and joy,
There precious future homes prepare
Where old-world sins would less annoy,
And never more the earth destroy.

And thus these ancient wives—those women four.
Stood bending near that brave stupendous bark,
That soon must bear them mighty billows o'er,
To make on new and unknown worlds their mark
Of moral and religious might and worth;
We look upon them with both love and awe,
Those famous *Mothers* of the future earth,
The life adherents of God's holy law;
The bravest women this world ever saw!
They gladly entered in that "Ark of God;"
There gave themselves each day to God in prayer;
And thus were borne, by night, by day, abroad,
The conscious objects of his constant care,
Until they safely rest on Ararat,
And share the new world's bleak and nameless
shore;
Then on the sands the cold encampment sat
And ruminate on years and scenes of yore;
And on their barren place blessings implore.
Most desolate, indeed, *their* "Plymouth Rock!"
But they had courage equal to their care;
And all the future from their little flock,
Rose earth to culture and kind homes prepare.
Forgive the world, for these four women's sake,
That they have shared so little human thought.
Who could with courage such work undertake,
To teach the will to do what wisdom taught,
A righteous and new heaven and earth to make;
The old world's fetters into flinders brake!

THE THREE MATERNAL ANCESTORS OF MESSIAH AT MAMRE.

[And Jacob said: Bury me in the cave of Machpela in Mamre; there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah—of whose son I said: The sceptre shall not depart from *Judah* till Shiloh comes. And there appeared a wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun and the moon was under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.]—Genesis xiii; Hebrews xi; Revelations xii.

A brave chaste woman, cherished by
 The man who won her maiden hand,
 Moving o'er plains and mountains high,
 Led to some lonely, far off land,
 And garnered in "God's acre" there,
 Where coming ages crowd along,
 And keep her tomb with constant care—
 Such is the substance of this song.

So "SARAI" marched beside *her* manly spouse,
 When *Abram* went, as bidden, he knew not where;
 So, too, REBEKA rode to join his house;
 And so went LEAH, in kind Israel's care;
 From Haran's meads these heroines thus move,
 Into the happy, verdant, Hebron vale,
 Three loyal cases of connubial love,
 Whose faith and constancy could never fail.

And when the first became, through faith, the dame,
Sarai, "my lady," was saluted soon,
 As SARAH, "Princess," hence her proper name,
 Whose pious daughters tread upon the moon.
 Devout REBEKA saw the Damascene (Genesis 15:2.)
 Portray his Patriarch's promise, troth and prayer;
 With spirit marked what such espousals mean,
 And soon was bride of Abrah'm's only heir.

Next Judah's mother, Jacob's modest bride,
 Saw her Redeemer in descent so dear,
 That Israel begged "O bury me beside
 My wife in Mamre; *there I buried LEAH!*"
 Thus three line *Mothers of their LORD, MESSIAH*,
 Are sleeping 'neath the ancient Mamre grove,
 And their Descendant, named "THE EARTH'S DESIRE,"
 Is calling all the world to Christian love!
 Soft be their beds in tombs that still abide,
 With their three consorts sleeping by their side,
 Till SHILOH garner all, *our* heavenward guide!

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

RACHEL, THE LOVER OF CHILDREN AND RIVAL OF LEAH.

[Leah was blear-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful, and Jacob loved her, but she envied Leah and said: Give me, also, children, or I die. So God heard her prayer, and she bore Joseph and Benjamin—but dying in child-bed, was buried in the way near Bethlehem—where ages after, the prophets fancied her weeping over Herod's slaughter of the innocents.]—See Genesis xxix-xxxvi; Jeremiah xxxi:15; Matthew ii:18.

A shepherd lass, named for her sheep,
A buoyant maid in beauty's mold,
Her father's flocks for hire did keep,
On ancient plains, pleasant as old.
Laughing she looked upon her lambs
That grazed and gamboled on the green,
And ruled over her dams and rams
As quietly as if their queen.

There, Rachel—modest, chaste, a rural miss—
So longed to know and love some noble man,
That Jacob came with joy and sealed the kiss
Of love, whence their two lives together ran.

(Genesis 29-11.)

Then Joseph's mother, she with modest joy
Impressed his heart with pure and hopeful pride,
That bred a manly mind within her boy,
Developing deep virtue when she died.

Her second son, Benoni, 's "sorrow's heir"—
For, groaning on her bed in dying grief,
She poured her heart and hope to heaven in prayer—
Her love for children here laid down her life!
In after ages, when Jesus was born,
And Herod killed (he thought) the infant king,
Her spirit, like a spectre, seemed to mourn
O'er murdered babes, 'bout whom their mothers
cling.

A voice of horror was in vision heard,
Of Rachel, weeping around children slain!
It seemed as if the very stones are stirred—
And never would be comforted again!
Lo! Rachel's love of children yet doth lead;
Her monuments, by Bethlehem, remain;
And righteous they who love these lives to read,
In mind of her and Herod's murd'rous reign.
Lo! Bethle'em Judah lives, a beauteous gem;
Rachel buried, Jesus born, at Bethlehem!

"REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE," THE ANCESTRESS OF RUTH.

[As it was in the days of Lot (Abrah'm's nephew) so will it be when the Son of Man is revealed. Remember Lot's wife; for when the Angels hastened Lot out of Sodom, she looked back from behind, and in the rain of fire and brimstone became encrusted as a pillar of salt. Yet God overruled the guilt of her daughters for good in the gift of Ruth, the Redeemer's ancestress indeed.]—Genesis xix:26-37; Ruth i:4; Luke xvii:26-37.

Full many have forgot,
 'Mong heirs of Eve and Adam,
 The luckless "wife of Lot,"
 When fleeing out of Sodom;
 Whose case by Christ's command,
 Is carefully confirmed;
 So, if her story stand,
 Forewarned should be forearmed.

Josephus, too, the just historian Jew,
 Says that he saw her statue still in salt,
 To prove the law and prophets live as true
 And that her faith and fancy were at fault.
 I see her statue here in history stand,
 In moral meaning set among mankind;
 It lasts, a monolith, in many a land,
 To warn all classes to be well inclined.

She and her daughters do not shine, indeed,
 Like Christian women, in a Christian world;
 But then, remember well the words we read,
 The fires of Sodom on its *sins* were hurled.
 So wicked was the city where they lived;
 So loose, so lustful, was the Siddim land,
 Those women had been of wise helps deprived:
And yet, through Ruth, Christ's ancestors they stand!

When urged by Justice and Jehovah's hand,
 With words to "hasten" on our heavenly way,
 'Tis well to keep in mind *Christ's* kind command;
 Heaven's wisest beings would his word obey!
 I would not be a *warning*, by my *woe*,
 Against such dalliance in safe duty's path,
 When God would urge and guide me where to go,
 To find salvation from such sacred wrath;
 And yet, 'twere better, even, to be so,
 Than help to save no beings here below.

HAGAR'S HELP AND SORROW, WITH ISHMAEL HER SON.

[When Sarah saw Ishmael, Hagar's son, mocking Isaac, she said to Abraham: Cast out the Egyptian woman and her son! And he took bread and a bottle of water and gave unto Hagar, and they departed, and when the water was gone, she laid her child under a shrub and went over against him and wept; and God heard the voice of the lad, also, and called out of heaven, saying: What aileth thee, Hagar? Arise, lift up the lad, for I will make him a great nation. And she saw a well near and replenished their water.]—Genesis xxi:1-20.

Earth's sorrows seem the more severe,
 When, following in our weary way,
 They are repeated year by year,
 And duplicated day by day;
 But, lo, this woman *twice** so lone, (Genesis 16:8.)
 With none but Heaven to see or hear,
 Hath *now*, in solitude, the moan
 Of her starved *child* upon her ear.

Two lives are clinging to the desert's breast;
Two weary outcasts wilt beneath the sun;
 Their burning thirst forbids them both to rest;
 Of either strength or water they have none!
 So Hagar lays her *Ish-ma-el* down to *die*—
 Beneath a withered shrub, and steals away;
 She cannot look upon his languid eye,
 And seeks in perfect solitude to pray.

When two wrecked sailors, on an untried sea,
 Are drifting deathward on a shifting spar,
 And one is entering eternity
 From that wide waste of waters off so far,
 O, hear their cry, for help, that rends the sky!
 So Hagar wept, a heart rent *Mother's* wail
 Of utter woe! Her anguished, piercing cry,
 With Ishmael's going, doth with God prevail!

He heard the voice of the young dying lad;
 His *Angel* called to Hagar out of heaven:
 What aileth thee, O woman, wan and sad!
 A hardy Nation as thine heir is given
 Through this, thy son; go take him by the hand;
 For see, a living spring is flowing near,
 A fountain *La-Hai-Roi*, and my command
 Is for thy guidance and thy child's good cheer,
 Whose heirs shall ever stand in many a land!—
 Hence as swift ages run Mohammed is her son!

* See Patriarchal Period, page 109.

* THE HEBREW'S MID-WIVES VERSUS THEIR HEATHEN MONARCH.

[Children are a heritage of the Lord; the fruit of the womb is his reward; his first command said: Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth. But the king of Egypt said to the Hebrews' mid-wives: If their babe be a son, ye shall kill it! They, however, feared God, and saved the men children alive; therefore God dealt well with the mid-wives and made them houses.]—Genesis i:28; ix:1-7; Exodus i:15-21; Psalms cxxxvii:3.

We boast of love and letters both;
Own practices humane our pride,
And mourn and grieve the modern growth
Of that foul sin, *infanticide*;
But Egypt's *King enjoined* to kill
Defenceless babes the day they're born,
And these brave mid-wives' better will
Could scarce avail his crime to scorn.

These women, doubtless, were some *Coptic* dames
Set over the slave mothers to consign
Their babes to death. With noble, pleasing names,
Of *Shiprah*, "handsome," *Puah*, "tresses fine,"
Their fear of God was more than Pharaoh's awe;
For they had watched the Hebrew women's prayers,
And learned therefrom Heaven has a higher law,
Than any brutish monarch ever bears.

They found those slaves foresaw their Savior's life
And kept with special care its sacred springs,
And how child-bearing helps to cheer the wife,
While God her offspring guards and heavenward
brings;
So, well He blessed those mid-wives in their cares;
Their deeds He honored with divine award;
"God made them houses"—of most goodly heirs,
Love's promised heritages of the Lord.

'Tis thus that blending races oft are blessed,
Whose women love the laws of waking life,
And rise up in devotion's reason dressed,
As mother, helper, maiden and wid-wife;
And happy they who have as parents heard
Heaven's first great blessing in God's first command
In this sublimely wise and simple word:
"God blessed them; be ye fruitful; fill the land;"
Inherit loving children from the Lord,
And for earth's *future* good have first regard!

* See also "Israel in Egypt."

JOCHEBED, MOSES' GLORIOUS* MOTHER.

[Pharaoh then charged his people, saying: Every son that is born unto the Hebrews, ye shall cast into the river. Now Amram, of the house of Levi, took Jochebed to wife of his own tribe, and she bore him a son and made a basket of bulrushes, daubed it with slime and pitch, put her babe therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink, and his sister, Miriam, watched to see what would be done unto him.]-Exodus ii:1-10; vi:20.

Mark well how much that Nile scene means!
 There a stout-hearted mother stands
 For human life! On Heaven she leans,
 And her kind Miriam commands:
 "Go, watch thy brother's fragile bark,
 And see what guardian God will send
 To find the little bulrush ark,
 The infant foundling to befriend!"

It surely may be with some fairness said:
 Jochebed stamped *Jehovah* on her sons;
 And in the mother we see, too, the maid,
 Who soon as bidden, swift to her ambush runs,
 To watch the babe that slept and waked and wept,
 When floating loose among the flag leaves there;
 To see what careful angels saw and kept
 The outlawed infant—for a living heir.

Go, seek that mother's God! Hear this girl's heart
 Rise from the reeds, in which she's hidden, with fear
 And hope; as when the starlings heavenward start
 At fancied sights they fear or sounds they hear!
 So, up *she's* borne for safety, from above;
 Her mother's prostrate in her hut at prayer;
 Both heaven and earth seem hushed in holy love,
 And take the typic *Christ* in tender care.

Lo, now, a princess lightly presses near
 The river-brink, to take her royal bath!
 "What must that basket mean? Maids, bring it here!"
 She saith, and rescues him from the king's wrath
 The Pharaoh's daughter there adopts the boy;
 The "*glorious**" mother's gladly made the nurse;
 JOCHEBED's heart ascends in holy joy
 And voices Miriam's valor into verse;
 For this fond daughter shall in future days
 Lead forth God's people in *more* "*glorious*" praise!

* JOCHEBED means "*glorious*." See more of her in "*Israel in Egypt*."

MOSES' SISTER, MIRIAM, BECOMES A SEERESS OF MARTIAL SONG.

[After this the Lord saved Israel, by the hand of Moses, his servant, overthrowing the Egyptians in the Red sea; and Miriam, the prophetess, sister of Aaron, the priest, led all the women with timbrels and dancing: Sing ye to the Lord; for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider he hath drowned in the sea.]—Exodus xv:1-20; Ezra ii:34; 1 Samuel xviii:6

Still, Moses' sister, Miriam, stands
 The first sure prophetess of songs;
 She leads the minstrels of all lands
 In thrilling and advancing throngs.
 Sapho did not so sweetly sing
 As Miriam, in her march of praise,
 Whose minstrels sing till mountains ring
 With loud responses to her lays.

With lofty music dance her maids along,
 Till "all the women" wake to minstrelsy,
 And send the echoes of her sacred song
 From cliff to summit and across the sea:
*"Let us sing to the Lord for his triumph is glorious;
 The horse and his rider he hath drowned in the sea;
 He hath led forth his people in peace and victorious;
 Hallelujah forever! The Hebrews are free!"*

Oft *since* that date, on their deliverance days,
 The Hebrew women would, even hundreds strong,
 Pour grandly forth the grateful people's praise;
 And sometimes Mothers, seeresses of song,
 Did praise and prophesy, in princely strains,
 Beholding well, before their sons were born,
 The martial ranks that magnified their reigns;
 Thence minstrel dances many lands adorn.

The race is *led* by legends, *ruled* by laws;
 Earth's minstrel music molds her monuments;
 The heart of woman hails each worthy cause;
 And *Miriam's* canto moved the continents!
 For in her deeds they feel has been displayed
 Both *heavenly* art and hope, as well as *human*:
 And even prosy men have proudly paid
 Pure words of praise to this one pious woman,
 The Prophetess that sang her people free,
 And leapt for joy at sight of Liberty!

THE INSPIRED HELPERS ON THE LORD'S HOUSE.

[And all the congregation of Israel brought offerings to the work on the tabernacle of the Lord's house and its service. They came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, ear-rings, tablets and blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen, which the women, whom the Lord filled with wisdom for the work, did spin.]—Exodus xxxv:25; Isaiah lxiv:11.

The thousand spindles in a mill,
At Lawrence, Lowell or at Dover,
Have so supplanted human skill,
The days of "spinning *wheels*" are over;
And yet those glorious *deeds* of old,
When for God's tabernacle met
The wise ones, with their gifts of gold
And works of love, all linger yet.

Those earnest helpers in that ancient age,
Who gave their gifts of gold, good will and time,
Stand, like a steel engraving, on the page
Of Holy Writ, from Israel's early prime;
And every reader of the record *sees*
Their shapely forms in fitting light and shade,
In a plain picture, full of power to please;
So, their example serves as ceaseless aid!

And quite as worthy, in God's quickening will,
Are portraits of those persons, pure and fair,
Who help adorn his holy temples still,
His tabernacles clothe with tender care;
Nor are the *heavenly host* all unaware
Of such as lend unto the Lord they serve,
And for his church, his chosen house, prepare
Such proper service as his saints preserve.

How heavenly angels hailed the hallowed hour,
When women with their costly spices went
T' embalm the *body* of their Lord, whose power
Preserved his flesh beyond their fond intent!
Still holy ones seem hovering to approve
The part of those who would perfect the place,
Where sinners seek the Savior whom they love,
And in love's service see his living face
And presence, their misgivings to remove;
Bringing both love and beauty from above.

THE FAITH OF RAHAB, THE REFORMED HARLOT.

[And Joshua sent two spies to Jerico, who went to a harlot's house, named Rahab (who became wife of Salmon and ancestress of the Savior), and she said: Your Lord is God of heaven and earth. Swear by him that you will save alive my father and mother, brothers and sisters. And they were saved. So by *faith* the harlot Rahab perished not, but was justified by *works*, when she received the spies in peace and sent them safe away.]—Joshua ii:1-24; Matthews i:5; Hebrews xi:31; James ii:25.

As Joshua's wisdom would begin
 With *faith* that went before his face;
 Just so, kind Rahab saved her kin
 And calls to view a valiant case
 Of the wise courage that would bless,
 As her real friends, a foreign race,
 And gives a sample of success
 And of God's saving love and grace,
 As our own Savior's ancestress.

Though but a harlot hostess, one or both,
 In such an ancient city sunk in shame—
 Her chaste demeanor *here*, and cherished oath,
 Are charming, noble, and make choice her name.
 Her filial solace and her sister love,
 Her faith in *God*, as governor of earth
 And heaven, proclaim her hope on high, and prove
 Her better nature is of heavenly birth.

Her skill in managing their cause so well,
 Her "flax" that hid the spies as if they're fled;
 Her safety, when her fated city fell;
 Her double honor where the Bible's read;
 Her later married and maternal life,
 Before so filial, both so full of faith,
 Show God this woman made a good house-wife,
 Twice spoken such in what his Spirit saith:

"By '*Faith*,' by '*Works*'—by both—was Rahab saved,
 So to regard the sovereignty of God
 That His free grace might be henceforth engraved
 On all repentant 'neath His well-aimed rod.
 Her special portions in th' inspired page
 Will shine yet purer, as it shall appear
 She warns forever each unfilial age,
 Comforts those crushed with shame and cruel fear,
 Points treacherous harlots, even, her path to heaven,
 In the dread straits to which her sex is driven,
 And shows what Magdalens should be forgiven.

JUDGE JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER—THEIR JOY AND DEEP DISTRESS.

[And Jephthah judged Israel six years, and he vowed: If God will deliver the Ammonites into my hands, then whatsoever cometh forth to meet me when I return in peace, I will offer for a burnt offering. So when he came home his only daughter met him with timbrels and dances. When he saw her he said: Alas! my child, thou hast brought me very low!]
—Judges xi-xii.

The touching tales, told old and young,
About Judge Jephthah's only child,
Whose fate the father's spirit wrung,
And hushed her hastening timbrels wild;
How many pages have they filled;
What heart-sick poets have them sung;
What throngs of piteous passions thrilled;
What distressed nerves, indeed, unstrung!

When Jephthah, to Jehovah's favor gain,
Made oath to offer in burnt sacrifice
His only daughter, if their foes were slain
And she should be the first before his eyes,
As he, a conqueror, comes home again,
We see his want of wisdom—a sore want!—
And wonder why his child would not complain,
But heirless, mourn in some secluded haunt.

We wonder at his vow, so rashly made;
We marvel at the motives in each act;
We query more whether the quiet maid,
Were "a burnt sacrifice" *in very fact*;
And while we ask, re-ask, the *why* and *how*,
We so admire the damsel's word, who said:
"My father, verify thy faithful vow,
Though it indeed lead *me* among the dead!"

Such clear convictions of the claims of God,
Such sanctity she saw in such an oath,
That she accepted the afflictive rod,
And gave herself submissively to both.
Before her father's bond her faith did bow!
No martyr ever showed more native power
Than this young virgin, yielding to that vow;
Nor was e'er grief more sore in such glad hour!
For who hath since, or ever, suffered so?
Judge Jephthah's words are just the gist of woe:
"*Alas, my child, thou hast brought me very low!*"

JUDGE DEBORAH, THE SEERESS, AND HER DIVINE SONG.

[And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, also judged Israel, and she bade Barak draw nigh to Mount Tabor with 10,000 men. And God discomfited Sisera before them. Then sang Deborah: Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of his people. The villages ceased till I arose a mother in Israel. Awake! Awake! Lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Ahinoam!]*—Judges iv-v.*

True merit shows its moral power,
 In all the greatness of its strength,
 When, rising equal to the hour,
 It comprehends the breadth and length
 Of crisis issues in advance,
 And calls up forces adequate,
 With helmet, shield, breast-plate and lance,
 To save the soul and save the state.

And such had "Deborah, the prophetess,
 And judge of Israel," in that great day,
 When but for her, and Heaven her word to bless,
 The Hebrew Commonwealth had passed away.
 A moral conquest's in her martial call;
 An eloquence still lauded in all lands:
*"Up, Barak, up! On the Philistines fall!
 This day, God leads thy way; and in thy hands
 The hosts of Sisera by night shall be!"*
 Then down Mount Tabor, side by side, they rode
 To battle and unbounded victory,
 In the dread names of *Deborah* and God!
 And then she sang Time's best triumphal song,
 Impromptued over Esdraelon's plains,
 Till Angels joined the grand orchestral throng,
 And over all "*Jehovah Jereh*" reigns.

The martial Maid of Orleans has the mark
 Of *blood* upon *her* tablets of renown;
 For on the statue of Joan of Arc*
 The maiden's sword supports the monarch's crown;
 But Deborah, with neither shield nor sword,
 Inspired their chieftain, and, in their distress,
 To Israel's hamlets life and peace restored,
 And, as the Mother, did their homes all bless,
 While her delivered land adored her Lord,
 And called her "*Deborah*," his conquering *Word*."

* Anglicise "Joan," etc.; Deborah means "word."

THE MOTHER OF SISERA, AND Jael the Kenite.

[And Deborah sang: Blessed above women be Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. She smote Sisera in her tent through his temples, and he fell dead at her feet. Lord, so let all thine enemies perish. But the Mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice: Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? He waiteth to divide the spoil and the captive damsels with their choicest needlework.]—Judges iv:17; v:24.

How Deborah had won the day
 And sang her triumphal sublime,
 Will never pass from earth away;
 Her deeds are heralded by Time!
 How Jael slew the general
 Of Israel's relentless foe,
 Doth not demand approval *all*,
 Nor should her "blessing" teach us so.

How Sisera's Mother sees his captive slaves,
 Bespeaks divisions of abundant spoil,
 And counts the slaves her cruel nature craves,
 Will still compel the Christian hearts recoil.
 And how that cruel Mother's hope doth cry
 And for her victor (?) son so vainly call,
 For damsel captives, robes of tyrian dye,
 Seems leaping still from Sisera's lattice wall.

How tender women, in the time of war,
 May suffer more than soldiers in the field,
 Is easy here to be accounted for;
Heart wounds have been the worst ones to be healed.
 Yet women yearning for the welcome year
 When peace shall thrive and piety shall live,
 May tent full near the fight, nor shed a tear,
 But first and last the grandest impulse give.

So Kenite Jael, of kind Jethro's kin,
 Was tenting near that sanguine battle scene;
 She wished Jehovah's warriors there to win;
 But was besought in words both false and mean
 By the commander of their cruel foes,
 The lecherous scoundrel with a lie to screen.
 Her woman's tent was sacred, the world knows;
 But o'er the coward the brave Kenite bent,
 And pierced his stupid brain with sturdy blows;
 Soon to his wicked, waiting mother sent
 A world of wisdom and a world of woes!—
We shudder at the life that "lattice" fiction shows!

JUDGE SAMSON'S MOTHER SYMBOLS AND FORESEES MESSIAH.

[And again the Israelites did evil in the sight of God, and he delivered them unto the Philistines. But the Angel of the Lord appeared unto the wife of Manoah, and said: Thou shalt bear a son, and he shall deliver Israel. And she called her child Samson—son of Righteousness—and he judged Israel twenty years.]—Judges xiii:2; xv:20.

A living purpose of the Lord
Is that a nation, for known sin,
Shall reap forth-with its fit reward—
With vice adversities begin.
So, idols found in Israel
Waked fellowship with Philistines,
And guardian wisdom of God's will
Gave serious warnings 'gainst such sins.

Yet in those days of disobedience and
Distress in Israel, for long, dark years,
Because idolaters invade their land,
The sore forebodings and incessant fears
Made men and women look for some relief;
With falt'ring hopes and fears and sighs and tears,
They built on *God* again their good belief,
And sought those guests wherein *his* grace appears.

While in this mood, Manoah's wife one day—
A worthy daughter of the wily Dan—
When sore oppressed, sought out some place to pray,
Where faith's Messiah, in the form of man,
Appeared, and claimed her people's cause his care,
Promised her progeny—then past her prime—
And, through the medium of modest prayer,
Told her puissant son's appointed time.

In proof most kind, the Prince Immanuel came
Again, in proffer to her *husband's* prayer;
And, though withholding his most hallowed *name*,
He showed his *essence* by ascension there!
Then both fell prostrate—bowed upon their face;
The Danite father fell, as dead, with fear;
The plucky woman rose with pleasing grace;
The *promised Savior!* did that sight appear:
Sphinx-like, did Samson soon adorn his sphere,
For twenty years Philistia filled with fear,
And Israel cherished with astounding cheer!

THE BEAUTIFUL NAOMI AND THE MOABITES' RUTH.

[Elimelech, of Bethlehem, went in famine, with Naomi his wife and their two sons, to Moab. There the sons married, but soon the men died, leaving three widows, Naomi, Orpah and Ruth. Then Naomi rose to depart to her own land, and Orpah kissed her good-by, but Ruth said: Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. So they went together to Bethlehem, where Ruth married Boaz and became an ancestor of our Lord.]—Ruth i:16; iv:22; Matthews i:5; Luke iii:32.

Near where Jesus came to save
 With the Angels hov'ring there;
 Near where David, young and brave,
 Slew the lion and the bear;
 God, before, a famine gave,
 And a farmer, full of care,
 Went where welcome harvests wave
 To sustain his household there.

He went to *Moab's* high, well-molded hills,
 Where sleeps in beauty many a balmy spot;
 And dew, like Hermon's, on the heights distills—
 There he united with the heirs of Lot;
 For his two sons here wedded and took wives
 Of Moab's daughters, modest, dear and fair—
 Soon the three husbands lost their useful lives;
 And three sad widows in one scene were there!

Then did Naomi—lovely* mother-in-law—
 Charge her fair daughters once for all to choose
 Their land of Moab, or *her* Lord with awe!
Orpah kissed her farewell, and did refuse
 The God of Israel, his grace and truth;
 But words of special worth the other spake:
 “*Thy people and thy God,*” responded RUTH,
 “*I will for mine henceforth forever take!*”

The fair young widow thence—in faithful weeds—
 Is led a princess to the Promised Land;
 Her daily life she fills with filial deeds,
 And soon in DAVID's ancestry doth stand;
 The child of Moab there doth charm and shine,
 And adds her bright'ning fame to Boaz' name,
 Who led with her the “SON OF DAVID's” line
 Through Obed, Jesse, born in Bethlehem;
 All Christian annals in her name combine —
 Mother of Mary and her SON DIVINE!

* Naomi means “amiable,” and Ruth “satisfied.”

HANNAH, THE NOTABLE MOTHER IN HER NATION'S EMERGENCY.

[One Elkanah had a wife named HANNAH (Gracious), and she bore him a son and called his name Samuel (Asked of God), for she said: For this child I prayed, therefore have I lent him to the Lord. And Samuel grew and God was with him, and he judged Israel long and well.]—I Samuel i-viii.

The holiest lot in human life,
Where sinless angels seem to stand,
Is when and where the pious wife,
Devoted to God's first command, (Genesis 1:28)
In potent earnestness of prayer,
Asks Him for pure Maternal power,
With bond to give him back her heir,
And feels His favor bless the hour.

When such desires, so serious, so divine,
Have pleasure in the home's most holy place,
And parent hearts in pious hope combine,
And God doth give to them new souls with grace,
There morning incense is most sure to rise (1:19)
In thrilling gratitude unto God's throne,
And faithful offspring shall come forth so wise
That all the good their *godly name** shall own.

So blessed was HANNAH, when she blessed the state;
Preserved the Hebrew nation by her prayer;
Lent to the Lord her son before too late,
And symbolized earth's benign Savior there.
Her hymn of praise proves her a heroine
Inspired, revealing reverential spirit;
And diving into depths and heights divine,
Her muse hath more than merely *human* merit.

How oft hath Christendom its crisis hours!
Then, valiant women with their virtues stand,
And plead in prayer for such maternal powers
As "lent" Judge Samuel to the Jewish land.
All life is sacred! and its lawful sources
Are ne'er ignored, abused, except by crime,
And deadly lusts that lead to such divorces,
As have disgraced too much our modern time.
The Heavenly King helps keep his kind commands,
And puts earth's hopes in pure maternal hands!

* *Hannah* means "Gracious;" *Samuel*, "Asked of God."

THE WOMEN WHO SANG OF DAVID AND SAUL.

[When the soldiers returned from David's slaughter of the Philistine, the women came out of the cities to meet them with joy and music, and as they played they sang: Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands! And Saul said: What more can he have but the kingdom? So he hated David henceforth and feared him, for God was with him.]—Samuel xviii:6-12.

There are important eras when
 Events cast shadows on before,
 And hope within the heart of men
 The future sees in scenes of yore;
 When sons of rank and sire that rules
 Have lost their hold on human hearts,
 And "lust for power" pants like poor mules
 Before their overloaded carts.

Obsequious adulation of the great
 Is so instinctive with a craven class,
 That we are now more willing to narrate
 Th' apparent disrespect that came to pass
 In a procession given in praise of Saul:
 The country people saw their king displeased
 The Lord; and seer-like women, first of all,
 Were with full sense of public safety seized!

The king forboded of his coming fate,
 And, fierce as Balak, felt himself accursed,
 And toward his women waxed in haste irate,
 Whose formal greeting gave his champion first
 Applause, who slew "ten thousand" foes in one,
 And saved the nation such a loss of life,
 That still survived each mother's stalwart son
 And still unwidowed was each soldier's wife.

Lo, see that long procession, loud with praise!—
 The soldiers' wives and sweethearts, wise and fair,
 Their grateful rounds of happy greeting raise,
 Till sweetest music sways the mountain air:
 "Saul oft good fortunes gained on sanguine fields;
 His foes by thousands fell about his feet;
 Yet David's valor ten-fold victory yields!
 The King and Champion's praise let all repeat;
 Jehovah's justice shines upon their shields,
 And Heavenly Wisdom the world's sceptre wields!"

MICHAL, SAUL'S DAUGHTER, SAVING DAVID FROM DEATH.

[So Saul sent messengers to David's house to take him, but Michal, his wife, the king's daughter, let David down through a window, and said to them: He is sick! The king then sent soldiers to bring him in his bed, but she sent to Saul—he said: Let me go; why should I kill thee? And Saul gave her to Phaltiel, one of his generals.]—I Samuel xix-xxv; II Samuel iii:14; vii:16.

Doubtless were ways devised by wives,
To rescue husbands from arrest,
Especially, to spare their lives,
Well weighed, they would not *all* seem best;
Yet Virtue's Charity still veils
Even "striking faults" in vicious straits—
As when Saul's ire his sons assails,
And MICHAL twice prevaricates.

It was when Saul, with hatred so inhuman,
Desired his own deliverer to slaughter,
And Jonathan's pure love passed that of woman,
Her duty, as wife, sister, and king's daughter,
Mingled such princely and supreme emotions
As few women could feel in so full measure,
That she, with well-determined wife-devotions,
Kept David safe from the king's sore displeasure.

She shared indeed her husband's chivalry,
And for him, with her faithful life in hand,
Dared to resist her sovereign sire's decree,
And met and baffled even his arm-ed band!
But when her liege was driven to long exile,
And Saul breathed slaughter even against the bride,
That she should consort with Sheik Phaltiel,
Shows an *imperfect** heart we fain would hide.

Condone devices to deceive a king;
Pardon despising of nude David's part
When dancing near God's shrine, yet deign to sing:
"She loved her husband with a *valiant* heart!"
'Twas surely *brave* to shield her husband's *life*,
When sought for by her sire and sovereign, Saul;
'Twere *braver* to have shielded, as his wife,
Her husband's *honor*, though the heavens fall,
And fall herself, unsullied in the strife—
'Twere easier this to say, than with wise skill obey!

* Michal means *perfect*.

ABIGAIL, THE "WISE AND BEAUTIFUL" WIFE AND WIDOW.

[And David sent ten young men to say to the servants of Nabal: Peace be to thy master and all his. We have shielded thy shepherds; so give of thine abundance for the comfort of thy son David. And Nabal said: Who is David! Then Abigail, his wife, a woman wise and beautiful, hasted and said to David: Upon me let Nabal's iniquity be; but when the Lord hath dealt well with thee, then remember thine handmaid. So, after Nabal died, she married David.]—I Samuel xxv:2-24.

Behold that hurrying incensed host
Of God's anointed fugitive,
When hasting to rebuke the boast
Of one "too brutish even to live!"
Mark the pause in the procession,
Before "a woman wise and fair,"
Who, through her eloquent confession,
Saved property and life by prayer.

When ABIGAIL alights at David's feet,
His legions halt; their arms to earth are bent,
And eyes to eyes in admiration meet,
As she propitiates his stern intent,
And, with prophetic, patriotic speech,
Reveals the one divinely sanctioned path,
By which he may true regal greatness reach,
Avoiding rashness and JEHOVAH's wrath.

When cultured woman comes *thus* with her charms,
And stands with balm for wounds and prayers for
peace,
Before the march of angry men in arms,
Their wrath severe is pretty sure to cease;
Their Chieftain—cherishing his love concealed
For absent bride or sweetheart—stands at bay,
And through their ranks a thrill of joy's revealed:
So, warriors wait, and woman wins the day!

When armies on the move for fierce attack,
So halt in silence to be so addressed,
And then with grand good will and thanks turn back;
There is true eloquence by all confessed;
And when the Chief, "in every inch a king,"
Protects the woman and then takes to wife
"The rich young widow," we rejoice to sing:
Heaven bless such happy means of healing strife;
And let the realm with real laudation ring
Till the bright *Father's-joy** abundant fruitage bring!

* *Abigail* means "the father's joy."

THE WISE WOMAN OF TEKOA, AND HER MISERABLE MISTAKE.

[When Joab saw that David's heart was toward Absalom, he called a wise woman from Tekoah, who spoke to the king as if her son had been killed by his brother and they sought also to take away his life. And when David assured her that her son should be saved, she then said: Thyself art at fault for not fetching home *thy* banished son, who slew his brother! The king therefore said to Joab: Go, bring Absalom again.]-II Samuel xiv-xix.

The quick perception of her part,
 In mediation for a man,
 Who harbored treason in his heart,
 Below where human skill could scan,
 And then the will to do and dare
 Before the king upon his throne,
 And for his exiled son and heir
 By feigned sorrow to atone—

This was the *wisdom* of the woman sought
 By David's Captain, who desired the King
 To have the bloody fratricide now brought
 To favor. She did so the business bring
 Before the throne, that David scarcely *dared*
 Decline; for he discerned the leading mind
 Was the proud Joab, who, by her, prepared
 The way for kingly justice to be kind!

See "the Wise Woman of Tekoah" test
 The sovereign's wishes toward his wayward son,
 With bearing that performs her part the best,
 Though 'twas a difficult and dangerous one!
 Hear her sad fiction! 'Tis set forth so well,
 She wins the object that she would obtain,
 As of the mover she at last must tell—
 Now Absalom comes near the king again!

But her "*wise*" (?) mission proved the worst mistake;
 For Absalom would thereby worse rebel;
 And moral reas'ners, now, like errors make
 By holding none be banished, even in hell!
 So David over his dead *infant* said:
 "I soon shall go to heaven where he is gone;"
 But wept o'er *Absalom*, his wicked dead:
 "Would God *I'd* died *for* thee, O Absalom, my son!"
 Alas! *his* crimes *forever* crown his head,
 Where'er his rebel name is heard or read;
 'Twas to such woe th' *unwise* Tekoan led!

THE WISE WOMAN OF ABEL.

[And a man of Belial, named Sheba, blew a trumpet and said: Every man to his tent! We have no part in David! Then they besieged him in the city of Abel, and there cried a *wise woman* from the wall unto Joab: It used to be said, they shall ask *counsel* at Abel, and so they ended the matter. Thou seekest to destroy a city and a mother in Israel. Then she sent Sheba's head to Joab, and saved both herself and city.]—II Samuel xx:1-22.

Far in the north is famous *Abel*,
That sheltered *Sheba* with its wall,
Whence a "*wise woman*," versed in fable,
Did loudly from the ramparts call;
With voice that almost reaches Moab,
She shouted from the ramparts tall:
"Hear me for justice, mighty Joab;
I counsel peace, for good of all!"

This town of *Abel* had been noted long
For prudent, faithful people, fond of peace,
Till the wise city was told oft in song—
As one where wars were surely wont to cease.
There *Sheba* fled, a churlish, shameless chief,
Who spurned the standing army of the state;
With neither breeding, wisdom, nor belief;
And well fenced in he waited thus his fate.

Around stood Israel, in stern array;
Their trenches compassed the entire town;
Their battering rams were rushing into play
To beat to dust the well-built ramparts down.
Just at this juncture, the judicious cry
Of that *wise woman* met the maddening wave,
Commanding Joab to come kindly nigh,
And seek for counsel and the country save.

As if of statesmanship a student,
She makes her diplomatic well-meant plea,
With an apt proverb, apropos and prudent;
And then, with *Sheba's* head she wins the day;
For, hark! the trump of holy *peace* is pealing!
Behold! the trenches are left lone and bare;
Aye! this apt woman, wise in arts of healing,
Hath by her *wisdom* hushed at once the war;
The knave she gave much life and love to save,
Long let such brave, "Wise Women's" banner wave!

BATH SHEBA, "A WISE MOTHER" OF "THE WISE MAN."

[Nathan said to Bath Sheba: Hast thou not heard that Adonijah doth reign, and King David knoweth it not! And she went in unto the king, and David said: As my Redeemer liveth, Solomon, thy son, shall be king in my stead. So she said: O *Lemuel*, son of my vows, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor give thy strength unto women, but open thy mouth for the dumb and plead the cause of the poor.]-I Kings i:11-13; Proverbs v-vii-xxxii.

If we receive the Rabbi's word,
That *Lemuel* is *Solomon*,*
The *wisest mother* ever heard
Addressed both names, as if but one,
Such words of wisdom as will live
Like loving angels in all lands,
Declaring: "*Though God doth forgive,*
Still Virtue, the real victor, stands!"

'This chastened mother, of King David's choice,
Who sang with him his penitential psalm, (51)
Speaks thus with special and inspired voice,
That breathes on all the earth a healthy balm.
Of Christ a mother—through King Solomon,
Whom she declares her "son of solemn vow"—
She sends the message to *each* mother's son,
To aid his noblest nature, even now.

Her thoughts that thrill and yearn in words that burn
And warn all sons against the ways of sin, (Prov. 7.)
Are laws of life which none too early learn,
Or their obedience too soon begin.
Her perfect picture of the perfect wife, (Proverbs 31.)
The wisest earth has seen or e'er will see,
She sends each *lemuel*,* to cheer his life,
And teach the world what a true wife should be.

It's not yet in the power of human speech
Pictures more chaste and charming e'er to paint,
Than those her words of tender warning teach,
To shun lewd sinners and to live a saint. (Prov. v-viii.)
Such, hath *Bath Sheba* in earth's history been;
Her pious penitence seems unsurpassed;
Her power to influence high public men
Did not desert her, even, to the last;
She would the wise from shame and folly keep;
And if they fall, "would fain like Peter weep!"

* Solomon means "Prince of Peace," Lemuel "God with him," and Bath Sheba "the seventh daughter"—not of Sheba.

RIZPAH'S DEVOTED PATIENCE, WATCHING HER DEAD.

[The Gibeonites demanded of David seven descendants of Saul, for having destroyed once their city. So he gave them two sons of Rizpah by Saul and five sons of Merab, Saul's daughter, and they crucified them on a hill before the Lord. And Rizpah spread sackcloth for her on a rock, and watched them there from the beginning of harvest till water dropped on them out of heaven.]—Samuel xxi:1-14.

The silent "Concubine of Saul"
 Sat desolate beside her dead,
 From the first fruits till the rain-fall
 Had Autumn o'er the hill-tops spread,
 Nor birds nor beast could bear away;
 Or tear the flesh of corpses there;
 For weeks, for months, by night, by day,
 She kept them in her constant care.

Such patient sorrow never was surpassed;
 It fixed forever on the scroll of fame
 The legend of her love that e'er doth last
 In noblest rainbows around RIZPAH'S name.
 To our Centennials this scene imparts
 Such paintings matchless as all pity move;
 So her example impels highest arts
 And lives immortal, like maternal love.

Even when 'twas brought the king her patience brave,
 He took her crucified with tender care,
 Garnered them up in Saul's ancestral grave,
 And their fond ashes housed forever there.
 Her love, as *mother, aunt and sister* true,
 Hath much out-matched the malign hate of men;
 For Rizpah felt for *Merab's* offspring *too*,
 With heart as burdened as e'er yet hath been.

Once a brave sister* crossed the briny sea
 To aid her brother, brought to utter woe;
 She held him from the hempen halter free
 Till judge and jury joined to let him go.
 There was a mother sought her miscreant son;
 She sat down with him in his dungeon cell,
 And near his gallows till its work was done;
 Then the old widow saw him buried well,
 And lived in silent sadness all alone,
 Her *patient* nature to few persons known!

* Mrs. Powers, of London, saved her brother Stickney in Denver, and the widow asked the son's gallows be given her.

JEROBOAM SENDS HIS QUEEN TO SEER AHIJAH FOR HIS SON.

[Abijah,* the devout son of Jeroboam, fell sick, and the king said to Ano, his Egyptian queen: Arise, I pray thee, disguise thyself, and get thee to Shiloh. There is the Prophet Ahijah that told me I should be king; he will tell thee what shall become of the child. Now Ano was sister of the queens of Moab and Egypt, all idolaters.]—I Kings xiv:1-11.

Transgressors' ways are truly hard;
 Quite soon the semipagan crown
 Is called to pay concealed regard
 To his first prophet's last renown.
 The king forebodes their fearful loss,
 Before the stroke they sorely dread
 Conveys their Christly* boy across
 The border land among the dead.

Mark what emotion moves the strong man's frame;
 As on his house he sees Jehovah's hand!
 He wants Ahijah's help—without his name
 Made known. He scarcely dares his queen command,
 Implores her, though a pagan—"Pray make haste;
 Find Seer Ahijah!—he said I'd be king—
 He lives in Shiloh—is *God's* prophet—waste
 No time; but from him speedy tidings bring!

Let him not know the child's true name, nor mine;
 Take some fresh presents from a prudent man
 In deep distress—fetch his response divine;
 He sees our future as no other can!"—
 So Ano, sister of Tahpenes, went
 With bowed head, and with a bursting heart,
 The way she was with anxious warning sent;
 But mystic power had torn her mask apart!

The kind old prophet's prescience saw the case;
 He calls her "Ano, wife of Israel's king,"
Before she sees his bearded, sacred face;
 Then says: 'Tis evil tidings that I bring,
 From Israel's God, to thee and thine to-day!
 Thy guilty husband hates the God of heaven!
 Thy pious son, Abijah, 'll pass away!
 To him alone shall burial be given!
 Thy son shall die to-day! So do not stay!—
 Jehovah's judgment enjoins no delay!

* Abijah is "God's boy," and Ahijah "God's friend."

SO ANO COMES MOURNING TO TIRZAH TO-DAY.

[And the prophet bade the queen, Go say to Jeroboam: Thus saith the God of Israel, because thou hast done worse than all that were before thee, thy son shall die, and all thy descendants perish. And when she came to Tirzah their child died, and all Israel mourned for him according to the word of the Lord, by his prophet in Shiloh.]—I Kings xiv:17-18.

In Tirzah there's mourning to-day;
 Queen Ano is coming in grief—
 Presuming not even to pray—
Her religion can give no relief;
 But heavily harassed in heart,
 She sobs the dark sovereign decree
 That says: Thy sick son shall depart;
 Thy husband left houseless shall be!

From Shiloh to Tirzah, those beautiful towns,
 The princess and pagan pursues her sad way;
 She passes her peasants in peasantry gowns,
 With dust on her head and her heart in dismay;
 And just as she enters her palace of state,
 Still in disguises, her dear son is dead;
 Her husband, in poignant distress, is prostrate
 Upon the chill pavement beside the child's bed—

Whereon dead Abijah, their beautiful boy,
 Lies ghastly and ghostless, this instant deceased;
 All cheerless and childless their palace of joy,
 Whose *only pure* spirit has just been released!
 Soon weeping and wailing in Tirzah resound;
 And over the mountains and valleys, with speed,
 Dispatches run forth to the regions around,
 And elders and chieftains, with cherishing heed,

Come burdened to Tirzah, that "beautiful* town,"
 With griefs, and rare gifts, there to garnish the
 grave

Of the son of Queen Ano, lost heir to the crown,
 Whom the gods, like gold calves, all combined
 could not save.

The wiles of the wicked thus wofully foiled,
 All hasten in sorrow to Ahijah, the seer,
 But with consciences seared and characters soiled,
 In their treason and fear they refuse still to hear;
 While with sorrow distress'd and expectance despoiled,
 Both the queen and the king from their future recoiled!

* Canticles (Solomon's Songs) vi:4—"As beautiful as Tirzah!"

THE GREAT WOMAN OF SHUNEM IN GRIEF FOR HER SON.

[And Elisha passed through Shunem, where was a *great woman*, who said: I perceive this is a man of God; let us make him a little chamber on the wall. And when her child died, she hasted to the prophet at Carmel, and he asked: Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she said: It is well! And God gave back her son to life, in answer to the prophet's prayer.]—II Kings iv:8-35; Matthew xix:14.

The legend of one Rabbi Meir
Tells how his wise and loving spouse,
In silent grief, saw him draw near,
At eventide, his stricken house;
Her treasures had been taken back
By him who loaned them her in love;
She keenly felt at first her lack
The owner's order to approve.

So when the Rabbi reached that day his dwelling,
She told him how her "Jewels" were exacted,
And of her choice to keep; he chid the telling—
Then, shown his *dead*, his words were not retracted.
For her two Jewels were their own twin youths;
Their Maker to the loving Mother loaned them;
Herr Meir had taught them his immortal truths,
And now he gave them back to God who owned
them.

The Shunemite, "great" in hospitality,
Rewarded with an only son, like Hannah,
Felt smitten by some strange fatality;
For her dead child seemed "an excess of manna,"
Her heirless house, twice heeded by her Maker,
Twice blessed indeed with what she most desired,
Of pious motherhood to be partaker,
Was full of pain when her fond son expired.

Yet who, but she, could up Mount Carmel clamber,
And say, "'Tis well!" when such a grief sinks o'er us?
She who prepared the "holy prophets's chamber,"
"Shunem's great woman," shines and grows before
us;

Her kindness to the passing Christ-like stranger,
Her disregard for governmental favor,
Her daring in the days of grief and danger,
Her foresight of the Resurrection Savior,
Her soul's good-nature, neither gay nor somber,
Embalm more beauty than most beaming amber!

"A PROPHET'S WIDOW," WITH HER SONS, IN WANT.

[There cried a widow of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying: My husband is dead, and thou knowest *he did fear the Lord*; and a certain creditor is come to take my two sons for bondmen. And Elisha said: Go, borrow empty vessels not a few, and pour out of thine only pot of oil into them, and sell the oil, pay the debt, and live, thou and thy children of the rest. And she did as bidden, and saved her sons from bondage.]—II Kings iv:1-8.

A preacher's widow left in debt,
 A prophet's widow, with the cold
 And cruel world to dun an fret
 Her spirit, prematurely old,
 With fears her sons would both be sold
 As bondmen to the highest bidder—
 This is the touching tale here told,
 Quite worth our care well to consider;

For Agur prayed to be not rich, nor poor, (Prov. 30:8)
 Lest he be led from God or given to theft;
 And *prophets* did not beg from door to door,
 Nor steal, nor yet were rich; their wives were left
 Sometimes so poor, this instance will suffice:
 Scarce had this widow left her husband's grave
 With orphaned boys, and bleeding heart and eyes,
 Ere babe and first born, each, must be a slave.
 Just then the "bald" old prophet, pitying went
 In tender mercy to her *miser** town,
 Elijah's threadbare mantle's round him bent—
 And mark ye well that man and much-worn gown!—
 For now this widow of his worthy friend,
 With bane for her and bondage for her boys,
 Doth at his feet in burdened pleading bend,
 And all her eloquence of woe employs.
 Mark too those orphans', and their mother's, *trust*,
 For, as he bade, they filled each borrowed can,
 And bought themselves from slavish bonds and lust—
 Like miracles of Christ, the Son of Man. (Mark 6:41)
 Lo, mark ye more *your* MEDIATOR's love;
 Though over Eden's walls the sword still waves,
 The poorest widow's wants *his* pity move,
 And he works miracles to rescue slaves—
 The Divine Prophet *He* doth daily prove;
 To *find the Lord* is to find life and love!

* *Miser*, for miserable; so mean, indeed, the children mocked Elisha for his "bald head," and so wild that bears of the wood ate them up.

"A LITTLE HEBREW MAIDEN" AND HER LEPROUS MASTER.

[Now Naaman was a great man, but he was a leper; and the Syrians had taken captive a little Hebrew maiden, and she said to Naaman's wife: Would God my Lord were with the prophet Elisha; he would heal his leprosy. So he went and stood before the door of the prophet, who bade him, Go wash seven times in Jordon. Then he went down and washed and was cleansed.]—II Kings v:1-15.

By a soft spring in Syrian sands
 There blooms a flower so blithe and fair,
 It in ambrosial beauty stands,
 And breathes its life out on the air.
 When wandering o'er that desert land,
 If to that living fount we stray,
 And by that blooming beauty stand,
 We learn to wash *our* ills away.

A little captive cheers her lord and queen;
 A prophet doth his healing power teach;
 A leprous prince, obeying, is made clean—
 Three "Acts;" an intense character for each.
 Scene first's where Pharpar and Abana glide;
 Scene second, near Samaria is laid;
 Scene third is by the typic Jordon's tide;
 But best of all's that beauteous little maid,

That charming Hebrew child, so chaste and brave;
 Sweet, darling rose-bud in that desert scene;
 That stolen exotic, stern Naaman's slave,
 □ Who prays her leprous master may be clean!
 Her words, "Would God my master could be sent
 To Seer Elisha," moved their monarch's will;
 The captain with a courtly escort went,
 And proved full well the prophet's healing skill.

Though mad at first—that *faith* affords the means
 In the mere *symbol* of the mighty seers—
 He soon on Jordon's banks enjoys new scenes;
 A cured man, he next at home appears;
 In this, the closing Act—climax complete—
 He laudeth first the little maiden's fame,
 Where grateful maid and master fondly greet;
 And yet we hark in vain to hear her *name*!
 That maid, so fair, sits near her master's feet,
 In costume neat and countenance most sweet,
 But none can even now her *name* repeat!

JEHOSHABEATH'S SAVING THE KING'S SON FROM DEATH.

[And Jehoshabeath hid Joash, son of King Ahaziah, in the house of the Lord, even as David predicted: In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me. And after seven years her husband, Jehoiada the priest, took certain chief men into their counsels and led him forth to be crowned, and all the congregation entered into covenant with Joash, the king.]—II Kings xi; II Chronicles xxii; Psalms xcvi:5.

This woman kept her secret well,
With courage equal to the case;
For when foul strokes of treason fell
Upon the regnant, pious race,
And David's line seemed dead and lost,
She seized and hid his son Joash,
Careless of risk of life, or cost,
And reared him safe through seasons rash.

When a usurping queen supposed her throne
Was undisputed now in every part,
Jehoshabeath enjoyed this boy alone;
The holy priestess held him to her heart,
And waited on the wisdom of God's will
To seat this son of David, soon, secure
Upon his sacred throne, symbolic still,
Which was decreed "should as the sun endure."

A *breath* of rumor would run wild abroad,
And dash "the throne of David" into dust;
Then, what a guardian is the house of God;
And what a treasure's in that heart of trust!
She, like the guardian angel of God's Son,
Who bade him be awhile to Egypt borne,
Demanded prudence, and yet promptly done,
And every confidant to vigils sworn!

We wonder at the wisdom of her way,
As she regardeth each religious rite,
Yet feeleth deeply fearful, every day,
The living king may come too soon to light.
At length the time arrived that he should reign—
The heir, indeed, usurpers doomed to death
And deemed him dead—*he's* given life again
By the judicious, bold Jehoshabeath;
All praise be to the noble priestess' name;
She saved the king through which the SAVIOR came!

ATHALIAH, THE MISGUIDING MOTHER AND USURPING MURDERESS.

[And King Ahaziah did evil, because his Mother Athaliah, sister of Ahab, was his counsellor, to do wickedly. She also destroyed (as she supposed) all the seed royal of the house of David and reigned in their stead—till Jehoiada anointed the hidden Joash and proclaimed him king.]—II Chronicles xxii-xxiii.

Queen Athaliah quenched in blood
 (As she believed) David's last heir,
 But hastes now to the house of God
 To see what can be doing there;
 For lo, a prince, by priestly hands,
 Just now is crowned as Judah's king;
 While in the temple still he stands
 "*Long live the king!*" loud voices ring.

He hath arisen, indeed, as from the dead!
 For she commanded—and supposed—him slain;
 Then put his holy crown upon her head,
 And, red with blood, for six full years did reign.
 But now this secret heir to Judah's crown—
 Rescued from death by rare Jehoshabeath—
 Enters his reign of righteous, high renown,
 And the detested murd'ress meets her death.

Her cry of "Treason! Treason!" trumpet toned,
 Rings wildly 'gainst God's royal temple walls;
 Its echo all *her bloody treason* owned,
 Which like fierce hurricanes now on her falls;
 She's plunged with horror from the holy place,
 Till "in the horse-gate" they cut off her head!
 Her wicked reign's a warning to her race!—
 Her bloody record's bleeding still when read!

Alas! the passion after power and rank!—
 It doth demoralize to death the mind;
 Let Athaliah's blighting lust be blank,
 Except to wake contempt in womankind!
 O let no Mother lust for might or fame,
 Nor her sons counsel to a course of sin;
 But leave a loyal, noble, loving name,
 That will their *moral* admiration win;
 Aye, join the band of blest Jehoshabeath,
 To save *all* youth from sinners and from death!

WICKED JEZEBEL, THE HARLOT WIFE OF AHAB.

[Thus saith the Son of God: I have somewhat against thee because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel to seduce my servants. There was none like Ahab who sold himself to wickedness, whom Jezebel stirred up; and when Jehu was come to Jezreel they threw her down from her window, and her blood spattered the wall and the horses, and she was trodden under foot and eaten by dogs, till they found only her skull and feet and palms of her hands.]—Revelations ii; 1 Kings xxi:25; II Kings ix:30.

One Jezebel—(would there's but *one*—
Nefarious falsehood on the name!*)
Seemed the worst woman 'neath the sun;
Whose *infamy* o'erwhelmed all fame;
Whose zeal—of the Zidonians—
Intensified her heathen faith,
Till she decreed Time's dearest sons
Should be despoiled and put to death.

Her vile bravado even Ahab bribes
To doom all pious patriots to die;
Poor prophets, ev'n, her hateful pride proscribes
And dares their Deity, himself, defy.
She boasts the time the "*Tishbite*" she'll behead,
Of whom she speaketh to her evil spouse;
Her passion doteth o'er the pious dead,
Whose holy blood she's brought on Ahab's house.

She covets Naboth's vineyard for the king,
And plans forthwith to confiscate the place;
Naboth's death sentence she doth seek and bring,
On grave false charges 'gainst his want of grace.
Her nature panteth, like the nether pit;
It boileth over with all base desire;
And is, to hardened fiends, so wholly fit,
That her fierce ire seems heated with hell-fire!

Her wrath so oft doth rise—so fierce and hot—
It pours its lava o'er the parched land,
Till its wide space turns to one poisoned spot
On which no healing aid can lay its hand!—
Such is the haste of woman's sin to waste
The fairest portions of this fallen world;
And her forbidden fruit 'tis death to taste,
And to be henceforth out of Eden hurled.
This harlot chose the holy name of "*Chaste*,"*
Yet gave to dogs the body she debased!

* *Jezebel* means "*Chaste*."

HULDAH, A PROPHETESS HEROIC BEFORE PRINCES.

[And the royal servant went to consult the Prophetess Huldah, in the College Hall; and she said: Thus saith the Lord, I will bring evil upon this place because they have forsaken me; but to King Josiah, the son of David, say: Because thou hast humbled thyself before God, thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace, though this place shall be desolate and the people scattered.]—Leviticus xxvi:31-33; II Kings xxii:12-20.

Heroic Huldah, in an age
 Of shocking godlessness and shame,
 Feared not to risk its fiercest rage,
 And tell who were, and why, to blame!
 She dared God's counsel to declare
 To wicked men and wicked states,
 Whether they hear her or forbear;
 And a whole nation on her waits.

It's grand, in public or in private life,
 To see a person put all trust in *Truth*,
 And single-handed, conquer in the strife.
 It is yet nobler, if that be a *youth*,
 Or loyal *woman*, learn-ed, wise and lone,
 Who, in Jehovah's unseen, judging sight,
 So bids men their Almighty Maker own,
 That all confess in fact, her cause is right.

This case was Huldah's "in the College Hall,"
 God-fearing, guileless, yet as great as good;
 When her king's princes there upon her call,
 The stern, grave oracle of God she stood
 Serene, alone, with loyalty we see
 In wisest teachings of the eternal Word,
 And told them, judgments on the Jews would be,
 Because they looked not for the coming Lord.

With conquering valor and with virtues crowned,
 And pure *Soterial** prescience in her soul,
 Her college walls with Christly words resound;
 And in an hour she's got complete control
 Of king and cabinet and country swains;
 Their idol gods to dust are dashed around;
 The *place* remains, while good Josiah reigns,
 But soon was razed unto the wasted ground;
 The Jews were carried captives thence in chains,
 But Huldah's pure religion *here* remains!

* *Soter* means Savior.

ESTHER THE QUEEN—WHENCE THE WISE MEN CAME.

[And Ahasuerus (Xerxes), who reigned from India to Ethiopia, made a feast to his princes, and when merry with wine, he bade his queen, Vashti, be brought, to show her beauty. On her refusal, he ordered together all the fair virgins of his realm, that the one he liked best might be made queen. And the king loved Esther. She had neither father nor mother, and the maid was beautiful. When Jesus was born behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem to worship him.]—Esther i; Numbers xxiv:17; Matthew ii.

The grandeur of the gorgeous East;
 The splendor of the Persian court,
 The richness of the royal feast;
 The rigor of the last resort,
 When Vashti spurned the king's vain call;
 The hatred of the Hebrew race;
 The choice of *Esther*, queen; the fall
 Of Haman—how these crowd this case!

No pen nor pencil can improve the scene,
 No "happy hit" by painter or by poet,
 When Vashti was by vote no longer queen,
 And edict ordered that all nations know it;
 And what a fever, like a world afire,
 Was caused by King Ahasuern's call,
 For all fair virgins in his vast empire,
 That he elect the fairest of them all!

And when the king proclaimed his love and choice,
 And took an orphan Jewess to his throne,
 The Providence of God, with plainer voice,
 Pronounced this ancient people still his own.
 When cruel Haman's dire decree came due,
 And final slaughter all the Hebrews feared,
 Then *Esther's uncle*, MORDECAI, *the Jew*,
 A guardian of both church and state appeared.

He said: "Think not to save thyself alone!
 Thy calling thou canst not with safety miss;
 For who can tell if thou hast reached the throne,
 For such a providential time as this?"
 And then it was *ESTHER*, *the Persian queen*,
The orphan niece of Mordecai, the Jew,
Excelled all princesses the world hath seen,
In all that's beautiful and brave and true,
By inspiration bold as e'er hath been,
Whence rose the mission of the real "Wise Men,"
Who Esther's faith did use toward Jesus, King of
Jews!

ELIZABETH, THE MOTHER OF JESUS' FORERUNNER.

[There was in the days of Herod, a priest named Zacharias. And God said to him: Thy wife, Elizabeth, shall bear a son, and thou shalt call him John, and he shall be great in the sight of God and shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elijah, to make ready for him a people prepared for the Lord.]—Luke i:5-25.

I know not why it is; to me
 ELIZABETH* hath not the looks
 That artists have all seemed to see,
 And authors uttered in their books.
 She's *elegant*, in my eyes, *grand*;
 With holy face, dark, frosted hair,
 A *stately* woman she doth stand,
 Abia's priestess, Aaron's heir,

The very picture of a valiant power,
 That in the purest virtue is self-poised,
 And rises equal to this righteous hour,
 The news of which she knows is widely noised;
 So, with her modesty and wisest mood,
 She seeks a calm retreat to suit her case,
 For heaven's guidance and her offspring's good,
 That he may go before Messiah's face,
 Full of the Holy Ghost from her first motherhood.

Most noble matron of that man's renown
 Who shook his nation to its utmost shores,
 Till from the mountains masses vast flow down,
 Through Jordon's pass a living journey pours,
 To hear his words and learn ways of the Just;
 The greatest man e'er then of woman born,
 Whose truths led guilty men in God to trust,
 And from their wicked ways in faith to turn;
 Who forced licentious kings to fear their cursed lust.

A sublime soul was Saint ELIZABETH;
 (Aunt of Saint MARY, MOTHER OF MESSIAS,) Whose son's deep wisdom wins a martyr's death,
 As Christ's forerunner comes, like *Saint Elias*,
 To turn the heart of fathers to the young,
 Reclaim the wicked from their waywardness,
 By special teaching with inspired tongue,
 Even soldiers turn to valiant tenderness,
 For sake of Him that comes the world to bless;
 God loved Elizabeth; the *good* will do no less!

* Elizabeth means "oath or fullness of God."

MARY, THE MESSIAH'S MOTHER.

[And the Angel Gabriel was sent from God unto the city of Nazareth, to a virgin of the house of David, and he said unto her: Fear not, *Mary*,* highly favored, for thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. The Lord God shall give him the throne of his father David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. And she said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word.]—Isaiah vii:14; Matthew i:22; ii:2; Luke i:26-50; Isaiah ix:6.

The city Nazareth is seen
 Still nestling there among the hills,
 With children sporting on the green,
 And women grinding at the mills.
 There virgins, virtuous and fair,
 Graciously welcome still their guest,
 As if through "angels unaware"
 They might be still by Heaven blest.

Once Gabriel—sent there from God's throne—
 When hovering pleased over the happy place,
 Thus hailed the VIRGIN MARY, when alone:
*"Fear not, Favored of God, and full of grace!
 For God's own Holy Ghost shall henceforth give
 Thee power to bear his own puissant SON,
 Begot by God, named JESUS, 'sent to save,'
 And ever have thy father David's throne."*

That place, still pleasing to the passer-by,
 Was suited to such wondrous ministry;
 And MARY gave to God this meek reply:
*"Behold the handmaid of the LORD, and be
 It unto me as thou hast said fulfilled!"*
 And when in Bethlehem the babe she bore,
 The "Eastern Wisemen" worshipped there her child,
 And distant sages "DAVID'S SON" adore.

Her presentation in the house of God;
 Her flight to Egypt by the Angel told,
 When Joseph, her "just" spouse, beside her trod;
 Her words to Jesus when but "twelve years old;"
 Her Cana order to "do what he said;"
 Her wish to greet him in th' assembled throng;
 Her presence at his cross—when he is dead—
 Reveal her fully, and affirm the song—
*"Magnificat!"—Her Worship may be wrong;
 Since Jesus sets her all his saints among!*

Mary, if from Mara, means bitter.—Luke ii:35-54.

ANNA, AN AGED SEERESS, OWNS THE INFANT SAVIOR.

[And when they presented Jesus in the temple of the Lord, Anna, a prophetess and widow of great age, which worshipped God night and day, came into the sanctuary that instant, and, like aged Simeon, gave thanks and spoke of Jesus to all that looked for redemption in Israel.]—Luke ii:22-39.

Joseph and Mary, with her Son,
Stand in the sacred temple now,
And blessings from the Holy One
Respond to their parental vow—
A rite so sweet aught never cease;
There aged Simeon sees his LORD,
And says: "Now let me die in peace,
According to thy covenant word."

So *Anna*, gracious* seeress of great age,
Inspired to tell what ancient prophets mean,
Lived in the temple, waiting to presage
The *Christ* in this especial covenant scene.
Her sire *Phanuel** saw the Savior's face,
And she most worthy, both as maid and wife,
Had learned to trust the widow's God of grace,
Since seven years of early wedded life.

Her face deep furrowed, her thin frosted hair,
Her neat prone figure, and her voice, accord
With constancy in serving God by prayer
And fasting, for the coming of the Lord—
This faithful dame, whom seers had oft foretold,
On whom God poured his gift of prophecy,
A type of dispensations new and old—
Like aged Simeon—longed her Lord to see.

Our pleasure hightens, as this prophetess
"Comes in that instant" with exceeding joy;
And with inspired zeal makes haste to bless
Th' adoring Mother and her Divine Boy.
"She gave thanks likewise," and then of him spoke
To all them in Jerusalem that seek
For his redemption to break every yoke
And preach glad tidings to the poor and meek;
For by his breath shall every bond be broke;
Even his death shall deathless life evoke;
God give the Mother strength for the last stroke!

* *Phanuel* and *Peniel* mean "Face of the Lord;" *Anna* and *Hannah* mean "Favor of God."

THE LEGEND OF AMBITION TO BEAR OUR LORD.

[God said: The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. He saith not seeds, as of many, but *seed* as of one, which is Christ. And a certain woman listening to Jesus' words said: Blessed is the womb that bore *thee*! But he said: Yea, rather say, Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.]—Genesis iii:15; Isaiah vii:14; Luke xi:29; Galatians iii:16.

The wish of loving woman long
 Beat high with buoyant hope to see
 The Savior's advent; and their song
 Of him, mid his true ministry,
 Was sometimes wonderful, sublime,
 The purest poesy and praise
 Left in the literature of time,
 And lives, down to earth's latest days.

Of all the sacred songsters that e'er sung
 Messiah's coming, as earth's moral king,
 None e'er more closely to his mission clung
 Than maids and mothers, as they muse and sing
 Of what the prophets in their praises saw—
 "A virgin shall bring forth God's only Son,"
 Evoked their admiration and their awe;
 Since Eve's "one seed" was earth's most envied
 "one."

Ev'n queen of Sheba, from the sunny south,
 Sought David's Son with sanctified delight;
 So, once a woman watched our Savior's mouth
 And what he said, and wondering at the sight
 Of God's own wisdom, gave these words of praise:
 "Behold, thy Mother must indeed be blessed;
 Her life's religious hope her Lord to raise;
 The babe to pillow on her pious breast!"

Such perfect passion did the sex possess,
 To be the Mother at Messiah's birth,
 The one that would so many millions bless,
 By such a Son and Savior of the earth!
 More; like the love of immortality,
 The brave, good impulse, born of God and bred
 From Eve, by promise her posterity
 Should bear a "seed to bruise the serpent's head,"
 Became a revered birthright-verity,
 Which saintly women wished with true sincerity,
 And Mary won, with tender, *meek* temerity!

ABRAHAM'S HUNCH-BACK DAUGHTER HEALED.

[When JESUS was about thirty years old, he began to teach in their synagogues; and a woman came who was bowed together and could in no wise lift up herself. And JESUS said: Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity; and immediately she was made straight and glorified God. And he said: Aught not this daughter of Abraham be loosed on the Sabbath day? And all his adversaries were ashamed, but the people rejoiced.]—Luke iii:23; xiii:10-17.

Our Savior's pity seldom passed
 A sad and burdened sufferer by;
 Even a poor widow, who had cast
 Two mites into the treasury,
 Had special notice of his eye,
 And he proclaimed to all the earth
 The measure of her ministry,
 Its mightiness in *moral* worth. (Luke 21:2)

A certain woman with a woe concealed,
 All wasted of her means and much in want,
 Once touched his garments' hem, and she was healed,
 And then knelt down and, nobly free from cant,
 Confessed her blessed cure in blood and soul. (Matt. 9:20)
 He simply said: "I felt salvation flow;
 Yet 'twas thy modest *faith* that made thee whole;
 So, daughter, in good cheer, delivered go!"

Lo, *here*, a *deformed cripple* drags along!
 She is a hunch-back heir of Abraham;
 And Jesus calls her from the jostling throng,
 And, with the power of the GREAT I AM,
 Says: "Woman, thou from thine infirmity
 Art loosed!" then lays on her his healing hand;
 Her frail, bowed form has a fresh symmetry—
 Through her dear faith and His divine command.

"Satan had bound her long," her Savior saith:
 "For eighteen years she'd crouched beneath her
 load;"
 But with the heroism of Abraham's faith,
 She'd kept along her constant, weary road;
 And, spite the mocking of the moving throng,
 Had sought deliverance in her duty's path;
 So, new-born gratitude bursts out in song:
 "Lo! woman's Seed o'errules the Serpent's wrath!"
 Christ's righteous pity shames their cruel wrong;
 Nor seems it strange for *him* to help a faith so strong!

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER THAT WAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

[And a certain ruler, named Jairus, besought Jesus to come to his house and heal his only daughter, about twelve years old, who lay dying. While he yet spoke they sent word to him that she was dead. But Jesus said: She shall be made well, only believe. And he went and took her by the hand, saying: Maid, arise! And she immediatly arose and her parents were amazed.]—Matthew ix:18; Mark v:22; Luke viii:41.

Great is the grief of Galilee!
 A ruler hastens to his Lord
 Teaching by 'Tiberius' sea,
 And wants his healing touch and word;
 He asks these for an only child,
 His daughter of a dozen years;
 He worships him with accents wild,
 And thus entreats with anxious tears:

"O Lord, my daughter's at the point of death!
 Do come and lay on her thy curing hand!"
 Just then was brought, by one all out of breath,
 This courteous and most kind, but sad, command:
 "Trouble the Master not; thy child is dead!"
 But Jesus bade: "Fear not; only believe!"
 To which Jairus, the ruler, answering, said:
 "Lord, I believe she still shall life receive!"

Behold, they went, and to his house drew near;
 Paid wailers poured forth woe in piteous grief,
 Suited to melt the hardest men to hear,
 And "knowing she was dead," there's no relief!
 But Jesus looks upon this scene forlorn,
 And says: "The damsel is not dead, but sleeps."
 The hired wailers laughed his words to scorn—
 And with her mourners how the *mother* weeps!

Then Jesus with him the two parents took,
 And Peter, James and John as witnesses,
 And by her bed the bidden silence broke:
 "*Talitha Cumi!*"—"Maid," he said, "*Arise!*"
 At once "her spirit came," and she awoke;
 She rose thus from the dead before their eyes,
 And, O, how lovely did her life now look;
 To grieving parents what a grand surprise!
 When Christ shall bid *our* sleeping dead arise,
 Let not our scorn exclude us from the skies!

MARY MAGDALENE'S LOVE FOR HER MASTER AND LORD.

[And when John was in prison he sent two disciples to ask Jesus: Art thou he that should come, or look we for another? And Jesus bade them tell John: The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cured, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and to the poor the gospel is preached. And there were with Jesus the twelve apostles and Mary Magdalene and Joana, wife of Herod's chamberlain, and many others who ministered of their substance unto him. There stood at last by the cross of Jesus his Mother and Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.]—Matthew xi:2; Mark xvi:9; Luke vii:4.

As face to face answers in glass,
 Doth Mary of Magdala show
 The power of faith to far surpass,
 In any class, their want and woe.
 While prison doubts did John perplex,
 She chose her Lord with love most chaste,
 By highest instincts of her sex,
 And cherished him unto the last.

Whate'er before had been her home-bred fate,
 Her conduct or her kind of character,
 She consecrates to Christ her whole estate,
 In love to Him for His true love for her.
 Within Magdala's walls she once must wait
 Development of demon-like disease;
 The Master, going near her mansion gate,
 Resolved the devil's citadel to seize.

In her insanity—seven times insane—
 She was by Satan there severely bound;
 Seven mad'ning devils—worse than minds inane,
 Possessed her person with a spell profound,
 Foreboding horrors of the fiercest hell—
 When, lo, the Lord of life first came along,
 And with his word he made this woman well,
 And heard, for Magdal's sighs, healed Mary's song!

They herald forth her healing, faith and health;
 She sets apart her "substance" to support
 This wonder-worker with her well-kept wealth,
 Till regions far, to him in faith resort.
 Her friends, so grateful for his saving grace,
 Were henceforth won forever to his will,
 And went with pleasure on, from place to place,
 To watch and study all his wonders still.
 She, with his Mother, stood on Calvary's hill
 And gazed amid Golgotha's mighty thrill,
 Then went with spices rare his tomb to fill!

HERODIAS, A MOTHER WITH THE HEAD OF HER MARTYR.

[And when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and the king promised her whatever she would ask, to the half of his kingdom. And, being instructed by her mother, she said: Give me here the head of John the Baptist. And his head was brought in upon a charger and given to the damsel, and she gave it to her mother. Jesus said: There hath not been of woman born a greater man than John the Baptist.]—Matthew xiv:6-11.

It makes me shudder here to show
 This wanton woman's wickedness;
 It is as if the world of woe
 Were there intensified in this.
 Herodias had hell at heart;
 Her evil acts we *ought* to *hate*;
 Yet 'tis imposed on all pure art,
 In part at least to expiate.

Then come with me, thou kind and worthy one,
 To Herod's palace, though with heartfelt pain;
 There watch the darkest deed by woman done,
 Where Christ's forerunner without fault is slain.
 Herodias (the heir of *Herod's* crimes,
 Who slew the babes about where Christ was born)
 Married two uncles, living at the times;
She doth the noble palace now adorn (?).

The royal palms arise in regal pride,
 And grace the citadel, serene and grand;
 While valiant sentinels on every side,
 Like mail-clad statues, stand in stern command.
 Beneath the sheltering palm trees' bending shades,
 The palace and the prison both appear,
 Whence, blended with the click of warriors' blades,
 Comes mingling music on the coming ear.

The palace enter—planned with art to please—
 It hath the courtiers used to halls of kings,
 And the queen's daughter dances with such ease,
 Her airy *walzen* seems like angel's wings.
 'Tis Herod's birthday!—he to rashness bred;
 And soon we hear his voice in solemn vow;
 And—must we!—see, the holy martyr's head
 Is handed to the nameless *danseuse* now!
 The *monstrous Mother* holds the martyr's head,
 Till, like a fiend she said: "*My foe is dead!*"

A GRECIAN WOMAN OF GREAT FAITH.

[And Jesus arose and went secretly into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, but he could not be hid; for a certain woman, a Greek, a Syro-Phenician by birth, came and fell down at his feet and besought him to heal her child. And Jesus said: O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that hour; and all the people glorified God, saying: He doeth all things well!—Matthew xv:21-32; Mark vii:24-37.

A *Roman* officer of war,
Whose servant was severely ill,
Sent forth importunately for
The Savior to exert his skill;
And, meeting him, made haste to tell
His faith in Jesus' word and will;
When, lo, his servant lives and well—
So promptly Christ can prayer fulfill!

And here's an alien *Greek*—an heir of God!—
Kneeling unto her Lord, near pagan Tyre;
She is a wretched *mother*, 'neath the rod
Of deep affliction, and her chief desire
Is, that the Lord Divine, King David's Son,
Would heal her daughter. Her first earnest prayer
Had no response; her second plea has none,
But *tests*, as if to drive her to despair.

Some men would send her, still unheard, away;
Even Jesus says: "Salvation's of the Jews,
And not for dogs!" "Truth, Lord!" her faith doth say;
But thou wilt not the children's *crumbs* refuse
This famished creature; thou art Christ, earth's *Lord*!"
Behold, "The bended reed he doth not bruise;"
But saith: "O woman, be it as thy word!"
And that whole region rings with the glad news—

A *heathen woman's helped*, her *child* is healed!
She starts the note of praise; the nation's stirred;
The "Son of David" is indeed revealed,
And hearty prayer, hence, everywhere is heard.
But he had "found, not even in Israel,
So great a faith!"—"Not many mighty works
Can JESUS do," although IMMANUEL,*
Where *unbelief* among the needy lurks;
Yet hear the heathen haste his power to tell,
In the dear words: "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL!"

* God-with-us.

A WIDOW SOLACED WHEN WEeping FOR HER ONLY SON.

[And the next day Jesus went to Nain, and much people went with him, and when he came near the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, *the only son of his mother, and she was a widow*. When the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and he said: Weep not! Then he touched the bier and said: Young man, Arise! And he that was dead sat up, and he delivered him to his mother; and there came a fear on all, and they said: God hath visited his people!]*—*Luke xii:11-17.

John's wond'rous record, "*Jesus wept!*" (John 11:35)
Is unsurpassed in written speech;
The Lord's kind sympathy, there kept,
Earth's tenderest act doth tersest teach
In Laconism to live and last
As long as letters shall be read,
And Christian consolation cast
O'er the dark days around the dead.

So when "the dead man carried out" of Nain,
Is called "*His mother's only son, and she
A widow,*" here Saint Luke in style again
Excels all uninspired history.
See, two processions meet with mingled wail
Of grief! Lo, a "*young man's* borne to his grave
Before his prime, and by his bier a "*widow,*" pale,
Beloved, and poor, cries: "*Can there no one save?*"

Just then JESUS saw her. "Weep not!" he said,
And touched the bier; the bearers all attend;
"*Young man, Arise!*" he said unto the "dead,"
"And he sat up and spake." Their sorrows end.
The heavenly Lord "delivers him alive
Unto his mother," with kind words of cheer!
'Tis God's "compassion" can *such* solace give;
And most befitting, too, a moral "fear
In the whole region round" should so revive
That all exclaim: "THE MIGHTY GOD IS HERE!"

It were a sacrilege—a sin profane—
To touch such pictures with pretentious paint,
And to their stamped perfections add a stain
Of fiction's pride. 'Twould prostitute a saint!
Let the ambitious, in a case like this,
Hold up the picture in some hallowed place,
And bid all see its beauty as it is,
The special gift of God's inspiring grace!
When this is done, and ye have seen the dead
Restored, and joy in God—enough is said!

"PETER'S WIFE'S MOTHER" AND HER PIOUS MINISTRY.

[And when Jesus returned, he found Peter's wife's mother sick, and he touched her hand and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto them. A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, and ruling well his own household, for if any provide not for them of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.]—Matthew viii:14; I Timothy iii:2; v:8

The Savior's thoughtful sympathy
 With "mother-'n-laws" is warm and quick;
 For in their absent ministry,
 "Peter's wife's mother was made sick,"
 And so he hasted there to meet them.
 His grace, fonder than hurrying grief,
 Heard all the groans and aches, that greet them,
 With purposes of *prompt* relief!

The wife of Peter wished these words to say:
 "Thy wandering so were not the *Savior's* will!"
 But 'ere she scarce had spoke this scolding way,
 Or even declared, "We want a doctor's skill,"
 The well-pleased Master made the matter plain.
 He simply touched her suffering mother's hand,
 And put to rest at once her wretched pain,
 And complete health came back at his command.

Immediate longing of maternal love
 Made the cured woman, in her way, most kind,
 By prompt, pure hospitality to prove
 The *Lord* is Master of the loving mind.
 Though both these women in Saint Peter merge,
 His *wife*, her *mother*, still so well appear,
 That art presumes their acts to praise, and urge
 Them as choice models of domestic cheer.

Could we know more of these two women's lives,
 And how like heaven such kind households could
 move,
 We'd value more the mothers of *our* wives,
 And oftener have our Savior's healing love.
 The pole-star of a faithful pastor's life,
 Along his loving haste to heaven at last,
 Is, verily, his one wise, virtuous wife,
 Whose godly mother guides no mean repast;
 And oft a bishop who is bound to roam,
 Heals both these hearts on his returning "home!"

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA, WHO WINS OTHERS TO MESSIAH.

[And Jesus, being weary, sat by Jacob's well, and there came a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus said: If thou knewest who it is that saith, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Then she went into the city, and said: Is not this Messiah? And many of the Samaritans came and heard him, and said: We know that this is indeed the Christ, the Savior of the world.]—John iv:1-29.

By *Beer Jacob*—by Jacob's well—

The weary traveler still waits,
The legends of that land to tell,
The stories of its ancient states.
That well, now dry, yet wondrous deep,
Is a true type of ancient times,
Where wayfarers full often weep
O'er crystal fountains filled by crimes.

Contending armies have here come and gone;
The ancient fountain with debris is filled;
Cool drafts of water can no more be drawn—
Save from the "wells of life" as our Lord willed.
'Tis good to "sit thus" in the Savior's sight,
And call to mind his counsels there, so kind,
They filled Samaria's daughter with delight,
And made her wish the world this man to find.

She came thence with a zeal none can resist,
"Come, see a man that told me all I've done!
Now come, and see if this is not the Christ!"
They came, they heard, they loved the Holy One!—
"Thus" I resorted there with zeal, to rest
Where Jesus waited in his weary way;
There came a villager, as to be blessed,
Near the hot noon-tide of the hurrying day.

The scene was hightened into hallowed sense
Of all Messias, and the woman, said—
The "prophet" truly and without pretence,
The sinner rescued whose secrets he read.
I saw so clearly all that sacred scene,
Where the Samaritan woman wondering saw
Our Lord disclosing what her life had been,
That I would oft that living water draw,
And seek for other souls the same forsooth;
The words there spoken yet teach age and youth:
"*God is a spirit; worship Him in truth!*"

"THE WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER."

[And one of the Pharises desired him to dine with him. And, behold, a certain woman, that was a sinner, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with the ointment. And he said: Thy faith hath saved thee. Thy many sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.]—Luke vii:36-50.

There are sometimes such tender scenes
Of penitential sorrow,
We learn from them what pure love means,
In terms no tongue can borrow.
Beyond all things, in burdened thought,
Is this poor woman's weeping,
Who sometimes sat where Jesus taught,
And saw what sin was reaping.

Mark well *this* woman—not the Magdalen,
Of seven perverse devils dispossessed—
She's ranked "a sinner" by selfrighteous men;
"Her sins *are* many," but she is *much* blessed!
With them that weep she may have watched and wept,
Unnoticed, grieving near the gate or Nain,
When slowly went the widow's son that slept
In death, till Jesus gave him life again.

She weeps to wash his weary feet from dust,
Who cast out devils and who raised the dead;
She loves her Savior with no sign of lust,
Whatever life before she may have led.
She pours her flood of tears upon his feet
To wash hot earth away, and with her hair
She wipes them dry, and then with perfume sweet,
She bathes in fragrance and embalms them there.

She even kissed the chrismed and sacred flesh,
The feet that bore about his blessings far
So frequently, to others lives refresh,
And lift the much-despised from much despair.
How wonderful appears her weeping faith!
Her sins "so many" will from henceforth cease.
Her "faith hath saved her," so her Savior saith;
"Thy sins are all forgiven; go thou in peace!"
Peace, guilty soul! Pardon is thine award;
For great's thy love to this forgiving Lord!

THE ADULTERESS, PENITENT, ARRAIGNED AND PARDONED.

[And the scribes and pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery, and said: Moses commanded that such be stoned. He answered: He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And they, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one. Then he said: Woman, hath no man condemned thee? She said: No man, Lord. Then said Jesus: Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more!—John viii:3-11—King James' version.

It's plain our Lord in his pure love
 Meant chastity should be here cherished;
 But penitents his pity move,
 Else *our* poor souls in sin had perished.
 Adultery he did condemn;
 Adoring penitents doth pardon;
 Aye, Jesus tenders joy to them,
 By bearing in his breast their burden.

"Unto the uttermost that come to him"
 Our Savior shows his power on earth to pardon;
 And neither pharisee nor Sereaphim
 Can reasons give *against* his love; there are none!
 Oft clamorers, that stand to clench the stone,
 And cast at others 'neath Christ's knowing eye,
 Have palsied sense, which he compels to own
 The worst denouncers were the first to die!

Selfrighteous pharisees he searcheth surely,
 Who censure others while themselves are sinners,
 Whose sluggish conscience sleeps in sin securely,
 While bitter is the grief of first beginners.
 This trembling woman, caught in *one* transgression,
 Was siezed by impure men and witness ample;
 But her prompt faith begets a good profession,
 While Christ and conscience drive *them* from the
 temple.

She hath found healing virtue in his favor,
 And calls him "*Lord*," who can her so deliver;
 "Neither do I condemn thee!" said her Savior;
 "Forgiven, I charge thee: Go, be chaste forever!"
 So let no shameless leach hide in her shadow;
 He should condone her case with sharp conviction;
 So, too, the wanton maid or wife or widow;
 For even if this fact were proved a fiction,
 The Lord demands of all a life of virtue—
 Or else salvation were itself no value!

MARTHA,* THE EXACTING SISTER, YET EXCELLENT HOSTESS OF OUR SAVIOR.

[And Jesus went to Bethany, and Martha received him into her house; but she was cumbered with much serving; and Jesus said to her: Martha, Martha, thou art careful about many things; but *one* thing is needful. And Martha said: Master, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died, but I know that he shall rise again! Jesus wept! For Jesus loved Martha, and her sister and Lazarus.]—Luke x:38; John xi:5-46; xii:2.

I look upon and love her,
 MARTHA, the *mistress* of the home
 Where angels, hovering above her,
 Saw Christ, when worn and weary, come
 For peace and rest and sympathy;
 I bless her for her kind behavior
 Toward JESUS in his ministry—
 My persecuted FRIEND and SAVIOR!

She was indeed "an Hebrew of the Hebrews,"
 Most faithful, careful, frugal, meek and kind;
 With many cardinal and *Christian* virtues,
 With active body, aptitude of mind,
 And faith in merciful, foretold Messia's
 Decree of resurrection from the dead, (Luke 9:30)
 To earth made known by Moses and Elias,
 And seen in what her Master did and said.

Behold dead Lazarus' sister as she hied
 To meet her coming "Master" and declare:
 "Hadst thou been here my brother had not died!"
 Mark at the grave her moral graces there;
 Behold the wise attentions of her will
 In Simon's house—raised Lazarus a guest—
 And who can but admire and love her still,
 And say: "*Be Martha's name and memory blest!*"

Let no man trifle more with her true worth,
 Nor say her Master meant to censure then,
 And only censured when around her hearth
 He was made welcome, though "despised of men."
 Indeed much "*carefulness*" becomes her well
 On several occasions; still there are
Some seasons when no tongue nor sign can tell
 How kind and weary guests hate words of care,
 While loving speech inparts a lasting spell
 Which doth delight us, whereso'er we dwell.

* *Martha* means exacting, or harsh and provoking.

HER SISTER MARY SITTING AT THEIR MASTER'S FEET.

[And Martha had a sister called Mary, who also sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word. And Jesus said: Mary hath chosen that good part which shall never be taken from her. And they made him a supper and Martha served, but Lazarus was a guest. Then took MARY a pound of spikenard, very costly, and anointed Jesus' feet, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. And he said: She hath done what she could, and wherever the gospel is preached this shall be told for a memorial of her.]—Mark xiv:3; Luke x:39; John xii:1-10.

As Mary at her Master's feet
Hath found the pearl of priceless worth,
And chosen Him whose charms can meet
Her every want in heaven and earth,
She well may wait and share his peace,
All suited with sufficient aid;
Her comfort now can never cease;
Her fortune cannot ever fade.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath ever heard,
The joy that is with Jesus there revealed,
Where she now hears his native, heavenly word,
Discoursing truths even yet from earth concealed,
Mid scenes most pleasing, sacred, pure and fair,
Where all is holy as her Savior's heart,
And praise, communion, are for prayer and care;
Thus "Mary chose the good, immortal part."

This is the "only want" we mortals have;
For "only this one thing" is all we need;
God sends our bodies to the silent grave
At will, among our dear yet moldering dead;
But *souls*, found sitting at their Savior's feet,
Hearing his lips unfold the heavenly life,
Have heart communings heavenly and complete,
Where MARY hears him still, unmoved by strife.

Such endless life in ever-living love,
With such a priceless, sympathizing LORD,
At feasts unfailing, of our friends above,
Who, dead, have risen at the Redeemer's word,
Is worthy of ambition's wisest aim,
Till Truth triumphant crown our last endeavor,
And all exultant in Immanuel's name,
Faith sheds her fragrance filling heaven forever;
Then magnify with me *this* MARY's fame;
She did her best, and we should do the same!

SALOME: WHO WAS MOTHER OF ZEBEDEE'S SONS?

[And the Mother of Zebedee's children came to Jesus and said: Grant that these my two sons may sit one on thy right hand and the other on the left in thy kingdom. But Jesus said: Can ye drink of my sorrow and be baptised with my sufferings? They answer: We can. And they became his willing martyrs; their Mother also was last at his cross and first at his grave.]—Matthew xx:20; xxvii:55; Mark xv:40; xvi.

Who must the "*perfect* Mother*" be
That stands there praying with her sons,
The zealous "sons of Zebedee"
Who gave to Christ his only ones,
Assisting by Tiberius' sea,
When he was mending there his net
Beside his busy fishery?
Who is she? *Name* her; nor forget!

Saint Matthew says that it was also she
Who stood with Mary Magdalene and saw
Our Savior die; and so, SALOME she must be;
For Mark doth plainly the same picture draw
Of her pure mind and pious ministry.
Then who, of all the Hebrew heroines
Has fairer, higher fame in history
Or more renown with her Redeemer wins?

God grants to men of fame to give *their* name
To their wise parents; thus was Washington's;
And James and John adjoined eternal fame
To Zebedee and her who bore his sons.
So often, too, the earth's most favored heirs
Have asked for honor's fame, in fortune's hour;
Salome begged thus, in ambition's prayers,
The proudest gifts in governmental power.

Yet *here* Salome set apart her heirs
To Christ's baptismal and cross-bearing pain;
Bore spices to his tomb, with tears and prayers,
And saw and sang: "*The Lord is risen again!*"
O! what a galaxy of all that's good
Is in that modest group of mourners drawn,
Those Christian women where the crosses stood,
And by their Master's tomb at morning's dawn!
An angel's pity they all there possessed;
But *Saint Salome* seems one of the best!

* Salome means perfect.

PILATE'S WIFE, PROCLA, AND PETER'S ACCUSERS IN COURT.

[And when Jesus was arraigned, Peter sat in the palace of the high priest, and a damsel said: Thou wast with Jesus. But he denied before them all. And soon another maid saw him warming himself, and said: This man was also with Jesus; and he again denied him with an oath. Then Jesus turned and looked on Peter, and he went out and wept bitterly. And Pilate's wife sent unto him, saying: Have thou nothing to do with Jesus, that just man, for I have suffered this day many things in a dream, because of him.]—Matthew xxvi:69; xxvii:19.

The palace of the Jews' high priest
Was warmed; for it was chill and damp;
And women—there were two at least—
Tended the fire and trimmed the lamp.
These damsels on "*Christ's dreadful night*,"
Heard him arraigned for heresy,
And watched with care the wicked spite,
And such as were in sympathy.

When Peter following JESUS "far behind,"
And creeping slyly in among the crowd,
Revealed most clearly what was in his mind,
They both accused him in bold words and loud,
Of being Jesus' friend, from Galilee!—
O, what an opportunity to plead for Christ,
And win upon woman's pure sympathy,
In faithful words their feelings to enlist!

Such serving maids are oft the Savior's *friends*;
These two seem, though, among his searching foes;
While *Procla*, Pilate's wife, a picture lends
Quite other, as this earnest sequel shows:
From the priest's palace they took JESUS next
To Pilate's court, who on his judgment seat,
When most by Jewish cries and envy vexed,
Received a messenger bowed at his feet,
Who brought this dread appeal: "*Do not, I pray,
Do anything against that just man's life,
From Galilee; for I have dreamed this day
Of dreadful woes against his foes. YOUR WIFE.*"

Had this bold *dreamer* then—whence *Proclus* came—
Been heeded by her husband on his throne,
'Twould have put high King Pontius Pilate's name,
And saved his suiciding, sad and lone.
Mark, foes and friends of Jesus in that scene,
Seem from each rank and sex and race of men.
At times of strange perplexity and strife
'Tis good to heed a wise, God-fearing wife!

THE WOMEN AT THE TRAGIC MOUNTAIN.

[And as they led Jesus away to Calvary there followed him a great company of women that bewailed him. And when he was crucified, the wife of Cleopas, Mary the mother of James the less, and Salome, and Mary Magdalene, stood by the cross. And Jesus seeing John and his Mother, said unto her: Woman, behold thy son; and to the disciple: Behold thy mother! And Mary Magdalene and that other Mary waited and saw where the Lord was laid.]—Matthew xxvii; Mark; Luke; John.

It is too much for tongues of men,
 Or pen or pencil to portray
 The groups of women weeping, when
 Our Lord was led his doleful way!
 It baffles almost our belief
 In man, to mark the moving throng,
 Upon that painful way of grief,
Where Christ doth drag his cross along!

E'en Rubens scarce could reach the cruel scene
 Where Christ upon his cross was *crucified*,
 And view the various groups that intervene
 Of women sadly weeping at his side.
 Some "daughters of *Jerusalem*" appear,
 Who oft have heard his wondrous, heavenly word;
 Some "*Galilean women*" gather near
 The lonely sufferings of their sinless LORD.

Still nearer by his cross, behold, now stand
 His Mother, Mary, and the Mary Magdalene,*
 Three Marys bound—a thrice immortal bond—
 To linger saddest, last about the scene.
 Mary Magdalene, much grieved, doth move
 Now towards the cross, and now among the crowd,
 A chaste example of unchanging love,
 Of whom a dying Prince might well be proud.

We mark, too, that the Mother feels so much
 The "sword" pressaged "piercing her swooning soul"
 That the disciple deemed most fit for such
 A care, takes her at once in his control;
 Nor is she left wholly bereft and lone!
 Supremely tender, given by Saint John,
 Just at that time were Jesus' words and tone
 Entrusting her to him, as if her son—
 These women, too, came with him from far Galilee,
 To mingle spices, tears and tender ministry!

* See Mary Magdalene also in "Messiah and His Mission."

THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

[And Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, came with spices early unto the sepulchre. And they, entering in, saw a young man clothed in a long, white garment, who said: Ye women of Galilee, be not afraid! Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where the Lord lay.]—Matthew xxvii; Mark xvi; Luke xxiv; John xv.

The women last about the cross
And first to seek the Savior's tomb,
Led, by their sense of bitter loss,
To glance into its utter gloom,
From Bethany at break of day
Sought out the holy Sepulchre;
And "Who shall roll the stone away?"
Was by all asked each wonderer.

They're bearing boughten spices to embalm
The Savior's body in his silent bed,
And coming hither in morn's holy calm,
Their chief desire seems thus to cheer the dead.
With wondering sight they see the stone's away!
And stooping down, behold, in beauty stand
A brilliant angel, robed in bright array,
A very chieftain from heaven's chosen band.

"Fear not!" he said—for they now seem *afraid*—
"The friend ye seek is risen from the dead;
See where your living Lord was lately laid;
He is not here—he is risen, *as he said!*"
How wonderful this was! as it first fell
On woman's ears, who herald forth the word.
If Christ were raised, then shall we rise as well,
Most hopeful message mortals ever heard!

How fit these shuddering females *first* should find
Bright "immortality thus brought to light,"
And heaven opening to all human kind,
As the new Sabbath dawns upon the night!
How many women yet with angels meet,
And heavenly forms to human faith appear?
The gracious Lord our groping love doth greet
And faith in Christ casts out our cruel fear.
"Who'll roll away the stone?" *we* often ask;
When timely *Providence* hath *done* the task!

WERE JESUS' MOTHER AND OTHER WOMEN AT THE ASCENSION?

[And Jesus showed himself alive by many sure proofs after his passion, speaking to his disciples of the kingdom of God, and bade them tarry at Jerusalem till endowed with power from on high. And when he had said these things, while they beheld, he was taken up into heaven, and a cloud received him. And two angels said: As he ascended out of your sight, so shall he come again among men. Then the disciples with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, returned and tarried in Jerusalem.]—Luke xxiv:45-53; Acts i:3-14; Psalms lxviii:18.

Our Savior's Mother may have seen
 Her Son ascending up on high,
 To send down matchless gifts on men,
 And followed him with her fond eye
 Far up into the ether air —
 His spirit form scaling the sky,
 Than fairest moon by far more fair,
 Till veiled in cloud that hovered nigh!

Those moon-lit* beings must have been
 His mixed deciples, "men of Galilee"
 And waiting "women," watching even then,
 Who much "attended on his ministry." (Luke 8:2)
 As he first showed himself to female friends—
 To the fond women weeping at his tomb—
 So when his earthly ministry now ends,
 They'd have some sight of his ascension home.
 Behold them, huddled there, on Olive's height!
 Disciples all now bathed in new-born dew,
 And each arrayed in lunar, argent light,
 That like fine halo holds them in full view!

No scene were so rhapsodic, yet so real!
 That watching there the way the Savior went,
 Surpasses superstition's strained ideal,
 While heaven and earth are nowhere else so blent.
 Two angels there—how bright they were and fair!—
 Said: "Why stand ye here gazing into heaven!

To see your Lord uplifted by the air?
 Till holy greeting be to him there given?
 He'll soon descend to earth with the same ease,
 And dwell indeed among the sons of men
 Whose pleasure will be what their Lord would please,
 And heaven and earth shall be as if one then!"
 With such good hope sent them from heaven's gate,
 Those men and women well God's spirit wait!

* We know not the hour of our Lord's ascension.

JESUS' MOTHER IN THE PENTECOST PRAYER-MEETING.

[And they all continued in prayer and supplication with the women and with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and with his brethren. There were together about a hundred and twenty, and when the Pentecost was come they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, as it was written: I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and whosoever shall call on the Lord shall be saved.]—Joel ii:28-32; Acts i:14-15; iii:1-21.

How sweet and hallowed are the scenes
Where men and women, waiting still,
Make mention what the Master means
Whose prophets he will so fulfill.
Though mourning long their martyred Lord,
His *Comforter* is coming now,
To light with fire his living word
Of brightness on each beaming brow.

The first prayer-meeting for the Holy Ghost,
After our Savior's so sublime ascent,
Where men and women mingle worship, most
Devoutly asking his divine intent,
Is so impressive, as a scene of prayer,
It's cherished, studied, in both church and state,
And, what salvation is sent everywhere,
Till all the world doth on its wisdom wait!

And see that Mother of God's only Son,
With other women, sit so wan and sad,
Till waiting on the brow of everyone,
There glows the smile of God, so sweet and glad!
Wouldst *thou* watch Mary with those women there?
Behold a model for all mothers dear,
Chastened with sorrow and cherished with prayer,
Charmed with new hopes of her Son's heavenly
cheer.

Past middle life, and full of modest love,
A widow, poor, yet not exposed to want,
Her face beams bright with beauty from above;
Her words of counsel are with naught of cant;
And her companions, come from Galilee,
Attendant saints on teachings of her Son,
Who waited on him with fond ministry,
And to his will were each entirely won,
Are good, pure, Galilean peasantry,
Nobler than queens' and kings' knight-errantry!

SAPHIRA'S SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

[And when they prayed and were filled with the Holy Spirit they had—for a time—all things common. And Ananias and Saphira, his wife, sold a piece of land, and laid the pretended price at the Apostle's feet. But Peter, knowing their falsehood, said: How is it that ye have agreed together to lie unto the Holy Ghost! And they fell dead and were carried out, and great fear fell on all.]-Exodus xx:16; Acts iv; v; Revelation xxi:8.

Lo Saphira and her spouse
 Had agreed upon a lie,
 That brought ruin on their house,
 And even doomed themselves to die!
 Henceforth that trains *all* for *truth*,
 In their language and their life,
 In wise years, as well as youth,
 Son or servant, sire or wife!

See stalwart sinners in God's searching stand!
 Nor canst thou guess where first their guilt began;
 Lies fall so thick around their thankless hand,
 The boy must have been father to the man.
 All falsity is sad, when fairly seen,
 Whene'er, where'er, beneath the wholesome sky,
 A *man* consents to a self-curse so mean
 As, without motive, even, to *wish* a lie!

But if a *woman*, as his *wife*, conspire,
 With grave mendacity, to God menace,
 Three perverse parties through her vice expire—
 Both lie, and liars die in bad disgrace.
 So dead Saphiras in our day are seen,
 And Truth and Virtue ought not die in vain;
 "Great fear should fall" on women, youth and men,
 Where falsehood hath their friends or foes thus slain!

Some mortals seem to suicide the most,
 Decoying Truth to death, for trivial dust;
 Saphira's sin against the Holy Ghost
 Was simply lying for a selfish lust!
 Then, dames and trifling girls, be true to God!
 He holdeth near his holy ear to hear,
 And where Saphira first did feel his rod
 Was when of lies she first had lost her fear!
 Lo! every low deceit leads down to death;
 To lie itself's to die, to breathe in dying breath.
 The ruin of liars is lasting and real;
 But *Truth* is of *beauty*, the *beau-ideal*!

MARY, THE MOTHER OF MARK, AND HER MEETING FOR PRAYER.

[Now about that time, Herod the king, killed James the brother of John, with the sword, and proceeded to take Peter also. Peter, therefore, was kept in prison, but the Angel of the Lord came upon him, saying: Arise, quickly! And his chains fell off, and he went out and followed him, and came to the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together praying for him.]-Acts xii:1-12.

Peter had healed an "impotent man,"
 That begged at "the beautiful gate,"
 And brought on himself the pharisee's ban,
 And Herod's implacable hate,
 James had been bound and put to the sword,
 And Peter's imprisoned to die,
 When, lo! a kind angel comes down from the Lord,
 In haste from his home in the sky;

He comes to the captive, kept bound for no crime,
 Comes down to the dungeon, that desperate place!
 Comes to him, a princely, tall man in his prime,
 And leaves on his limbs not a manacle's trace;
 Then opens the prison and iron-barred gate,
 With neither a signal nor notable sound;
 Then leaves the freed prisoner apprised of his fate,
 And his keepers to perish if he is not found.

He seeks the disciples—unknown in the dark—
 For saints in their sorrow and shelter to share,
 And knocks at the gate of "the Mother of Mark,"
 Where saints are assembled to save him by prayer.
 A coincidence this, most convincing in kind,
 That proveth how prayer hath a puissant power,
 To mingle the human and heavenly mind,
 To do useful deeds, any day, any hour.

But the brightest and best of this picture appears
 The wonderful *faith* that this *woman* hath felt,
 Who convened the true Christians together in tears
 That now, day and night, in her hospice have knelt,
 Petitioning th' Almighty, Saint Peter to save
 From Herod's dark dungeon and haling to death.
 E'en the bright heavenly Angel were only more brave
 Than this Mother of John Mark, majestic in faith.
 O, long let her works o'er this world live and wave
 In the wonderful power of such prayer faith to save!

THE DAMSEL NAMED RHODA, THAT HARKED AT THE DOOR.

[And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to harken, named Rhoda, and when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how *Peter* stood before the gate! And when they had opened the door he declared how the Lord had brought him out of prison, and bade them go tell James the less and the other disciples.]—Acts xii:13-20.

Fine pictures, though painted for praise,
 Portraying home scenes in the past,
 Delight us, in even our days,
 With lessons that ever will last;
 This Mary's house, though, is unmatched,
 A thing full of ethical thought,
 To which a great wonder's attached,
 A miracle must have been wrought!

For Peter imprisoned, in dungeon and chains,
 The subject impressed on the saints in their prayer,
 Delivered by Angels from perils and pains,
 Was knocking and waiting a welcome now there.
 Then a damsel, named Rhoda, ran hither to hark,
 Nor did she long watch or listening wait;
 His voice she discovered so distinct in the dark
 That she ran in and said: Peter knocks at the gate!

All the earth throbbed still with her ecstatic thrill,
 Who for gladness forgot e'en to welcome her guest;
 So Peter seems standing, too, knocking there still,
 While the damsel runs in to delight all the rest.
 Christ knocks at thy gate, even now he'd come in;
 How home-like and pleased were all in the place,
 Though rejoicings so great did with Rhoda begin,
 Who so grandly declared both redemption and
 grace.

Of Rhoda, this damsel, the race will still read,
 When the world's seven wonders will cease to be read,
 How Peter appeared her *eighth* wonder, indeed,
 Escaped from the dungeon—alive from the dead!
 Though th' Island of Rhoda—red rose of the sea—
 Had the world's seventh wonder, a high statue and
 fair,
 This meek, blushing maiden, more bless-ed must be
 Than that "Rhodan Colossus" thus raised in the air;
 And, as peasants and nobles have one pious need,
 Both households and damsels have Biblical heed!

TABITHA (DORCAS), THE BENEFACTRESS RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

[Now there was at Joppa, a disciple named Tobitha, which means Dorcas (a doe). This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did. And when she was sick and died, they sent for Peter, and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the garments she had made. And Peter, turning to the body, said: 'Tobitha, arise!' And she opened her eyes, and sat up.]—Acts ix:36-42.

I gazed once on a dead gazelle,*
 That erst like sunshine o'er the hills
 Had swept, or as the happy swell
 Of song when fragrance summer fills;
 And all her acts of peace and love
 And beauty still about me swept,
 As blithe as sunbeams from above;
 But yet the winds both sighed and wept,
 And rippling said: "The roe is *dead*!"

So death demanded tears when Dorcas died,
 And yet her radiant life revealed her love,
 Her bright and sunny years, as Shoron's pride,
 That moved as deftly as a *doe* or dove.
 We see her now, for widows sew away
 On garments made and given for other's needs;
 Her beaming countenance is bright as day,
 And dear as gratitude to God, her deeds!

But as her cherished hours grow chill and damp,
 Her windows and her eyes devoid of glass,
 And she sits sewing by her smoking lamp,
 (For then they knew not kerosene nor gas),
 Her person, pale and overtaxed appears,
 And goaded far by zeal for other's good,
 And sight of widows' wants and woes and tears,
 Until disease and death upon her stood!

Then those poor widows showed the things she gave,
 And, saying the same words the Savior said,
 His great Apostle held her from the grave,
 Delivering her alive, risen from the dead!
 And still—though *she* is dead—her *deeds* shall *live*;
 No garment made by *Dorcas* doth grow old;
 Her deeds of love still deathless helpers give;
 Her good example excels purest gold;
 Her class of women are in every clime,
 And "Tabitha's" an epitaph sublime!

*Tabitha means "Dorcas," a doe, and "clear sighted as a deer."

LYDIA, THE HOSTESS, WHOSE HEART THE LORD OPENED.

[And a certain woman named Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things spoken by Paul, when she was baptized and her household, besought us, saying: If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there. And Paul and Silas went from the prison into the house of Lydia and comforted the brethren—in the name of Jesus Christ, whom having not seen ye love.]-Acts xvi:14-40; I Peter i:8.

Where Philip, king of Macedon,
Held a new province in his name,
And the safe aegis of his son
Enhanced King Alexander's fame;
Where Rome's Republic fought her last,
And Brutus, Cassius, fought and fell,
This case of LYDIA is cast
Which Doctor Luke describes so well. (Col. 4:14.)

Someone has said—when bantered to the test—
Of the two sisters loved in Bethany,
That, *before* dinner he liked *Martha* best,
And *after*, *Mary's* sociability.
But LYDIA is lauded like them *both*;
A merchantess and mistress of her home,
With her whole house she took the Christian's oath,
And bade Christ's friends most freely hither come.

Yes LYDIA, precious, loving proselyte;
First European convert of Saint Paul;
"Whose heart the Lord had opened" to the right,
Princess of Kindness, we are proud to call!
To the apostles, persecuted, tried,
She spoke this welcome, hospitable word:
"Come to my house and there secure abide,
If you have judged me faithful to the Lord."

Her Lord, unseen as yet, she did so love,
She helped his hated leaders to the last;
Though wealthy, she believed in wealth above,
And with Christ's followers her fortunes cast.
Her purple dyes and products, rich and rare,
She prized less than the precious word of life
Heard in *Proseuche*, or the place of prayer;
And her faith strengthened for Truth's future strife,
Till *Thyatira*, her own native town,
Had soon a Christian church of high renown!

THE DEMONIAK DAMSEL, A MACEDONIAN SLAVE.

[And as we went to prayer, a certain damsel, with a spirit of divination, followed us, crying: These men are servants of the Most High God, who show unto us the way of salvation. But Paul, being grieved, turned and said to the spirit: I command thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of her. And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas and brought them before the rulers, who scourged them and put them in prison.]—Acts xvi:16; Mark i:24; Luke iv:34.

To have one's mind so much deranged,
 And seized with eccentricities,
 As to be bitterly estranged
 From friends and their felicities—
All freaks of frail insanity,
 Suggest the power of *demon* souls
 To proclaim *true* profanity
 Which naught but Jesus' name controls.

I saw a letter in Jerusalem,
 Sent from America, by one insane,
 To Jesus Christ, that begged him come to them
 And bring to life their beloved child again!
 That message, doubtless from a mind diseased,
 And longing further to be loved and blessed,
 Was perhaps seeking the dear Savior pleased,
 And may have set her sorrowing heart at rest.

But when a mind with *evil* genii there,
 Endowed, perchance, with superhuman power,
 Pursues apostles on their way to prayer,
 It's certainly a very serious hour.
 So, "being grieved," Paul turned to her possessed
 By a sane demon (that did mocking shout
 For God and truth), and the spirit thus addressed:
"In Christ's name I command thee to come out!"

Her wicked guesswork instantly was gone;
 So was her worth as a soothsaying slave! *
 But Satan was not to be so outdone—
 Who sent Gergesas' swine to a watery grave,
 He now incites her owners to resort
 To regal justice, and the rulers urged
 By an unjust, ingenious, false report,
 To have her healers haled to pris'n and scourged—
 But this left Satan surely in the lurch; (See E. of I. A.)
 Shook all the place, and planted *there* a church!

* "Damsel" (*paidiske*), a slave, owned by several men.

FOUR PROPHET DAUGHTERS OF PHILIP THE DEACON.

[And the next day, we that were of Paul's company, came to Cesarea, and entered into the house of Deacon Philip, the evangelist, who had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy. And when both we and they besought Paul not to go up to Jerusalem, he answered: What mean ye to weep and break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying: The will of the Lord be done!]*—Acts xxi:8-14; ii:16-18.*

It pleases people to complain;
 We hear it sometimes harping said,
 The "Preachers' sons are oft profane,
 And Deacons' daughters, too, are bad!"
 But here's a family where four
 Fair daughters—Deacon Philip's own—
 Have learned so far of heavenly lore,
 They make Saint Paul's near perils known.

How far this same evangelist was seer
 It is not possible, perhaps, to know;
 But it most plainly must to all appear,
 His daughters prophesied, and he did too.
 Soon after the "Seven Deacons" were ordained,
 And their first martyr, Stephen, had been stoned,
 Prophetic spirit so in Philip reigned
 This gift in him Saint Luke most gladly owned.

"The Angel of the Lord" bade him "Go South;"
 "The Spirit" told him there a "eunuch" teach;
 And from the inspiration of *his* mouth
 "The Ethiopian" went forth to preach.
 That *all* the daughters of this deacon, then,
 Should by the Spirit be inspired while young,
 And feel deep sympathy with sacred men,
 Would seem as certain as was ever sung.

"*He had four daughters who did prophesy;*"
 Their fair virginity and youthful years
 Should bring young people of *both* sexes nigh,
 To test the power of sympathetic tears.
 "*What mean ye so to weep and break my heart!*"
 The greatest martyr of mankind exclaims;
 And their reply, so placid, free from art,
 "*God's will be done,*" for wisdom guides his aims,
 Makes us most eager even to guess their names,
 And wish their portraits to be put in frames!

CANDACE, OF ETHIOPIA, AND THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

[A man of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, came to Jerusalem to worship; and reading from the Prophecy of Isaiah (chapter liii), said to Philip: I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. The queen of the South came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here.]-Acts viii:26-40; Matthew xii:42; I Kings x:1-13.

The wisdom of the ancient world
Sought converse with King Solomon,
Whose fountain forth from Zion purled,
A source of life, like David's Son;
From whence salvation's sunlit streams
Forever in abundance flow,
And righteousness reflects its beams
To glad the world where'er they go.

The sage Sabeans in the sunny South,
Whose balm and spices were, of all, the best,
Heard of his wisdom, first by word of mouth,
Then their fair queen went forth, his skill to test;
In royal robe, with gem and diadem,
With escort proud and of imperial size,
The empress journeyed to Jerusalem,
And saw its glory, full of glad surprise.

O see her cavalcade of sage and court
On camels richly laden drawing near
His capital, whose high and kind report
Had reached the earth's remotest listening ear!
She came for wisdom and for Christian grace,
Inquiring ancestress of Candace, queen
Of Homer's "blameless Ethiopian race,"
Who in our Savior's time once more are seen.

Queen Candace sendeth, from her southern court,
Her treasurer, in quest of heavenly truth,
And to Jerusalem enjoined resort;
He, traveling, read Isaiah's tale of ruth—
How Christ, the Lamb, had there been led as dumb,
And suffered 'neath our sins' avenging rod:
'Twas well he hither had, to worship, come;
For there he said: "Christ is the Son of God!"
And bore the happy tidings thither home—
While those rejecting Christ still joyless roam.

PHEBE, THE DEACONESS, AND OTHER DAUGHTERS OF GOD.

[I commend unto thee Phebe,* our sister, a deaconess of the church at Cenchrea, for she hath been a succorer of many. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, who have for my life laid down their necks. Greet, Mary who bestowed much labor on us; salute Rufus and his Mother and mine; salute Triphena and Tryphosa,* who labored much in the Lord; salute Philologus and Julia, Nereus and his sister, and all the saints with them—the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.]—Romans xvi.

We wonder what our world would do
Without somebody to abuse;
Some trusted woman wise and true,
Or active Christian to accuse.
Even Paul some people call perverse
Toward the women of his time,
Than wicked despots deem him worse,
As if Christ's courtesies were crime.

But who that lives and breathes, loves wholesome air,
Would not appreciate such words of praise
As Paul pays virtuous women everywhere?
How fondly doth he set forth *Phebe's* ways—
A *deaconess* indeed, with duties done
So well and nobly that the world needs know
How to "assist" such, like the light and sun,
Will make our gladdest moral graces glow.

He says, she is "*our sister*" in the highest sense—
A daughter of the Lord Almighty, then—
A precious helper, having no pretence,
Yet "succorer of many" suffering men.
And then *Priscilla*, that *Aquila's* wife,
Who, persecuted and expelled from Rome,
Both sheltered Paul at peril of their life,
And gave as hospice their own godly home.

Our far-off Gentile churches join to-day
In praising Phebe and *Priscilla's* worth;
And one more *Mary* hail here by the way,
Whose acts are honored everywhere on earth;
Few homes seem full without her social fame,
While *Julia* and *Tryphena's* gentle trust,
And bright *Tryphosa's** brilliancy of name,
Led their choice test of love too chaste for lust,
And *Rufus' Mother* many a son might suit—
Sure, we do well such women to "*salute!*"

* Phebe and Tryphosa mean sunny; Julia and Tryphena, gentle.

"AND HONORABLE WOMEN NOT A FEW."

[And the brethren immediately sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea, who, coming thither, went into the synagogues of the Jews, who were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they received the word gladly and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so; therefore many of them believed, also of honorable women, which were Greeks, not a few.]—Acts xvii:10-12; xiii 50; xix:19.

"This is a precious book indeed
Happy the child that loves to read;
It's God's own Word that he hath given
To show our souls the way to heaven;"
Thus said the boy who held the book
Before his loving mother's look
Of holy joy, like Jesus' face
When granting earth his truth and grace.

This scene, then sacred in the city school,
And rural districts, where the right did rule,
Was born of distant Bible-reading days;
Such as the sage Apostles saw to praise;
And we look back with buoyant love to find
Those ancient women to this work inclined,
Scriptures to search to see if things be so,
The noblest of foreknowledge thus to know.

"Women so honorable" and so blessed,
"Were nobler" far than those in fashion dressed;
Who, "busy-bodies" went about for news;
Whose very superstitions spoiled their views;
And, though devout, their visions were disturbed
Till cruelty their kind intentions curbed,
Their bad devotion did good men abuse,
And the true faith of God with guilt refuse.

But Greeks and Hebrews Holy Bibles* had—
To "search their scriptures"—whether good or bad—
In men and women, and both age and youth,
Betokened *Faith trying to find Truth!*—
More "honorable" motives far,
Than to win fame upon the fields of war,
Impelled those patterns in the mind of Paul
Who said "the scriptures should be searched by all!"
A law made binding by our blessed Lord,
"Search well your scriptures;" they will search reward.

* The ancient's "Sacred Scriptures" were their Holy Bibles. Some women of rank then were readers of such writings.

EUNICE AND LOIS AND THEIR USEFUL LIVES TO ALL LANDS.

[I thank God when I remember the unfeigned faith that dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded in thee also, and that from a child thou hast known the Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus, who hath commanded all men, saying: Search the Scriptures, for in them ye find eternal life, and they testify of me.]—John v:39; II Timothy i:3-5; iii:15.

The ones above all others,
Beneath the azure dome,
Are pure and pious MOTHERS,
The mistresses of *Home*;

Delighted with their duty, in body, mind, and grace,
Their *trinity of beauty* doth glorify the race.

'Tis cause for real thanksgiving in all our happy land,
That more than any living, these as our bulwark stand;
For in their chastened features our children find the
truth,

And they're the kindest teachers of the country's tender youth;

The purest of preceptors, they're patient, apt and mild,
And teach to know the Scriptures, as Paul said, from
a child;

So wisdom to salvation by knowledge of God's word
Shall prosper long *our* nation, as *people of the LORD*.
Pause ye before such pictures! One says: "I can't
forget

When *I* first saw the Scriptures, for I can see them yet,
They stood before my *Mother*, the Bible on the stand;
Beside me stood my brother and on us both, her hand
Was put, as if caressing—'twas this and more than this;
For with it was her blessing and many a tear-wet kiss;
She used to read with feeling one chapter *every day*,
And then, between us kneeling, she bowed with us to
pray.

She felt that *God* was speaking, *whene'er* she read
that Book.

And once her heart seemed breaking—I can't forget
her look!—

'Twas some day in Decemb'r, the snow danced in the air,
And, as I well remember, she laid a lock, so fair,
And white as a lace curtain, within that Book with care,
And now I am quite certain it was her Mother's hair,
Whose Bible name was "Lois;" she had but lately died,
And all of her I know is, *that Bible was her guide!*

"THE ELECT LADY" OF ALL LANDS.

[The elder unto the elect lady and her children whom I love, and not I only, but also they that have known the truth, grace be with you, mercy and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I rejoiced greatly that I found thy children walking in the truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father. The children of thy elect sister greet thee. Amen.]—II Epistle of John—Read it all.

"THE ELECT LADY" of all the lands,
 In the *Johanian* ideal,
 A stately, moral beauty stands,
 A very model, live and real;
 Her body's form and health the best,
 In which to live and act and love;
 Her *home*, fit for a heavenly guest;
 Her faith begotten from above;

Her being, life and beauty, blent in one
 Majestic woman, modeled like the bride
 Of the world's Savior, "standing in the sun"—
 A princely object—she's earth's joy and pride!
 She's not a nun, nor yet a wordling vain,
 With daft idolatry of dress to do.
 In her *domestic* realm, how she doth reign,
 A loyal *Wife*, and loving *Mother*, too!
 The best of human beings that hath been,
 Her children are like her, devout and chaste,
 Her hospitality to holy men,
 Whose precepts will neither oppress nor waste,
 Is worthy of her wisdom, worth and Savior;
 In faith a Puritan of the first water,
 Like wise John Adam's wife, she winneth favor,
 As if she were indeed *New England's* daughter.

The Word of God as its last view of woman
 Gives this loved, princely "lady, elect, precious,"
 So needful to a nation and true man,
 So stern against the stupid and the vicious;
 Dear old SAINT JOHN in JESUS' name addressed her,
 And he states fairly her whole truthful story,
 And every age and land hath loved and blessed her,
 For she hath filled them with their fairest glory;
 So be her name and fame made known forever,
 By grateful hearts to God, in Christ, the Giver!

SAINT AGNES.

[This beautiful Christian girl was of Patrician rank, born in 290, at Rome, and suffered martyrdom when only sixteen years of age under the edicts of Diocletian. When she espoused Christianity the magistrates determined to make her a vestal virgin in a heathen temple, but she taught them Christian truth, and refused to burn incense to idols, saying: The Son of God whom you curse will take care of me. If you only knew who my God is, you would not dare sentence me to death. There is but one God, and he it is whom Christians adore.]—Read Danial iii:12, etc.; I Timothy iv:3.

There is much said about this maid
 That's felt to be apocryphal,
 And is to us of far less aid
 Than if true faith could feel it *all*;
 And yet we find one central fact,
 So fundamental and so fond,
 We would her wisdom re-enact,
 In our own time and times beyond.

Not what hale monks and maidens have all meant,
 To make her a mere monumental *nun*!

For this could not be their *Christian* intent;

'Twas *pagan* people purposed to make one
 Of her; but she so faithfully refused,

That for this fact her faith was then defied,
 And by the basest Roman power abused;

The damsel under Diocletion died.

This fearless wisdom, that would face the will

Of wicked persecutors of the young,

Was biblical, and well the Bible still

Doth teach its lessons in each land and tongue.

And hence, that a Patrician pagan turned

To God for saving grace in his dear Son,

And was beheaded or was even burned,

May oft have been—and *I* believe 'twas done!

The Hebrew boys, that were in Babel burned,

Accorded well with all Saint Agnes' acts

That are laid bare and were from Bible learned;

Such faith inspired is equal to such facts;

Hence, as Germanicus,* for Jesus' sake,

Fought with the lions and fed them his life,

This pious girl was guiltless of mistake

Who'd die ere be a nun or heathen's wife!

No maiden now should *vestal* vow e'er make,

But stand, like Agnes, either sword or stake!

* Young Germanicus was cast to the wild beasts under Trajan.

SOME

BIBLE WOMEN

WHOSE CHARACTERS WERE FORMED
BY READING THE BIBLE IN FAM-
ILY WORSHIP, OR INDIRECTLY
BY ITS INFLUENCE.

A NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

Thus far the reader has followed the female characters found recorded *in* the family Bible. We now shall notice some of the excellent examples which have since been evolved by biblical influence. These will include some papal illustrations which are secondarily secured by so much of the Bible spirit as still remains in that ritualistic body. We cannot, however, fail to see the superior civilization of Bible reading Republics like ours when compared with the merely ritualistic ones elsewhere on this continent and in Europe. The following from the famous French Priest, PERE HYACINTHE, suggests what should be said

UPON THE POWER OF THE BIBLE:

"Do you know why Prussia triumphed in the field of battle with Austria? It was not because there was a lack of bravery on either side; but it was because the assailant was better educated than the assailed, and had a superior religious training; it was because every Prussian soldier had a Bible in his cap or helmet. In other places I have asserted, and I assert again here, that what constitutes the strength of the Protestant nation is that, when the people come home from their work, they enter the family circle, and sitting by their hearths read the Bible and their national poetry. We (France) are behind-hand with Protestant nations, and especially those who dwell beyond the Atlantic and the Straits of Dover. Twice have I trodden English soil; and I have come to the conviction that the strength of that country is from the Bible."

We may add: From Saint Augustine's Mother down to our day in America, Bible reading has produced the ablest and best maternal characters, that have molded and strengthened personal worth and public welfare. Hence we say of our family Bibles: "By their fruits ye shall know them!"

SANTA MONICA, SAINT AUGUSTINE'S MOTHER.

[Santa Monica, wife of Patricius, a pagan nobleman, was born near Carthage, Egypt, A. D. 332. She bore her distinguished son Aurelius Agustinus at Agaste in 354, and trained him so well in Christian truth that he became the ablest of the Latin fathers and one of the best biblical writers and teachers ever born of a woman. His tributes to his Mother show that he owed all his usefulness and honors to her, and that he kept the fifth commandment with filial pride and care. He boasts of her "knowledge of the Bible."]—See Exodus xx:12.

I saw once, in the silence of night,
The heavens held open to view,
And my visions, most vivid and bright,
Made known many names that I knew;
And some from the centuries past
Appeared in apparel so bright,
And constant effulgence so cast,
They looked like the Lord in his light!

SANTA MONICA stood them majestic among,
With a multitude mingling in worship and praise,
That to Jesus they sung in each language and tongue,
Adoring his ways as the Ancient of Days!
Her multiplied seed, born of her mighty soul,
Seemed singing their Savior with solemn delight—
And such noblesse of soul had their numbers that roll,
That I ne'er can forget what I felt on that night!
"The City of God,"* by Augustine, the saint,
Seemed a book (save the Bible) the best ever bound;
Its pages had pictures no mortal could paint;
And their faith, like Apostles', is perfectly found.
He saw in his soul, too, "Original* Sin"
Had led him astray and estranged him from heaven.
But by faith in Christ's work did his new birth begin,
And that faith unto life e'en beforehand is given.
His "Confessions," concerning his faults and his faith,
Seemed unto biography's saintship so sure
That the angels loud said, as of Saul: "Lo, he prayeth!"
And each paragraph painted, itself, to be pure.
"Perseverance of Saints"* and "the Grace of our Lord,"
"True Religion"* in Life, Revelation and Truth—
All grounded in Wisdom of God and his Word—
Made amends for mistakes of his morals in youth;
So Saint Monica's faith to her son did afford
The most heavenly message my ears ever heard—
And how wondrous forever will be her reward!

* The names of some of Saint Augustine's many works.

KATHRINE VON BORA, THE BRIDE OF AN AUGUSTINIAN MONK —
MRS. MARTIN LUTHER.

[Kathrine Von Bora was of an illustrious family, but entered a convent as an orphan. Afterward, believing her vows of celibacy were contrary to the first law of God in Eden, she married the Augustinian Monk, Martin Luther, of like mind, who became the Apocalyptic Angel of the Reformation, and ascribed much of his moral peace and power to this pious and prudent woman. Their wedding ring bore the date January 29th, 1499.]
—Read Revelations x.

Th' Apocalyptic saint foresaw
"An angel stand on sea and land,"
Holding aloft God's holy Law
Which he held "open in his hand,"
In form and look "a little book,"
A pocket Bible, to be read,
Which by its shock the nations shook,
Till with its light the world is led!

That mighty angel—though a mortal man—
Seemed sent from heaven, clothed in a haloed cloud,
And 'ere his Bible-reading-homes began
Seven thunders, voice-like, sounding thick and loud,
Said: "This dark time, so long, let it now cease!"
The bow of hope is bending high around;
Ev'n persecutions shall prepare for peace;
For "sweet to taste" will "God's swift word" be
found.

But those that read it will bring terrors' reign,
Which hosts of martyrs shall hereafter make.
So Bible-readers soon have bitter pain;
For church and state shall chain them to the stake!
As LUTHER led the Lord's own brotherhood,
Who took that "little book" to British isles,
God's angel over sea and land he stood—
And smoothed his way with KATE VON BORA's smiles.

To be the bride of one so bred and brave,
And help his fame and heavenly influence,
Were a commission any queen might crave,
Above earth's highest, best inheritance.
And when reformers, with their faithful wives,
In heaven, hereafter, each with halo crown,
Look back delighted with their Bible-lives,
They will as one, then, Kate Von Bora own,
With thanks to God that her good thought survives,
And that good help meets still God to his servants gives.

ANNIE ASKEW, A BIBLE READER, BURNED.

[This English woman was burned at the stake in 1546 for reading the Bible, and believing her Heavenly Father would help her understand it. After trial before several tribunals she said: "They put me to the rack; because I did not groan, my lord Chancellor himself drew the pulleys till I swooned, and when I revived, he said if I would change my faith I should want for nothing, but if not I should go to Newgate and there be burned." At the stake, too, she was offered the favor of the king for a change of faith, but said: "I have endured too long now to deny my Lord!"]—Charlotte Elizabeth.

More strange than fiction is this fact!
 Such martyrdoms were much foreseen;
 Were also witnessed in the act;
 And history's care hath writ them keen
 And they are kept in sure archives—
 The consciences of all mankind,
 Where our *Lord's* death forever lives—
 Impressed upon the public mind!

Then, let us look at that lord Chancellor,
 Who stretched those pulleys with his pious strength
 To force this female "to *his* faith defer,
 And live forgiven by her king at length."
 He thought he did good service to his God!
 So bloody was his willful, blind belief,
 That he resorted to Heaven's sovereign rod
 To rack this groanless woman into grief!

Such usurpation of her pious right
 To read her Bible and obey its rules,
 And live in its kind, loving, Christian light—
 Scarce less than the skilled learning of the schools,
 Hath never been surpassed beneath the sun—
 Though often doubled when the age was dark!
 We dread to read the dreadful deeds then done;
 But on mankind they've burned their dev'lish mark!

It seems incredible such crimes to see,
 Such torture sent on such a tender saint,
 To rob her life of right and liberty,
 And 'tis not possible such power to paint!
 It contrasts with the kindest words of Christ,
 Which Ann Askew, in kindness uttered, when
 The iron chain was hot about her waist,
 And she moaned prayers for princely, murderous men,
 Then hied away on happy wings in haste,
 The contrast joys of heaven to keener taste!

THE BIBLE-HATING "WOMAN ON THE SCARLET BEAST"—BURN-
ING A BLIND ORPHAN BECAUSE SHE LOVED THAT BOOK.

[I saw a woman on a scarlet beast full of the names of blasphemy, and she was drunk with the blood of saints, the martyrs of Jesus, and I wondered greatly.—The last English martyr was Joan Waste, a poor, blind orphan girl who had earned a Testament by knitting and got a man imprisoned for debt to read it to her.]—Revelation xviii:6; and England's Martyrs, Charlotte Elizabeth.

One cold and misty morn in March,
With my kind Derby host I stood
Upon that spot, beneath the arch
Of England's sky, in reverent mood,
And heard the tale that here is told
Of that blest maid, both poor and blind,
But worth her weight in burnished gold,
For moral wealth within her mind.

'Twas "bloody Mary" sought this maiden's blood,
And fitting the last faithful one to fall
Should be a woman, guileless, weak and good
And blind—to cap the climax of them all!
And this the judgment—"Joan Waste
Is sentenced (for the love of Truth)
To be led forth and burned in haste,
In spite her sex, blind orphanage and youth!"
I stood and studied, in the damp, chill air,
The *hour* this poor blind orphan girl was burned;
I watched the flames that wafted up her prayer,
And o'er her spotless youth my spirit yearned.
Poor Roger rose to view, and hand in hand,
Clung bravely to her with her brother's heart
As long as the hot flames his flesh could stand,
Then with desire he watched her soul depart!
I stood there silent, thrilled with solemn thought,
While my good host portrayed before his guest
The timely lessons that last scene hath taught
Till England, stained with blood, stands washed and
blessed;
Her *Church* soon rose to life from such saint's death;
The state awoke the study of God's Word;
To brother's love were brought both life and breath,
And "Free Speech" lives, "the spirit of the Lord;"
The blind there see what their blest Savior saith,
And joyful worlds are Joan Waste's award—
While she who rides the scarlet beast
Will in the last be found the least!

"SAINT ELIZABETH, OF HUNGARY."

[Elizabeth of Hungary, daughter of King Andrew II, and wife of Louis Landgrave, of Thuringia, was born in 1207; married in 1221, and died in 1231. Her husband fell as a crusader, six years after marriage, leaving her with four children to well educate. She was one of the most devoted self-martyrs to that asceticism which Luther, when a monk, practiced. Of the pious legends of the middle ages hers are the most interesting and instructive. Several queens and great benefactors were her descendants.]—Read I Corinthians xiii, and Charles Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy."

The beauty of the balmy flowers
And fragrance of the full-grown fruit,
That ornament the morning hours
And autumn suns so timely suit,
Are not more fitting nor more fair
Than lasting beauties of a life
That beams with praise, embalmed with prayer,
And warmed with fond love of a wife.

And when that wife a faithful mother stands,
Transmitting life and truth along a line
Of lofty womanhood to other lands,
With deeds and virtues wonderful, divine,
Both chaste and beautiful from childhood's birth,
Till vast dominions mourn o'er their demise,
Then, useful aims and acts for all the earth
From their reflex examples freshly rise.

Just so, it is believed, "Elizabeth,
Of Hungary," enriched the human race;
From infancy, indeed, until her death,
Her beauteous life beamed full of loving grace.
She helped to teach the poor the paths toward heaven
Which blend in love divine all who believe,
Till God's assurance unto them is given,
"It is more blest to give than to receive."

So both the balm and beauty of her sex
Became renowned 'mong nations of mankind,
Till life and pleasure seemed far less complex,
And joyful faith in Jesus well defined.
Hence every legend of her, in each land,
Leans on some base of labors so benign,
That—without miracles—wise men may stand
And grateful commendations so combine,
That they will grow in thoughts to things more grand,
And her most Christ-like life shall love command.

"SAINT" THERESA, OF SPAIN.

[This famous reformer of monks and nuns, was born at Havila of Castile, in 1515, and died at Alba, 1582. She was the sixth of twelve children, and could she have daily read the Bible, would have been one of the wisest reformers in the world. As it was, being many times forbidden from Rome to go on with her reforms, she counted it suffering for Christ, and cried: "Lord let me suffer or die!" She wrote many books on "Love to God," etc., which being perverted led to such self-torture as is practiced by the pietist Flagelantes, etc., of Mexico and elsewhere.]—Read John xvi:33; Hebrews x:5-25.

The heroism of heart and will,
That moved this "mystic" in her zeal,
Sends through the soul a sort of thrill,
That forces faith to think and feel.
The self-denials she sustained
To imitate her Master's life,
A Christly element contained—
Yet struggled in a *useless* strife!

Our *Savior* suffered that we should be saved;
"He bore our burdens" (Isa. 51:4-6) and bids us believe
That in his grace our names have been engraved,
And full salvation all through *faith* receive.
This the reforming Bible-readers found,
And filled the world with their just faith and joy,
Which bids man's righteousness the more abound,
And the best plans of blessing men employ.

But "Saint" Theresa—and her *confreres* too—
Seemed seeking after life in sincere love,
By means of what *themselves* must *suffering* do,
To bear the burdens Christ hath borne above
And buried in Heaven's bosom, to be borne
No more, but pleaded there by all mankind—
Th' atoning Savior would not have us torn
Like Hindoos, his redemptive love to find!

Christ did not *crave* his death upon the cross;
"Let this cup pass!" in cringing pain he saith—
So love to tear one's life is utter loss;
Fanaticism is *not* saving faith!

Yet we esteem such sincere, yearning saints,
Who sought *such* suffering as our Savior's was,
Came to his utter wants without complaints,
And coveted death, even, for his cause.
Still, one well grieves, and sometimes weeps to see
So great, *unscriptural*, *vain* agony,
That truly looks like prolonged "tragedy!"

MADAM JEANNE GYON, THE GODLY MYSTIC.

[Madam Gyon—*nee* Jeanne Bouviere de la Motte—was born in France in 1648. At sixteen she married M. Guyon whose name she bears, and by whom she had five children. She wrote many hymns, and was long in prison for her devout meditations and evangelical missions. She died in care of her son at last, saying in the words of her hymn:

"I would love thee, God and Savior, on thy love my heart is set;
I will bless thee, and will never my Redeemer's blood forget."]

—Read Acts xvi:16-36.

WHILE IN PRISON SHE SANG:

"O thou by long experience tried;
Near whom no grief can long abide;
O Lord, how full of sweet content
I spend my years of banishment!
While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay!"

'Twas so she prayed and *did* the Savior's prayer,
Pursuing wisdom in his published Will,
And in him whiling exile anywhere,
Till Jesus did her founts of joy all fill.
In such repose I would seek perfect rest,
And gratefully to her bright garlands bring,
And in such fellowship be also blest
As her own prison songs of praise I sing.

Ah yes; thou pure impassioned "pietist!"
Whose peace and love taught Fenelon repose,
Which JOHN before, who leaned on JESUS' breast,
Did so delightfully for all disclose,
Permit me, in my distant time and place,
Thy pious life of trust and love portray,
Till others also grow into thy grace
And say: "'Tis equal joy to go or stay!"

How strange that Priests and Popes imprisoned thee!
And yet so precious proved their providence;
It gave to men thy God-like ministry
Of saintly suffering seen for ages hence,
When Fenelon, like thee, for faith confined,
Shall for his burdened cross wear his bright crown,
And mingle the more gladly with thy mind,
His shall add richness to thy high renown,
And kings and bishops—all thy foes combined—
Shall then find out thy faith was "gold refined!"

MADAM PAULINE GUIZOT, AND HIS PIOUS MOTHER.

[Madam Pauline was wife of the French author and statesman, Francis Guizot. She, too, was an author, and wrote in 1832: "I know affairs are dangerous, yet I am glad my husband is in office. Before our marriage, he asked me if I should ever be dismayed by the vicissitudes of his destiny. I replied that I should always enjoy his triumphs, and never sigh over his defeats." Guizot's father was beheaded for his fidelity, and his mother was a most wise and faithful woman.]—Read Acts xx:24 and Guizot's Civilization.

Wise authoress of elegance and worth,
Whose works religious were those read as well,
Who bore sure signs of sacred second birth,
And cheered thy husband where he chanced to dwell,
Permit my muse to lisp these modest lays
In honor of thy husband's faith and fame,
Present, with his, these words in thine own praise,
And hers, who bore and gave his life and name.

The mother and proud wife of our first president,
Were like the spouse and dame of the *savant*
Whose countenance illumined every continent,
And breathed much blessing on his brother man.
The MOTHER of GUIZOT, that made and gave her son
His mind and Christly moral character,
Was so like MARY, MOTHER of our WASHINGTON,
That thine own happiness here praiseth her.

Well done! In days that tried the truest women's
souls!

That Mother, then a worse than martyr made,
When cruelty her consort's trying death controls,
Leaned calmly on her Lord's consoling aid!
Thou, too, didst stand beside that brave and stately son,
Who felt throughout his firm and famous life,
That all his worthy, noble deeds were nobler done
For having his wise Mother and brave Wife.

How beat that Mother's heart when he was yet a boy!
He was her tried and tear-wet treasure then;
And soon became of both, their solemn pride and joy,
A magic master o'er the minds of men.
God bless such Mothers and all such majestic brides!
May the loved maidens, in this mighty land,
Be as good consorts and as consecrated guides,
That can the meads of Christendom command,
And bless America and all mankind besides;
With such the human race were blest whate'er betides!

GRACE AGUILAR, A GODLY JEWESS.

[Grace Aguilar, daughter of Emanuel, from Jews of Spain, was born in Hackney, England, in 1816, but died in Frankfort, Germany, in 1847. She could not speak for some time before her death, but, like Charlotte Elizabeth, used sign language, and said at last: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." She wrote two volumes on "Women of Israel," a poem called "The Magic Wreath," "Home Influence," "Mother's Recompense," etc.]—Read Job i and xiii and Isaiah liii.

I have once read two handsome tomes
 By *Grace Aguilar's* Hebrew pen;
 Two books well-fit for Bible-homes,
 Nor more for "women" than for men.
 This semi-Christian Jewess said
 She "got her wisdom from God's word."
 Both Old and New she often read;
 And in them both she found her Lord!

Such Jews have "sat at Jesus' feet," I ween;
 Isaiah tells of Him who bore our sin;
 And running o'er his lines they "read between"
 Where Incarnation doth with Christ begin.
 So Grace Aguilar—though she knew it not—
 Grew to such oneness with the great "I AM,"
 That "things of Christ" were in her constant thought,
 And bred her his choice child of Abraham.

Then "Christless Hebrew!" I have hope of thee,
 That *thy* Messiah will yet mean my own;
 That thou wilt so, this, my Immanuel see;
 For God Incarnate can for both atone!
 Come, then, consider whether this be Christ;
 The one your Prophets did predict as said;
 Come, for his Holy Spirit can assist
 To find redemption in what you have read!

"The gospel of Ezekiel and Isaiah"
 Is that by Matthew, Mark and Luke and John;
 For the most ancient faith's foretold Messiah,
 And Jews find Jesus, if they'll follow on.
 Oft faithful Hebrews have been fond of me,
 Because I am a Hebrew in my heart,
 And, GRACE AGUILAR! I grow fond of thee,
 And *hope* that thou hast passed to Mary's part,
 To taste Redeeming Love eternally,
 And "God thy Savior" there forever see!

PRINCESS LOUISA, PRUSSIA'S PIOUS QUEEN.

[Princess Louisa, of Hanover, and mother of Emperor Wilhelm, of Germany, and Charlotte, empress of Russia, was born into a large family in 1776 and died in 1810. She married Frederick William, king of Prussia, and bore him six children, of whom she wrote: "I daily pray to God that he would not take his good Spirit from them. In all our trials (with Napoleon) I am consoled with the thoughts that we have fallen with honor, and our fate is in the hands of God. I am to-day reading that beautiful and to me most precious

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH PSALM."]

Louise, once on the loftiest height

(Schnee Koppe, 5,000 feet)

Of Germany, was filled with joy;

Having half Europe in her sight, (August 18, 1800)

And heaven's *warm light* without alloy.

Leaned on her spouse, his loyal wife,

She looked around, then looked above,

And spake: "Lo! this best spot in life!

Here God is light, and God is love."

This heavenly homage of that human heart

Flowed down on lands afar, and did reflect

Her power to sustain a sovereign's part,

Which won all nations to well-known respect.

Her people loved her for her power to lead

Their humble hopes up to a higher sphere;

And when she ruled that "all God's word should read,"

They vied her every verdict to revere.

When, too, her triple beauty everywhere

Did with its sweetness the world's anthems swell,

Perhaps no queen—not Esther asking prayer—(iv:16)

Did win earth's admiration due so well.

She was, first, lovely in wise, faithful life;

Hence, so refining in her faith and state;

Yet showed such strength to share the ills of strife,

'Twas well the world would on such women wait!

O what a chapter and what "chances" hers!

When Emperor Napoleon knew no law,

Faith's "sovereign providence" she so prefers,

He proudly from her presence did withdraw—

But led his way, by war, to long exile,

To ruminate on ruins he had wrought;

And when his lengthened loneliness did while,

The contrast tersely every country taught;

Till smitten lands all on LOUISA smile,

Whose goodness 's greater than Napoleon's guile!

VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF INDIA AND ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

[Victoria, of the house of Hanover, heir of Mary, Queen of Scots, James the I, George III. and Duke of Kent, was born May 24, 1819, and married Prince Albert in 1840, by whom she had nine children. She was crowned June 28, 1838, and when she was previously notified at night that the throne of Great Britain was hers, she said to the prelate informing her: "I ask your prayers!" And then and there they knelt and prayed; and in every country for over half a century, whenever an Englishman has heard her name, he has felt to say: "God save the Queen!"]—Read Esther ii:17-19; iv:16-17; Psalms cxvi.

"God save the Queen;" "long live the Queen!"

Has been the prayer, both night and day,
Where'er a subject has been seen,
And her proud people paused to pray.

For fifty years they've sung that song:

"God save the Queen;" "long live the Queen!"
And still that prayer they still prolong;

"Long live the Queen; God save the Queen!"

"The sun doth never set upon her realm"

(Is often said) so her fond subjects say,
And hold that God himself doth guide the helm
Of *all* such countries as his cause obey;
That as past deeds that cannot be undone,
May be o'erruled, as they have often been,
So will Victoria's reign, a virtuous one,
Seem providential more than that of men.

The English Language and the Law of God

Have helped "Her Majesty" hold on her way;
Heaven's benedictions both have borne abroad
And swelled the grandeur of her growing sway.
Nor as a sovereign is she seen, alone;
As maiden, wife, and model mother, too,
Among the nations she's with honor known,
And has been trusted as both wise and true.

The mother of a numerous progeny,

Nine children by one pious "Consort Prince,"
She's honored first the ideal family—

The wisest virtue woman can evince!
And since her office is somewhat a "form,"

Herself "a figure-head" in high affairs,
Mid all the "haughty form" her heart is warm,

And well she's given God's will to her own heirs;
And if her offspring to her throne they bring,
They still will sing: "God save the Queen" or "King!"

RAMABAI; REBORN BY THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

[This remarkable woman described herself, to an American reporter, in this way: "My name is Ramabai, a 'Hindoo Lady.' I was born in southwest India. My parents were high caste, but died when I was sixteen. At nineteen I earned my living by lectures on Female Education. At twenty-two I married an intelligent lawyer of lower rank whom I loved. This made me a social outcast, which would be hard to bear, if I were not a Christian. I believe in the religion of Jesus, and that the Word of God is good for women."—Read the story of the Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings x.

How would you like to be Hindoos?

In heathen lands have home and life?

What would you gain, what would you lose,

If you were there a widowed wife?

What hath God's Word given women there?

What will it give where'er it goes?

What hath it wrought here, everywhere?

It would the world win from its woes!

Once Queen Victoria sent a vicious Queen

Of Madagascar this majestic speech:

"Dear Sister: Take this Book and 'twill be seen

The truths of life and peace and joy to teach.

The women of my realm it hath made wise;

It will make yours as wise, and kind, and true.

So I present this precious, sacred prize;

And know our God *himself* doth give it you!"

As it made bloody druids meek and blest,

That Bible made old Madagascar new;

And bidding woman welcome its behest,

It teareth idols down in India too,

Till RAMABAI in moral beauty's mold,

Inspired for her dark sisters hefe to speak,

Hath gathered hence our silver and our gold

That she therewith may their sharp fetters break.

My Ramabais expand their moral power

Till heavenly light against all darkness hurled

Shall bring millennium's bright morning hour;

Heaven bless all women of the heathen world!

And may our sisters, sent across the seas,

To plant the seeds of hope in heathen soil,

Have living pleasure, thus their Lord to please,

Till he shall be attentive to their toil,

And shield away the shadows of disease,

And fill their labors full of loving ease.

MADAM SUSANNAH WESLEY—"MOTHER OF METHODISM."

[Mrs. Wesley was the youngest of Rev. Samuel Annesley's twenty-five children, and was born in London in 1669. She was the mother of nineteen children herself, and often had at once the apostolic number around her feet for instruction. She felt honored by having so many lives from hers, and so many souls born into the heavenly family through her fidelity. Her spirit was more prolific than her body, even. Adam Clark said: "I have never seen, heard or read of her equal. I should call her a very able divine!"]—Read Psalms cxxvii:5.

Prolific Mother of a power,
That widens over all the world,
And will until Time's latest hour!
Thy faith its banner hath unfurled,
The banner of thy power to bear
Children of blood and spirit birth,
Till millions moving everywhere,
Now wave their tributes to thy worth.

Aye, mother of the Methodistic mind,
That moves upon the populace the most,
And wakes the moral workings of mankind
For human good, helped by the Holy Ghost,
O what a power divine thou didst possess!
For *God* was in thee with *His* power of good,
And, blending with thee, did thy works all bless,
And magnify thy grateful Motherhood!

How grand the prospect of thy promised grace,
When thou shalt say: Here are my sons! and show
The retinue that rises as thy race
And grandly feels it will forever grow!
So, wise SUSANNAH WESLEY! I will sing
In honor of thyself and saintly sons;
And to thy bright'ning name this tribute bring,
Till we shall meet among heaven's "shining ones!"

And yet 'tis not in power of tongue or pen
To tell thy mead, as mother of the man
Who voiced thy mind and motives among men,
And placed thy graces in aggressive plan,
Till church and state cherish thy teaching still,
Affiliating with thy ways of life,
Inspired to help with all thy hope and will,
And in the struggles of each moral strife
Fighting thy fight of faith with force and skill,
Till Christian zeal is *crowned* on Zion's Hill!

MISTRESS HANNAH MORE.

[This charming woman, who never changed her name and is still known as Mrs. Hannah More, was born at Stapleton, England, in 1745, and died in 1833. She was a lady of excellent culture, character and authorship; was a poet, dramatist and prose writer of renown, and one of England's ablest and devoutest women. The following stanza will be found an average of her vigorous style of devout thought and feeling:]

"Do not blame Heaven; 'tis erring man
That mars his own best joys;
Whose passion, uncontrol'd, the plan
Of promised bliss destroys.
The deadliest wounds with which we bleed
Our crimes inflict alone;
Man's mercies from God's hand proceed,
His miseries from his own."

This "maiden madam," like "the man of God,"
Beheld Jehovah in his bush of fire,
And with her Maker on Mount Sinia trod
And waked the world with her devout desire.
Her many writings by roused millions read,
Helped make men better and their powers more blest,
Till in all lands are some whose lives are led
By "practiced piety" her pen possessed.

Honored as mistress for her moral worth
And mental taste and wisdom, too, as well,
And born of Heaven before her human birth,
Inspired the Holy Spirit's truths to tell,
She taught all England with her ornate tongue
Those solid words that suit all souls so well,
In style so simple, yet so staid and young,
That like the heavenly dew her letters fell,

All sparkling with some special lucid thought,
Imparting lovely beauty to pure life;
She to all lands a living blessing brought,
And strangely hushed the habitudes of strife.
Through her long years she thrilled New England's
shore,
With her electric threads from heaven's throne,
And helped the desert worship and adore,
Till all are pleased her excellence to own,
And men and maidens hail "MISTRESS HANNAH MORE,"
And all her pleasures of God's grace implore!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—MRS. TONNA.

[Next to Hannah More stands Mrs. Tonna, better known as Charlotte Elizabeth. She was born at Norwich, England, and was Rev. Michael Brown's only daughter. She first married Captain Phelan, who died in 1837, and in 1841 she married Mr. Tonna, of London, and died there July 12, 1846. She was very deaf, and had to talk with sign language much of her life. Among her twelve books are these titles: "Judah's Lion," "Judea Capta," "The Siege of Derry," "Letters from Ireland," "Principalities and Powers," "The Convent Bell," etc.]—Read Joel ii:28; II Thessalonians ii:1-11.

How many have, unmentioned, heard
 The matchless eloquence of mind
 Imbued with wisdom from God's word
 And been to better aims inclined?
 Could such in consciousness declare
 The source whence their salvation came,
 It might appear maternal prayer,
 Or ev'n some female author's fame.

And these were influential o'er them thus,
 Because they, too, before, were wisely bred (I Tim. 1:5)
 In God's own Sacred Scriptures given to us,
 In written form—*expressly to be read!*
 And farther back, a Bible had been found,
 (Perchance in chains, because so scarce and cher-
 ished)

And saints new-born had searched that "Bible bound,"
 And published it—or human hope had perished.

Thus came the "trainers" in this Christian truth,
 And authors of exceeding excellence,
 Who taught wise years, as well as tender youth—
 And *some, to pay the publisher's expense!*
 In labors such, few were felicitous
 Like Madam Tonna, who with pen and tongue,
 Was so devoted and industrious,
 She teacheth yet the aged and the young.

How many works she wrote that were well read!
 What errors she rebuked with rugged skill;
 How lovingly the blind she blessed and led,
 And won all minds unto her Master's will.
 And when she shall have been for ages dead,
 Her standard works will ever follow still,
 With warmth and wisdom of both heart and head;
 The thinking world her words will always thrill.
 Long will be read what this "deaf woman" said;
 Her books are full of living faith and bread!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS, FULL OF GRIEF AND GLADNESS TOO.

[Mrs. Felicia Hemans—*nee* Miss Brown—was born in Liverpool in 1794. She married Captain Hemans of the royal army, 1812; was left by him, in 1818, to educate alone their five sons, and died at Dublin at the age of forty-one—praised by all that heard her songs, loved by all that praised her, and revered in every English-speaking land. She is best known in America by her matchless poem upon “The Landing of the Pilgrims.”]—Read Psalms xliv.

“The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tost;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and the waters o’er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

“What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith’s pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!”

None but a *woman*, meaning nobly well,
With nature charming, warm and chaste and wise,
Could have attuned her harp such hopes to tell,
And scale all human ills to heavenly skies.
Beset by cruel arms imbued in crimes,
And tempted by the adulating throng,
She saw her furnace heated seven times,
And yet emerged, unsinged, with joy and song!

’Tis wonderful to watch her falling words:
Like snow-flakes settling on a seething flood,
Or music bursting from the beaks of birds;
They melt unseen, like food into our blood!
Her lines are “words of life” in works of love;
Her pious theme heaven’s purest thought imparts;
God’s Holy Spirit, bending from above,
Delights to press them deep upon all hearts,
And help the world to onward, upward move;
Her prophesy our principles still prove.

JENNY LIND, "THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE."

[Madam Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was born of poor Bible-reading parents, in Stockholm, October 6, 1820; married in Boston, February 5, 1852, Otto Goldschmidt, and died in Malvern, England, November 2, 1887, wept by everybody but her husband and his three children without musical talent. She was the sweetest songstress of earth, and had given in charity half a million dollars to the poor. Her earnest piety seemed the source of her supreme power.]—Read II Samuel xxiii, Psalms c. and

THE LAST SENTENCE OF JENNY LIND'S FUNERAL SONG.

"The crown of life she weareth;
 She bears the shining palm;
 The 'Holy, holy!' shareth,
 And joins the angels' psalm.
 But we poor pilgrims wander
 Still through this land of woe,
 Till we shall meet her yonder,
 And all her joy shall know."

I've heard the cuckoo, like a wand'ring voice,
 Fill earth with wonder, as it came and went;
 Have heard the song birds bid the heavens rejoice,
 And caught the anthems of each continent;
 And seated in the woods and near the sea,
 ☐ Have heard wild notes waft heavenward on the wind,
 But all combined cannot so heavenly be
 As the "bird songs" of "beaming Jenny Lind."

Her voice seemed as the vocal soul of heaven,
 So truly pious were her well-trained powers,
 To Bethlehem's song God had a body given,
 As heaven's chief angel, she seemed here as ours.
 Herself born like the Babe of Bethlehem,
 Poor children shared her choicest patronage,
 And now her joy, in New Jerusalem,
 Shall sing for shining saints from age to age.

She was impulsive in her pious art;
 She loved her parents and re-lived their prayers;
 Her passion was heaven's pleasure to impart,
 And lift poor Christians from their loads of cares.
 One time, when she was to a program tied,
 Her heart was so o'ercome with thoughts of home,
 She in a Christless song sat down and cried,
 Then rose so calm and sung, "THY KINGDOM COME,"
 And then came down the high celestial dome,
 For, in that heavenly dome, there was her home!

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH NURSE.

[This Bible benefactress received her beautiful name from her birth in Florence, Italy (1819), and from her father Shores' inheritance of his grand uncle William Nightingale's name and fortune. Her well-known instinct for nursing seemed inspired, and her ample preparations providential. She started for the Crimea, October 24, 1854, and returned to England an invalid for life, September 8, 1856. Her example was an inspiring object lesson for American women in our late war, and will live long in every land.]—See Luke xxii:51.

Our Savior, when he was betrayed,
 And Peter smote the servant's ear,
 Turned to the wounded man and said:
 "Suffer so far!"—and then and there
 He instantly the blood stain healed;
 The wound inflicted by the sword
 Was cured so well, it seemed concealed:
 Lo, such the sword, and such our Lord!

Now, in His name fair Florence Nightingale
 Went to Crimea with Christ's wondrous word:
 "Suffer thus far!"—and then, with visage pale,
 Stretch'd out Christ's hand and heal'd the cruel sword
 The world looked on, a loving wonderer,
 As she, at night, when all shone soft and still,
 Went thoughtful round (so roared "the Thunderer"*)
 To work the wonders of Christ's healing will!

And thus her influence flew o'er the seas,
 And fired with love the folk in foreign lands,
 Till plenty sought, like her, to serve and please,
 Completely as the Prince of Peace commands;
 And so her gracious deeds shall ne'er grow dim,
 Her slender person, passing slowly round
 In hospitals, remindeth us of Him
 Whose bloody sweat once bless'd at night the ground.

Her name has now the fragrance of the flowers,
 Is sweeter than the notes of singing birds,
 More beautiful than morn in Eden's bowers,
 More comforting than warmest of kind words;
 The glorious life of this glad, loving savior
 Of dying soldiers, can see dimness never;
 It shall shine full of heaven's divinest favor,
 A thing of beauty and a joy forever!
 And angels, bending from their heights above,
 Shall celebrate for aye such saving love!

* The *London Times*, that thundered the good and bad things done in that war.

BIBLE WOMEN

OF

AMERICA.

THE CHRISTIAN NURSES IN OUR COUNTRY'S NEED.

[The women of America who went to the seat of war in 1861-5 to nurse the sick and wounded on either side; to read their Bibles and minister comfort to them, and to write letters of consolation to their friends, were among the noblest Bible women in the world, and will be honored forever. "If all that has been said by orators and poets in the praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war. God bless the women of America."—LINCOLN.]—Read the Good Samaritan, Luke x:30.

I've sat beside the dying beds
 Of "men in blue" and "men in gray,"
 And pillowed on my breast their heads,
 And watched their spirits pass away;
 But near me sat some noble saints
 Who'd done the same both night and day,
 And taught those dying in their tents,
 And promptly bowed by *them* to pray.

But as their faith had there both nursed and fed
 "Five thousand" bruised and faint and thirsty
 braves,
 And raised them up—till risen from the dead
 They left unfilled five thousand fancied graves,
 I said: These pious nurses never were surpassed;
 I can't conceive how *Christ* could have done more;
 They gave their *lives* to save lives to the last,
 And helped the dying even to adore.

Their strength seemed lasting as the lengthened
 strife;

Their patience equal to the suff'rer's pain.
 When lines were written to some loving wife
 That she'd ne'er see her children's sire again,
 Their pen was bathed in pity so benign,
 And wet with such warm, wise and tender tears,
 The distant widow deemed the words divine,
 And sireless youths have saved them all these years.

O saintly women! watching soldier's wounds,
 And wetting their parched lips with purest kiss,
 The beauty of your deeds doth know no bounds,
 Nor are there worthier acts in worlds like this.

I thus present this patriotic praise

In Christ and my dear Christian country's name,
 And wish that country would a column raise,

Enduring, fitting your undying fame,
 That, as the coming ages on it gaze,
 They will be wiser, better, for your ways!

THE WOMEN WITH THE FREEDMEN—FOLLOWING THE WAR.

[When our army, under Lincoln's proclamation, freed the slaves to save the Union, some of our noblest young women went in the wake of the war to educate the freedmen and fit them to be useful Christian citizens; and yet these teachers of the ex-slaves were ostracised from white society in the South, and had to live among the ignorant blacks whom they came to bless and teach. Was woman ever more self-sacrificing, heroical and Christ-like!—Read Luke vi:20-40.

Three million bondmen are made free!
 Dense darkness lingers in their dwelling;
 And that the light of liberty
 May not be lost, there needs the telling,
 The stating clear the startling story,
 How, from their past of pains and fetters,
 To find glad hopes of future glory
 By means of labor, light and letters.

So when the soldiers, who had cut their shackles,
 Returned, they sent their sisters there to teach them,
 Till woman's tongue, that every wonder tackles,
 Rose equal to the task to quickly reach them.
 With wondrous wisdom, went these women there,
 To *serve*—as outcasts—in the Sunny South
 The *slaves* who had progressed slowly by prayer,
 And helped our men of war by word of mouth.

Hence Freedmen, as a class, had a fresh claim
 Upon our friendship and our franchise rights;
 So, "two and two" these women teachers came
 And led them nearer to "the Lord of lights,"
 Who looked down on them with delight and love,
 And when they say, "The devils from us flee,"
 He adds, "Your outcast names are writ above;"
 They answer: "Lord! we do this work for thee!"

'Twas thus these "outcasts" toiled and ex-slaves taught
 The truths of history, and truths of hope;
 Urged them to live and labor as they ought,
 And give their scant horizon grander scope;
 Till love of country, labor, home and wife,
 Grew up to gratify those who regret
 The strange imprudence of proslavery strife,
 The fall of kindred whom they can't forget
 And how the Nation *had to use the knife*,
 Like a safe surgeon loving to save life!

THE WIDOW LEE, OF EAST TENNESSEE.

[Early in the proslavery rebellion, MRS. MARY LEE, a widow from East Tennessee, whose husband had been killed by the Confederates, came to a Union officer and asked a position for her only son as a drummer boy in the country's service. Her "Eddie" was bright and brave, and played so well that he was accepted, and soon beloved. But in his first battle he was fatally wounded, and said: "Tell mother I die that liberty may live." The spirit of this tale was true and inspiring!—Read Genesis xxii.

When Abraham clambered up Moriah,
To symbolize God's given Son,
And Isaac bore the wood and fire,
'Twas like what WIDOW LEE hath done.
'Mong mountains of East Tennessee
Full many an altar may be found—
Or cross of Christian Liberty—
Where sacrificial boys were bound;

Bound by strong obligations of belief,
A *sense of duty*, which was so divine,
That nought but God himself could give relief;
A faith that shall through all the future shine.
See WIDOW LEE, here, with her little son!
They're searching for the scene of sacrifice;
And what seems worse, he was her only one;
Nor in their sight would less than this suffice!

Behold them both, by this high duty bound!
They've come to serve their country's sacred cause.
The "grays" have sealed with his sire's blood the
ground,
And fought against God's fundamental laws.
So EDDIE bears with fiery zeal the wood
That beats the call to battle in God's name;
'Twas so the mother with war's weapon stood;
So, too, the warfare soon ignites the flame.

"Colonel!" she says, "take Eddie in *your* care!
Dear Eddie! darling boy, adieu! good-by!
I've promised you, my Precious! ceaseless prayer;
Yet know, indeed, the Nation must not die!"
With one embrace and kiss these patriots part.
Soon Eddie drummed the soldier's on, till death
Had pierced his hopeful, pure and patriot heart
And brain with horrid pain. His parting breath
Was agony too keen for kindest art—
Disloyal cannon fired the killing dart!

"THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA."

[After the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico, the Sisters of Charity and Mercy ministered to the wounded of both armies, and with unconquerable Christian devotion did what they could for their bodily and spiritual comfort. The poet Whittier wrote most eloquently of their humanity and piety. It is the CHRISTLY SPIRIT, drawn from the Bible far back, that led them to their special work.]

The "Quaker Poet" once portrayed
 A hostile nation's humane nuns,
 In simple raiment so arrayed,
 Their foes would feel they were safe ones.
 He saw them, too, on soldiers wait,
 And to the dying tend'ring drink,
 And guiding them toward heaven's gate
 With thoughts more kind than *men* can think.

His benign women were so well behaved
 "*Buena Vista's Angels*" is their name;
 Such blended suff'rings, too, were by them saved,
 Both armies bowed obeisance when they came.
 For to both foe and friend they offered aid,
 And kindly fed them out of one canteen;
 Impartial watching unto all was paid—
 To sincere friends and foes they ne'er had seen.

They pillowed soft each soldier's painful head,
 And washed with "oil and wine" his aching wound;
 They even wept over the unwept dead,
 And prayed for them with sympathy profound.
 For those bereft they bowed before the throne,
 And mingled pity with their melting prayer,
 That He who tasted death that doth atone
 Would comfort all, thus robbed, with his own care.

By works so beautiful we're better made,
 Since love for suff'ers is lovely seen;
 So of such friends we cease to be afraid,
 By marking how becoming is their mien.
 And though we better like our Bible's love,
 And tremble lest their "cross" should "buy" their
 crown,
 Yet we believe we'll be with them above,
 And He who doth atone will have His own;
 Such duteous love He surely doth approve,
 If Christly motives to such crosses move!

ISABELLA DE HERERA, "THE ROSE OF PERU."

[Donna Isabella de Herera (Santa Rosa) was born in Lima, 1586, and like Theresa of Spain was one of twelve children. As she grew to womanhood she was known as "God's Angel" in the dwellings of the poor Spaniards and the lowly huts of the poor Indians. The latter said: "Light shone from her pale features, and a fragrance not of earth flowed from her garments" whenever she visited their squalid dwellings—a poetic conception quite like Longfellow's "Evangeline."]—Read Exodus xxxiv:30; Acts vi:15.

Once "Harvard's poet" well portrayed
 A holy, charming heroine,
 In robes of Normandy arrayed,
 And named his saint "EVANGELINE."
 Her motions seemed like minstrelsy,
 "Celestial brightness" round her shone,
 "Sunshine of Sainted Ulalie"—
 And by *this* name she was best known.

So DONNA ROSA, "Damsel of Peru,"
 Moved with a beauty more ethereal,
 When from the Indian hovels she withdrew,
 With mien so meek yet ministerial.
 The *poetry* that thus portrayed her parts
 Among the poor, and the more rich and proud,
 Was like the harmony of loving hearts,
 With admiration thankfully endowed.

Her person seemed of superhuman powers;
 Her love of God had lighted with His grace
 The flowing purity of "passion flowers,"
 To fall like halo round her happy face.
 The Incas—"Children of the Sun," so-called—
 Now craved the knowledge of the name of Christ;
 Ancestral practices their souls appalled;
 And "Santa Rosa" they could not resist.

So, named "God's Angel" by those ground 'neath
 cares,
 She was sought to by all in want and pain,
 And when her presence left, they felt her prayers,
 And said: "We'll never *see* her like again!"
 If *I* possessed such mem'ries 'mong the poor,
 For ling'ring halos to their hamlets lent;
 If with love's deeds *I'd* lighted thus their door,
 I could die, also, as she did, content.
 Bid memories so true be treasured ever more;
 Let ROSA OF PERU pass into poet-lore!

THE FAMOUS WORK OF TWO FRENCH WIDOWS AT QUEBEC.

[From 1620 to 1624, Helene de Champlain labored, under the guidance of her noble husband, to teach various Indian tribes around Quebec. In 1639 came two young widows from France to take up and carry on her work. These were Mesdames Marie Guyort, born in Tours, 1600, and Madeleine de Chauveny, born in Normandy in 1603. These worked together for thirty years, until their death, 1671 and 1672. The Royal Charter of Massachusetts Bay professed the same desire to educate and save the dwindling savage tribes.]

The seventeenth century arose
With healing beams upon its wings—
The wish to lift (from out their woes
By wars and brutish wanderings)
The savage tribes beyond the sea;
And "Massachusetts Bay" declared:
"Our motive, like the ministry,
Is that sparse Indian tribes be spared!"

There the apostle Eliot proclaimed
The words of God against their wicked ways,
For which they were so well and badly blamed,
And taught them precepts, prayers and tunes of
praise.

There the first Bible ever published here
Was his translation of its holy truth,
Which made him yearn more each declining year,
That he might yet save every savage youth!

"The Indian Territory" stands to-day
A trophy of such Bible-training schools;
And but for these the tribes had passed away,
As if but nations of both knaves and fools.
'Twas Edwards, Brainard, and women as brave,
Did Christian deeds no calumny could smirch,
Their savage brethren to bring home and save,
Till they now cherish both the school and church.

Nor were these peerless. Priests and Nuns as well,
And saintly women, like those widows twain,
Joined them, too, of Jesus' name to tell
The savage races, ere they should be slain.
Such moral beauty, in so matchless beams,
Shone 'mid the deepest shadows of the wood
Upon the treeless plains and trending streams,
And God beheld their work that it was good!
Hence gladly sing such glorious sisterhood
As in such mission stations meekly stood.

MARGARET BOURGEOYS, FOUNDER OF INDIAN MISSIONS AT MONTREAL.

[This organizer of Indian Missions was a French merchant's daughter, born in Troyes, in 1620. She commenced her Indian schools in a stable in Montreal in 1653, but eventually started missions in Canada and several of the United States territories, and like Theresa of Spain, did much to inspire the founding of monasticism in America. She died at the close of the seventeenth century, but is remembered among Catholics as Canada's early missionary.]

America's heroic age
 Had scarce a native heroine
 More sacrificing, or more sage,
 Than *Miss Bourzhua*, so brave, benign!
 She left her friends in lovely France,
 And sailed across the stormy seas,
 To save the savage, in advance
 Of death by wars and dire disease.

Her monastery was the masterpiece
 Of her majestic missionizing thought,
 And prayers and purpose—like the Prince of Peace—
 That every savage be salvation taught.
 And yet her *system* could not yield success
 O'er such a hemisphere as Freedom's home,
 Where Bible-schools are better means to bless
 The rudest savages that used to roam.

Monasticism is not American!
Nor were our liberties e'er by it led;
But Freedom in those families began
Where household-Bibles were by habit read!
 And hence the diff'rence has been here defined;
 The French Canadians coming on the North,
 Had not the notions of such *home-taught* mind,
 And Spaniards South brought not that spirit forth.

The power to suffer for some *useful end*—
 Is well begotten by the Word of God,
 Till Liberty itself doth safely lend
 Its breath of life to other lands abroad.
 Hence papal countries—half republican—
 Espouse our institutions so inspired;
 But place not Bible-teachings in their plan,
 And so, develop not the strength desired!
 And more: "*Our sacred Sabbath is for man,*"
 To be observed for good since time began!

AMERICA'S BIBLE WOMEN ABROAD.

[Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and lo, I am with you always to the end of the world. Princes shall come out of Egypt, Etheopia shall stretch out her hands unto God. Sing praises to God, all ye peoples, for the truth of the Lord endureth forever, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given unto the saints of the most high.]—Read Psalms cxvii; Mark xvi:15.

I gave a night to *Suke El Gurb*,
 (The place of a Druse massacre)
 Nor thought of danger to disturb
 Myself or my interpreter.
 "Mine hoste" was missionary Bliss;
 The hostess his wise, happy wife,
 And they narrated news like this,
 At mention of their mission life —

They said: "Our parents practiced household prayer;
 We read our Testaments all round in turn;
 And when we heard of heathen anywhere,
 Those Bible subjects in our souls did burn,
 And made us heed the cry from Macedon:
 "Come, dear Americans, and do us good!"
 So when 'twas known our hearts and hopes are one,
 A stalwart pair soon on steam-packet stood.

"Now, here we are, well settled in our home,
 And everybody born among these hills,
 Has been inclined like our clan to become,
 Until our fellowship the mountain fills"—
 Such their remarks—They've since a college reared,
 At old Beyritus, sending clans abroad,
 Till now the dreadful Druses are not feared,
 And Mount Libanus lifts music to God!

I had a mate—in l "Mistress Hay" herself—
 Who set before me scenes among Sepoys,
 And showed me souvenir from their mission shelf
 That touched me with their untold tears and joys.
 And many thousand men and women more
 Have borne their cross to homes of cruelty,
 And plucked away the wants that we deplore,
 To plant, instead, pleasing civility;
 Until their truth is shared from shore to shore
 And every land is learning to adore!

AMERICA'S BIBLE WOMEN AS HOME MISSION WIVES.

["God setteth the solitary in families, and gathereth congregations thereof, and so prepareth of his goodness for the poor. The Lord gave the word; great was the company that published it. They have seen thy goings, O God, in the Sanctuary. The singers went before, and the damsels with instruments of music, saying: Bless ye God in the congregations, even the Lord from the fountain of Israel. And the Lord sent them two and two into every city and place whither he himself would come."]—Read Psalms lxxiii:6-10-24; Luke x.

Behold that brave "Iowa Band."

At stations waiting for the stage
To take them far to frontier land,
That, moved by God, they may engage
In mission work with moral will,
And plant the rose of Sharon there—
Behold them start; behold them still;
Consider what they've caused, with care!

Those women that went thus, as mission wives,
Reared friendly families on the frontier;
As Christian ladies, they encouraged lives
In church and state of sterling worth and cheer.
They and their husbands have with buoyant hearts,
Established, strengthened all that's fit to stand,
And sent forth power that everywhere imparts
True *living* beauty in that bounteous land.

And over other wastes, than Iowa,
Have been produced by other praying bands
The staunchest diction of statehood to-day
That any commonwealth as yet commands.
How many hardships, though, they have to share
Where homes of spirit-happiness are sparse;
How precious few have any faith in prayer,
Where "scolding" rules, and all religion's scarce!

Then see those women there, working so well,
The helpmeets of those husbands, heaven moved!
Yet till we're home in heaven, no one can tell
How much their Lord and man they served and loved.
Such Bible women sure have best renown;
We need not write their names—"they're writ in
heaven!"

Where now the "Seventy" are named and known,
Honored and loved as if of the "Eleven—
Without *such* women workers in the West,
Our institutions could not stand the test!

YOUNG WOMEN AS BIBLE TEACHERS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

[“Hear this ye old men, and give ear all ye inhabitants of the land: Hath this been in your days, or in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell theirs, and their children another generation, that it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, saith the Lord, upon your sons and your daughters; upon my servants and on my hand maidens will I pour my spirit, and they shall teach my prophecy.]—Read Joel i:2; ii:27-29; Acts ii:16; Luke ii:40.

“From a child to know the Scriptures,”

Was commended by Saint Paul; (II Tim. 3:15)

“They make wise unto salvation”

And God gives them unto all!

Hence a million happy maidens

Know them more than many a priest,

And in Sunday schools now teach them

To the largest and the least.

Never, since the days of the Apostle,

Were so many maidens searching truth,

As approved by him in his epistle

To young Timothy and other youth.

They're rejoicing in the true religion,

That has happiness and heavenly hope;

Sending joy and singing to each region

That prefers th' Apostle to the Pope.

How the women, lads and winsome lasses

Learn the Scriptures lately in all lands;

Till large conclaves attend “Lesson” classes,

And the Bible-school our bulwark stands,

Mingling social music, sacred message,

With the wise cheer of warm childhood's voice,

Chanting praises with each chosen passage,

Till ev'n rural regions all rejoice.

How the voice of singing hails the valleys;

Hallelujahs echo on each hill;

As the Sunday school each section rallies,

And seeks wisdom from our Savior's will.

It is wonderful!—this way of Heavenly Wisdom,

To supply the world's untutored want,

And provide for people a full ransom

From the power of priestcraft and of cant.

Lo! divine it is to live in this day,

When true Wisdom saves the world in this way!

IN HONOR OF MISS JULIA WRIGHT, A BIBLE-READING
SCHOOL TEACHER.

[“God appointed laws in Israel which he commanded our fathers to make known to their children, that the generation to come might know them and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God nor forget His works, but keep His commandments” (Psalms lxxviii:1-8). In obedience to this passage the people of “Western Reserve, Ohio,” used to encourage Bible reading and recitations in school, and my first teacher, JULIA WRIGHT, won many laurels in that way.]—Read Psalms lxxviii:1-8.

Incredible 'twould seem to be;
Some folks then said he was a fool,
Who followed “sister” far to school,
When he'd not seen yet summers three.
But her wise teacher's heart beat warm,
Sh' addressed him “darling,” at the door,
His falt'ring feet helped cross the floor,
With words which children always charm.

She opened school with several welcome songs,
And questions about quarrels anywhere,
Or whether some boys had been heard to “swear;”
And so she righted several serious wrongs;
Then Testaments were read all round the room,
To lead to earnest, loving, useful life,
To strengthen “peace on earth” and put down strife,
And change to gladness even childish gloom.

Then children prayed with *cheer* our Savior's prayer;
This, while we stood, she helped us understand,
And then commented on the fifth command,
With clearest words its kindness to declare.
Straightway the “darling” held with outstretch'd hand
Her pocket Bible bound up with a clasp,
And not too great for his small hand to grasp,
He said, with fitting gesture, feeling grand:

*“This is a precious book indeed!
Happy the child that loves to read!
'Tis God's own word that he hath given;
To show our souls the way to heaven!”*

'Twas thus began *his* manhood when a boy,
The bent of serious life was so begun,
That he beholds the best he's ever done
Was gendered by MISS JULIA WRIGHT's real joy,
And till his short yet earnest life shall end,
He'll call that BIBLE MISS his BLESSED FRIEND!

MRS. EMMA WILLARD, THE WISE EDUCATOR.

[Mrs. Emma (Hart) Willard was the sixteenth of seventeen children. She was born at Berlin, Connecticut, February 23, 1787; began teaching at sixteen, and became one of the most renowned educators in the United States. She married Doctor Willard in 1809, and was left a widow in 1825, with their large Female Seminary at Troy, New York, in her control. She wrote many standard books, and in all her study and work, her appeal was to God's word for her standard and law. She died in 1870.]
—Read cxix Psalms.

To train up learners in the truth
 God sent from heaven his only Son;
 Therefore to educate our youth
 Is work divine if it's well done!
 Earth's greatest *teachers* are from God;
 All sciences are in his Soul;
 True teachers trace where he hath trod,
 And trusting, feel his full control.

A statue of a stately Teacher stands
 Before me—made as if a beau-ideal
 Of Christian woman—one whom Christ commands,
 Impassioned to move minds by her appeal.
 And lo! the statue stands, a thing of life!
 Not *thing*, a female full of moving thought;
 A model woman and a model wife—
 A teacher *true*, whom heaven's own truth hath
 taught.

A forehead high she hath; a firm yet happy face,
 That beams with finished beauty, wise and fair,
 And sheds a halo on the human race—
 The princely halo of home's peace and prayer.
 Four States seem satisfied for her to stand;
 Each ready to obey her real behest;
 Delighted, ev'n, to do as she'd demand,
 For all believed her biddings would be best.

Her clear-cut sense had even a Clinton seized,
 The stalwart governor of his great state,
 Until her plans "His Excellence" so pleased
 Her college's chartered and incorporate.
 Parents afar perceive her faithful parts
 And send their daughters to discern her sense;
 They *educate* them in her useful arts
 And realize an ample recompense—
 For such return with so renewed, fond hearts
 Their every presence *virtue's* joy imparts!

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, PRESIDENT OF WORLD'S W. C. T. U.

[Miss Willard was born in Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839; graduated at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, 1859; has been college professor and president, editor, tourist, lecturer and author, having published a touching tribute to her sister, entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years," "Woman and Temperance," "How to Win," "Woman and the Pulpit," etc. She is president of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union of the United States," and of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union of the World," and on the platform she is mistress of the situation, and now without a peer in pleading and polemic oratory.]—Read II Kings xxii:14.

It pleaseth me, in time and place,
To see symmetric objects stand
Where I can trace their lines of grace,
Hewn out by nature's noble hand.
I like to look on outlined art,
And track minutely artist mind
That is imprinted on each part,
Till I can see the whole combined.

I love to trace the outlines of a tree,
That lifts its tons of timber toward the stars,
Whose fruit and foliage add fresh symmetry,
And bury even what its beauty mars.
Well, such is FRANCES WILLARD's living form,
When standing poised upon a public stage,
Without a scar or stain from wind or storm—
The ablest woman of this wondrous age!

We can't compute her motive power with men;
Her message breathes upon the mountain's brow.
None but our Savior's breath more sweet hath been,
And I can see her crowned with glory now.
Even angels mingle in her martial song,
To wage for God and good her temp'rance war;
To rescue woman from relentless wrong,
And help the weak to win what *Heaven* fights for.

This is her work, and she has done it well!
She seems the helpmeet of that Sun in Heaven
Whose beams descend where even drunkard's dwell,
And God's sweet message is in mercy given.
Hence, as we share her wisdom, watch it shine!
From her rare form, fresh, resonant and fair,
That seems, indeed, lit by some light divine,
She radiates redemption everywhere,
And crowns her beauty with *Christ's acts* benign!
Let every clan to her live cause incline,
And their "good faith" advance her best design!

UTTERLY BEREFT—HOW AMERICAN BIBLE WOMEN CAN BEAR
AND SUFFER.

[Mrs. President S. H. Marsh, of Pacific University, Oregon, wrote me a most touching letter beside the corpse of her beautiful daughter, who had just died. That and the experience of her near relative, Mrs. Daggett, who had also buried an only daughter, and gave birth to a child soon after its father's death, suggested this sympathetic song, in honor of our Christian female faith and fortitude.]—Luke vii:11.

A woman sitting with her dead,
(Pale beauty's perfect paragon)
Bowed down her head on the death-bed
And wept—a widow—all alone!
Then turning round, to me she wrote,
In touching language, laved in tears,
This burdened, noble, burning note,
That yearned out all her anguished years:
"My grief's too great for pen or tongue;
My only daughter lieth dead;
Her ways so wise; in years so young!—
Here lies her flesh; her life hath fled!
Ten minutes since she said to me:
'I hear a harping on the hills;
But cannot tell whose it can be,
Though it through all my being thrills!
" 'It soundeth like some saint in light,
Who's asking that I come to them;
And, Ma! I see a sublime sight—
A man divine with diadem!
It's *Christ!* He's coming with a crown!
Pray let me breathe this parting breath;
Nay, let our Lord now lead his own;
Adieu! Dear Mother, this is death!"
" 'Twas so she entered Jesus' arms;
Supremest lover of her soul;
He asked my child with all her charms,
Yet kindly doth with me condole.
She was a choice, post mortem child,
Born my dear husband's burial day,
When life and loss were mingled wild
And I, a widowed mother, lay,
As feeble as my infant bird,
That nestled on its native breast,
Yet I've ne'er wailed one wicked word;
My grief and joy grow blent and blest;
'My life I live with Christ my Lord!'"

"AMELIA" C. WELBY AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

[Mrs. Welby—*nee* Amelia Coppuck—who first published a book of beautiful poems over her given name, was born February, 1819, in Saint Michael's, Maryland, near the banks of Chesapeake Bay. She afterwards moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and died there, May 3, 1852. She was the author of some of the finest *fancies* ever expressed in written speech, and her sacred songs seem often inspired by the Bible Psalmody in its best estate.]—Read Psalm cxxxix.

O, how my boyish heart did bound
With throbs that thrilled me through,
When first "Amelia's" songs I found,
That seemed so old and new!

"I wandered out," she sang one night,
" 'Twas when my years were few;
The wind was singing in the light,
And I was singing too.
I heard the laughing wind behind,
A-playing with my hair;
The breezy fingers of the wind—
How moist and cool they were!

"The evening hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leapt upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

But list! Yon casement low and dim!
Whose breath thence fills the breeze?
It is a peasant's evening hymn,
That sounds thus on the seas!
The spirit oft, oppressed with doubt,
May think God's out of thought,
Yet who can shut *His* presence out,
That Guest that comes unsought!

"In spite of even cold resolves,
Whate'er our thoughts may be,
Still, magnet like, *my* heart revolves,
And points, O Lord, to Thee!
That heart's now filled with peace and prayer,
For thou, my God, art everywhere."

MRS. VICE PRESIDENT MORTON, A PROUD BIBLE MOTHER.

[The following is cut from a family journal: "Mrs. Morton, wife of the Vice President, says that she has done nothing but keep house and raise a family since she has been a married woman, and that her life fulfills her idea of complete happiness." Saint Paul says: "I will therefore that the younger women should marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully; for the Spirit speaketh expressly that in later times some will forbid to marry and command to abstain from meats, which God hath given to be received with thanks."]—I Timothy iv:1-4; v:14.

It sometimes saddens us to see
 The decedence from other days
 When Bible-reading used to be
 Twice daily, with both prayer and praise;
 When "*Scotia's songs*" so sweetly rose
 ("Cotter's Saturday Night")
 And rang out on resounding air;
 Clear at day dawn as at its close,
 Preceding very reverent prayer.

But let us stand by all that still is left,
 And state that Bible-altars still abound!
 Can we believe our country is bereft
 Of what our fathers have so useful found?
 No; o'er our Union, morning, noon and night,
 Is heard the voice of prescient household prayer,
 The breath of loving thanks for bread and light
 And our Creator's kind and constant care.

Look at this picture, full of life and peace!
 It's seen at risings, settings of the sun,
 Where Christian families feel their increase
 Of happiness is from the Holy One
 In answer to sweet orisons and joys,
 Such as once passed from dear parental souls,
 Where we were giddy, buxom girls and boys,
 Yet trained to conscience that our life controls.

Full many millions of fond families
 Live painted in this picture of our land,
 Who've given each day to God their all as his,
 And with "Our Father" walked on, hand in hand!
 As MISTRESS MORTON and VICE PRESIDENT

Have mingled household worship here with heaven,
 Cherished their loving children to them lent
 And gladly thanked their God for all that's given,
 So, clear across this Christian continent,
 Such praying houses pictured heaven present
 And cause a wide-spread wisdom and content!

OUR PRESIDENTS' WIVES,

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

Our Presidents' Wives, Mothers and Daughters have (save one) been Bible-reading women, from their youth up; and so their excellence and strength of character have been superior and uniform. In portraying them in *verse* (to avoid imitating others) I have conformed the pages to my book on "Bible Women," and written for both common and cultivated people, trying to teach alike ethic truth and esthetic taste, so as to entertain, instruct and elevate the diversity of readers.

In politics the book is absolutely impartial; in religion it is unsectarian, in all things fair. It goes forth now in the hope to help make American home-life happier, purer, nobler, because of the notable examples it gives at the head of the Nation, and the humble habitations whence they emerged into usefulness and honor. While the "poetical exaggerations" may be considered too eulogistic generally, the tendency of these sketches will be to awaken a wider sympathy of society for the women providentially exalted to high stations from among us and to increase our respect for all our own Christian people, especially if they be poor yet pious and patriotic. Mary Washington was hoeing in her garden in homespun, with a straw hat on, when LaFayette called to bid her farewell, and she received him without changing her raiment. Nancy Lincoln and Eliza Garfield were peers in poverty, piety and virtue, and the number of widows' children elevated to Presidential office is indeed wonderful. As the Signers of "The Declaration of Independence," the "Framers of the American Constitution," and the men so far chosen as our Chief Magistrates, have been remarkably providential, so have their wives been divinely ordained and worthy; and if my readers will study their long line of succession as reverently as I have, I am sure they will arise from their reading the richer in personal ambition to be useful and resigned to the wise purposes of the world's Overruler.

All women can't be Wives of Presidents; but they can fill some sphere—as humble yet as great as that of the Widow Garfield in her cabin at the edge of her little cornfield. Then let no poor widow, or sorely-oppressed woman give up to despair in this day of great from small things. Remember how poor was the earth's infant Redeemer, and let the Mothers, Wives and Daughters of the great American Presidents inspire you henceforth to thank God and take courage. Our Christian people are kings and priests unto God. There are none wiser or greater the world over. God bless the Christian Mothers, Wives and Daughters of America.

T. N. H.

DENVER, April, 1892.

"MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON."

[Washington's Mother may well lead the long list of Bible-reading women who have, so far, borne and married our American Presidents. She, as Mary Ball, was born in 1706, married widower Augustine Washington in 1730, and in 1743 was left a widow with six children. The oldest of these was George, a lad of twelve years, who read to her the Bible and "Sir Matthew Hale's Moral and Divine Contemplations." She followed her son with her daily prayers until he became President, when she died of cancer, in 1789.] (Read Ps. cxlvi, 9; Prov. xv, 25.)

As "MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON"—
The epitaph upon her tomb—
Derives its signal from her son,
Who was held "sacred from her womb,"
And rose defender of the right,
Till all mankind's his monument,
We look with reverent delight
Upon her teaching his intent.

The Mother of the Father of America
Was left a widow; George, her oldest child,
Was so well bred to her safe will obey
Great Britain's grandeur ne'er the boy beguiled.
He sat beside her, bearing in his hand
A proud commission—the "midshipman's" pride—
Which would have borne him where his native land
Could never get his good, calm hand to guide.

America, or England to prefer?—
His Mother views this vast emergency,
As if the widow's God was guiding her,
To see and feel some future destiny.
Maternal wisdom weighs his motives well,
With head-and-heart-work of Sir Matthew Hale,
Till sweet ambitions his obedience swell,
And the "command with promise" doth prevail.
(Eph. vi, 2)

Their fervent piety—hers fed by prayer,
His by her love—forever saved this land!
Whence let these always live thus everywhere;
For the United States still on them stand.
This nation lives by virtue of that law
Of Faith, and Prayer, and Filial Piety.
Th' endurance of old China had to draw
Life from this law's longevity;
So MARY WASHINGTON the world hath taught
To "teach youth sacred Truth, and sell it not!"

MARTHA, WIFE OF WASHINGTON.

[The young widow, Martha Custis, married George Washington in 1759, in her 29th year, and died in 1801. She, like his mother, was a Bible reading woman. A late notice says: "The Family Bible of Martha Washington! Price, \$5,000. The volume is a thick quarto, bound in plain calf and covered with strong un-bleached linen of home manufacture. Her autograph appears in three places: Martha Washington, her book, 1789,"—received apparently from his dying mother, according to date.] (Read of Mary and Martha, Luke x, John xi.)

"Jesus loved Mary! *Martha*, too;"
 And so these names now handed down,
 Are found in nations not a few,
 And often grown to great renown.
 The Bible names, that thus have been,
 Selected for earth's famous seats,
 Suggest how often it is seen,
 That history itself repeats.

But more—Behold these Bible Madames both,
 With their home-Bible handsome and well bound,
 And holding even their household, age and troth,
 And daily read, indeed, all years around!
 Mark well those women, in the wilderness,
 And watching, day and night o'er distant war;
 In their deep hearts of helpful tenderness,
 Both fancy *battles* booming fierce and far!

What can support in war a constant wife
 But Christ, who cured the sword's keen cruel wound,
 Before he, loving, went to lay down life,
 Amid such dreadful darkness so profound,
 The sun in Heaven in sorrow hid his face,
 And all the earth groaned in its agony,
 At his great grief, that gave to us his grace,
 And our Republic all prosperity?

Well, MARTHA WASHINGTON *Christ's* hostess was;
 She welcomed him unto her wounded heart;
 When there came peril to her country's cause,
 She read and plead till he did help impart—
 Now, lo! "America's Immanuel's land!"

Here, every day, where praying households are,
 Maternal council moves at his command,
 And prospered life proceeds, led on by prayer—
 But here is something hard to understand:
 How Congress moved to ask at Martha's hand
 Her husband's *grave!* and she grants their demand!

ABIGAIL ADAMS, WIFE OF THE SECOND PRESIDENT.

[Abigail (Smith) Adams, a descendant of John Quincy, and daughter and granddaughter of Congregational ministers, was born in Weymouth, Mass., in 1744; married John Adams in 1764; was the first Lady of the White House 1800-1; was honored as a model Bible woman of the first order, and so adored by her heirs, that her son John Quincy said near his death: "I've prayed my infant prayer every night till now." She died in 1818, having been, as her name implies, "*her father's joy*;" her husband's aid and her country's pride.] (Read Ps. xxiii and I. Samuel, xxv.)

See that young dame, near Dorchester!
She's watching Washington bombard
The town of Boston! Look at her!
She's worthy of a world's regard.
 Could you but stand where "Abby" stood,
 Recounting there the canon's roar,
 You would thank God for sounds so good,
 And mind that music evermore.

For when the Britons fled that Boston town,
 HOWE rung above the happy bells of heaven;
 His hand our *Christian Liberty* did crown,
 And left, to work in all the world, her leaven.
 Thence "ABBY ADAMS"—in her healthy veins
 Flowing both Quincy and quite sacred blood—
 Surveyed her Country's sacramental plains,
 And in God's name pronounced the prospect good.

At home, abroad, happy was she, and brave;
 'Twas *Christian* courage breathed within her breast;
 She sought, in all her life, our liberty to save,
 And, blending faith with hope, was highly blest.
 The pride of the proud "Second President,"
 Who consecrates the White House with his care,
 She is renowned as its first resident,
 And daily practiced there their household prayer.

Her sons she taught: "I lay me down to sleep!"
 'Twas said so warmly while they were so young,
 That one, when President, prayed still: "Lord keep
 My soul!"—with reverential word and tongue.
 "The old man eloquent" ne'er entered bed
 Till, with a tender grace, he talked with God,
 And the son's infant words in faith were said.
 We bring with this that Mother's words abroad,
 And say: "This woman had a Webster's heart and head"
 Whose faithful words and deeds will be forever read!

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

[Mrs. Martha (Wayles) Skelton was born in Virginia, 1749, second marriage to Thomas Jefferson, 1772, died 1782. Of her five children, two, Martha and Mary, aided their father in the White House. The younger Mary (Eppes) died in 1804 and Martha (Randolph) died in 1836. These daughters were educated in a French Convent, and though Martha wished at one time to be a nun, she afterwards wrote against celibacy and transubstantiation, and the three lived and died devout Episcopalians and derived comfort from the fact that President Jefferson when afflicted was found with the Bible in his hands.] (Read Psalm XLVI, and John V, 39)

Of our Third President, the wife,
 Who loved him like idolatry,
 And to his labors toned her life,
 Bore him five children tenderly.
 Of these, two daughters seemed divine;
 So we've two sisters and the saint
 That bore them, all benign,
 And called from earth without complaint.

Two MARTHAS and one MARY mark the page;
 Three women buoyant, beautiful and wise,
 Imbued with the best ideas of their age,
 Raised high in rank as women e'er could rise.
 To these three Bible women's beauteous lives
 We're pleased to pay warm tribute in its place,
 Because they three became those thrifty wives
 That grow to ripeness in redeeming grace.

Two passed from earth to endless Paradise
 Before the Sire and President had left the scene;
 Hence, when to God he did himself demise,
 He left his "*Martha*" to his countrymen.
 So "*MARTHA RANDOLPH*" soon was made the theme
 Of his dear country's thankful, kindest thought;
 Yet not so good 'twould seem as GOD Supreme,
 Nor have her heirs been honored as they ought.

Lo! this coincidence let us affix:
 When Jefferson and Adams joined decree,
 On July fourth of seventeen seventy-six,
 That the United States be thenceforth free,
 They hardly thought just half a century,
 On eighteen twenty six's natal day,
 They'd pas together to eternity—

But so it was; both wise men passed away!
 One said: "I give myself to God!" and died;
 "Let Independence live!" the other cried;
 Then ADAMS passed t' his patriot brother's side!

MRS. PRESIDENT JAMES MADISON.

[Mrs. Dorothy (Payne) Madison, was born of anti-slavery Quaker parents in North Carolina in 1767. She was educated in Philadelphia, married John Todd, in 1786, and as his widow became Mrs. Madison in 1794. She accompanied her husband into the White House, in her 34th year, and showed great fortitude when the President was a fugitive and the White House and Capitol were in flames. She was then the most popular person in America. Her only sorrow was her dissolute son! She died in 1849.] (Read Absalom and Prodigal Son, Luke xv., and II Samuel, xviii, 33.)

This model, MADAME MADISON,
Americans have much admired,
As if by Mesdames Washington
And Adams, both, she'd been inspired.
In her tried character and true,
There's something that is so unique,
So hearty and so handsome, too,
Spontaneously itself doth speak.

How rolicsome and rubicund she was
With all the children whom she chanced to meet!
Respectful to those making speeches, laws,
And letters sent to foreign monarchs' seat.
How more than happy she made potentates,
And gave to each grand welcome as her guests,
And won renown in our United States,
And every land where our diploma rests!
'Twas wonderful, her wise ability—
—*Adaptability's* the better word—
Her duties were of such diversity,
And some of which herself had never heard!
How quenchless piety and quickening power
Sustained her supreme equanimity,
That hated, hot, humiliating hour
Her "Mansion" burned with British enmity!
Still what a blending of all excellence
In rites religious which her life regards;
A woman pious, yet without pretense,
Allowing that this Earth is all the Lord's.
She worshiped with a warm and sharing heart,
With all true lovers of her wondrous Lord,
In whose atonement she professed a part,
And reverent waited on his righteous Word!
Yet all life long she wept her wayward son,
As David over Absalom had done!
(Would God I'd died for thee, my son! my son!)

MRS. PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE.

[It was in 1789 Miss Eliza Cortright married in New York, Senator James Monroe, of Virginia, and afterward attended him to the greatest number of important public offices at home and abroad, ever awarded an American citizen. She was a worthy wife of such a man, and mother of his children, Eliza and Maria, who married well and were also modest and faithful mothers. She died in 1830 and her husband July 4, 1831. Her most distinguishing deed was the deliverance from death of Marchioness de La Fayette, and, as a consequence, liberating La Fayette himself, who thence lived and came to this country last in 1825.] (Read: "I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me." Matt. xxv.)

America's Ambadress

Seems sent across the sea in time
 To blend our thoughts and thanks to bless
 Those crushed with chains but without crime.
 In Europe had a crisis risen;
 There La Fayette in dungeon lay;
 In Paris was his wife in prison,
 Expecting *death* on any day!

The livery of our Minister there led one morn
 The woman from the Western world and free
 Whom Marchioness de La Fayette forlorn
 Would sooner than all other women see;
 For, through her kindness, life for death there came;
 Then our Ambassadors The Marquis, too, unbound
 And La Fayette's noble, defeated name
 Was raised from fetters to respect profound!
 Here's joy enough, to have been judged of Heaven,
 The harbinger of such a help and hope,
 When France to frenzy and despair was driven
 By the *great* "Corporal" and "gracious Pope."
 And such this holocaustic Heroine,
 Whose husband ministered at highest courts,
 Declared her mission seemed almost divine;
 And so the *people* thought from such reports.
 MADAME MONROE the MASTER thus obeyed;
 She, as He prompted, to the pris'ners came;
 And doubtless other deeds if all arrayed,
 Would lend still fuller lustre to her fame.
 Her daughters twain, ELIZA and MARIA,
 Were wives and mothers modelled after her,
 And, like the Mission of their Lord Messiah,
 They professed faiths that would wise deeds prefer;
 And in the White House what all did was wise;
 Their parts well acted; there the honor lies!

MRS. PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[This Bible Woman born of American parents, in London, 1775, as Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson, married the American Minister, John Quincy Adams in 1797. She wrote his father: "The systems of the ancients have been quite out of my reach excepting Plato's Dialogues, which I have read attentively. With modern philosophers I have become more familiar; but *I have never seen anything* that would compare with the chaste and exquisitely simple doctrines of Christianity." She gave her husband three sons and a daughter and was Mistress in the Executive Mansion when LaFayette was for two weeks their guest. She died in 1852.] (Read cxv. Psalm)

When LAFAYETTE became the guest
At the proud home of Presidents,
The Mistress who had been most blest
With means to watch wise men's intents,
There welcomed him, with heart so warm,
And ways so gen'rous and so just,
As both our Champion to charm
And toward his wrongs turn deep disgust.

'Twas our fifth President's high privilege
To welcome LaFayette thus to the land
Which he had helped to save from hostile siege;
And these two statesmen there before us stand:
"With love surpassing that of women," they
Embrace and weep, in wise yet broken words;
When time hath come for them to part, they say:
"Let all acknowledge: *Nations are the LORDS!*"

I wonder that no limner ever laid
Before the world this scene of that Farewell,
When LaFayette profoundest tribute paid
For days there spent where our Chief rulers dwell!
Lo! as they stand, the Lord's own angel stood
In person of the Mistress President,
With face so godly, in effect so good,
Her very *soul* seemed as a vision sent.

In all her varied life her virtues shone,
Whether in White House, or at Foreign Court,
Her noble culture was confessed and known,
But as with Sheba's Queen, it past report.
'Twas MISTRESS ADAMS' main ambition then
To use her knowledge of nations and things
To make more potent all true public men,
And crown the CHRIST alone as King of Kings!
But there have often in that Mansion been
Such scenes more sacred than are elsewhere seen?

MRS. RACHEL JACKSON, WIFE OF OUR VI. PRESIDENT.

[Mrs. President Jackson, *nee* Miss Rachel Donelson, was born in Virginia, 1767; removed at 12 to Tennessee, where she married her second husband, Col. Jackson, in 1794; accompanied him as first Governor of Florida, where she secured the observance of the Sabbath and regular public worship, and to Washington as Senator, but between Jackson's election and inauguration as President, she overheard some remarks about a long-ago duel which so shocked her sensibility that she died soon after; and her niece, Mrs. Emily Donelson, was mistress of the White House in her stead. She died Dec. 22, 1828.] (Her funeral text: "The Righteous shall be in Everlasting Remembrance." Ps.cxii,6)

Those who've wandered down a river,
 Gathering wild flowers on its bank,
 Where the water-cresses quiver,
 And wild deer so lately drank,
 Can appreciate perfect nature
 That inspired the pioneers,
 And will fancy every feature
 Fitted to cast out their fears.

So it was not *all* in native courage;
 But the God of Nature gave to know
 They might freely in his forests forage,
 And himself had sometimes taught them how.
 With this spirit sped the winsome maiden,
 Down the rivers to the forest region,
 On a flat-boat, full of bounties laden—

Yet the priceless thing was their religion!
 —(Her father's Journal read: "A voyage by God's permission.")

Through afflictions, like a furnace heated,
 She became the helpmeet of "*Old Hick'ry*,"
 And beside him with affection seated,
 Viewed well-pleased applaudits of his vict'ry;
 Then, in sight the Presidential Mansion,
 She heard words so wanton and so cruel,
 They surpassed ambition's safe expansion,
 And she fell, like "*Dickinson*" in duel!

Then the mighty, joyless man and "*Gen'ral*,"
 Chastened as one stript of wife and children,
 Hastened from her sad and famous fun'ral
 To preside o'er a protesting cauldron,
 Cheered no little by her niece and nephew,
 Who, as Clerk and Mistress in that Mansion,
 Help't the Ruler in his "*Public Review*,"

Soothed and softened oft his sore intention,
 And with him, through faith in "*RACHEL'S SAVIOR*"
 Passed at last to GOD, The FATHER'S favor!

MRS. HANNAH (HOES) VAN BUREN.

[Mrs. Van Buren, *nee* Miss Hannah Goes (Hoes,) was born in Kinderhook, N. Y., 1782, was school mate of Martin Van Buren whom she married in 1807. She died in 1819, leaving her devoted husband to enter the White House—like General Jackson—as a widower. She was a deeply pious, Bible reading mother of five children. Her accomplished daughter-in-law, Angelica (Singleton) VanBuren, was cousin of the renowned Mrs. Madison, and through her became mistress of the White House, honored and loved, at home and abroad.] (Read the xc. Psalm.)

The name of "Hoes" is Kinderhook's
 (Or "Goes" around that "*gud all*" town)
 It hath been found in household books,
 As upright and of pure renown.
 There Hannah Hoes, a handsome lass,
 Was the loved belle of all the ville;
 In school she headed every class,—
 Save one indomitable will!

That overmatching will was "Martin Van,"
 Whose galantry she loved as kind and good,
 And when he passed to be a public man,
 In chairs of state, his chosen bride she stood.
 So happy were they in their hearts and home,
 Their bliss was unto all that knew them blest;
 For those who could unto their presence come
 Have never tired their home-life to attest.

There "MISTRESS VAN" had most majestic views
 Of God and duty on each given day;
 And so befitting did her Bible use,
 She bade her children read it and obey!
 She early seemed not long to live on earth,
 Her conversation had caught up to heaven;
 So when she went away, so real her worth,
 Van Buren wept and said: "*Sive, we are seven!*"
(Wordsworth.)

He never looked for her dear like again!
 However wiley may have been his ways,
 Whatever burdens bore upon his brain,
 He loved "DEAR HANNAH" all his living days!
 And now that picture needs this added part:
 His Son's pure wife, worthy a second place.
 Came to the White House, and so near his heart
 She granted her exquisite courtly grace
 To his high office with her ornate, helpful art—
 Her Cousin, Mistress Madison, "Calling the start!"

MRS. PRESIDENT WM. HENRY HARRISON.

[Mrs. Anna (Symms) Harrison was born in New Jersey, 1775; moved to Ohio, 1794; married Capt. Harrison, 1795; accompanied him to Congress, and to the Governor's seat, but not to "the Executive Mansion." She had borne so many children and burdens for them; had shared so many pioneer and polemic hardships, that in Feb., 1841, she was not able to go to Washington. She was in every way a model woman, and her numerous progeny will ever praise her memory. She died in 1864, selecting for her funeral text: Ps. xlvii., 10: "Be still and know that I am God."]

Here MISTRESS HARRISON appears
 Both model, and a beau ideal;
 From early youth for eighty years,
 Religious life with her was real.
 In form and fact she's beautiful;
 And her affiances are fit;
 A hero true—no traitor Hull—
 I'oth won her hand, and worshiped it.

Of all the Bible Women in the West—
 And there are noble millions of them now,—
 That brave old Chieftain's wife was of the best,
 And her religion wreathed his upright brow.
 Taught by her Bible and by nature both,
 So never once her wisdom seemed to cease;
 With Christian truth and faith she'd kept her troth;
 In all his periods of war and peace.

The wondrous wilds in the deep western woods,
 Blending the scenes of bloody savage strife,
 With wastes by famine, forest-fires and floods,
 Intensified the factors of their life,
 Till character, when "Christ is formed within"
 In such associations as they sought,
 Became God's baricade against all sin
 And built a conscience that could not be bought!

There's something that's sublimely sweet
 In "Mother Harrison's" own modest home!
 There, she like Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
 And yet, like Martha, served all guests that come;
 And in her patience, when in grief and pain,
 She felt affliction's hand upon her pressed,
 She was, though widowed, willing to remain
 Till Heaven's time come to call her home to rest;
 There's not in her life's story the least stain;
 Nor quite her equal among *queens* that reign!

MRS. PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER.

[Mrs. Letitia (Christian) Tyler, a lover of music and other fine arts, was born in Cedar Grove, Va., 1779; married John Tyler, 1813; was mother of seven children, one of which says: "My first memory is that she taught me my letters from the family Bible." She died in the White House, September, 1842. In June, 1844, her husband took young Miss Julia Gardner, late from a convent in New York, to serve as wife and mistress in the White House. The only one who seems not to have been through life, a sincere Bible-reader. She died July 10, 1889.] (Read the lxvi. Psalm.)

There's music in the march of years;
 There's music in the moving seas;
 There's music of the mighty spheres,
 And breaths of music in the breeze;
 There's music in our fights and fears,
 And music of mellifluous bees;
 There's music in the drop of tears,
 And music by the birds in trees;

But rhythm of loving, rounded, beauteous lives
 Of matron heads of model families,
 All way as maidens, women, mothers, wives,
 Hath music here of *heaven's* sweet melodies.

MADAME LETITIA TYLER'S mother-love,
 From early life until her death at last,
 Her practical and pious home-life prove;
 Her "*Christian*" name was in her nature cast.

Her social labors, so much loved and sought,
 Her love-born character, so biblical,
 Her Bible teaching as one Bible-taught,
 Made her whole mission here seem musical.
 Her death—where HARRISON had lately died!—
 In contrast with the "Gun Catastrophe,"
 And bringing in of dancing and a bride,
 Have put her name high up in history!

Whatever hath been spoken of her spouse,
 So honored and selected to high place,
 Whatever, after, was in the White House,
This Mistress Tyler's grandest mead was grace.
 This Christly daughter of a "*Christian*" man,
 Most beautiful in body and in mind,
 Whose life like rhythmical love sonnets ran,
 Whose memory will honor woman kind,
 A very sweet and lovely "*psalm of life*,"
 Will be "*John Tyler's beautiful first wife*;"
 Nor for her place let school girls enter strife!

MRS. PRESIDENT JAMES KNOX POLK.

[Mrs Sarah (Childress) Polk was born near Murphreysborough, Tenn., in 1803, and lived and died childless. She was educated in a N. C. Moravian Seminary; married Mr Polk in 1822; and with him entered the White House in 1845, where she filled her office of President's wife with equal felicity and fidelity. She sympathized with her husband's devotion to the Union and with the South's endeavor to destroy it. She received G. A. R. and other conventions delightfully, just before her death in 1891.] (Read Job xxviii., 12-28.)

Perhaps no person ever was
 More truly *an American*,
 Than MISTRESS POLK, in every cause
 That might first help her fellow man.
 She was well balanced, wise and brave,
 Made up of dignity divine
 And sympathy that seeks to save,
 And helps the Heavenly sun to shine.
 Queenly in person, quiet, self possessed,
 With elegance and equipoise, and grace,
 She gave each guest at once to feel at rest;
 For a fair beam of light's about her face!
 She stood like "Emma Donelson" in state,
 A cultured *Tennessean*, kind and true,
 Whom nothing ever seems to so elate,
 She did not know "exactly" what to do.
 She played, always, a wise and prudent part,
 With no propensity to put on airs;
 For the world's history she knew by heart,
 And was familiar with modern affairs.
 In company she could her powers command;
 No diplomat said what she seemed to doubt;
 No statesman's words but she would understand,
 And be mistress of all they talked about.
 And when she left the White House for her home,
 Her courteous hospitality, still kind,
 With Christian spirit spoke to such as come,
 In friendly dignity no less refined.
 And during all that wicked dreadful war,
 While her warm sympathies were with her "South,"
 She never made a sign one's sense to mar,
 And no irrev'rent mood rushed from her mouth.
 When Fed'ral Educators from afar
 Stood near, they saw still bright her evening star,
 And Heaven's dear "Beulah Land" seemed beck'ning
 her !

MRS. PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR.

[Mrs. Margaret (Smith) Taylor was a Maryland farmer's daughter, distinguished for her Christian simplicity of character and common sense. She married Captain Taylor in 1810, and showed a wonderful devotion to her wifely duties, until her husband's death in the Executive Mansion, July 9th, 1850. Her daughter "Bessie," Mrs. Elizabeth Bliss, did for her most of the duties of "Lady of the White House." Mrs. Taylor died in August, 1852, possessed of the same kindly, Bible-loving spirit she had borne from early life.] (Read Proverbs, xxxi.)

The loved simplicity of life,
And marvelous sincerity
Of "Rough and Ready's" royal wife,
Should pass to our posterity,
To teach a lesson long to last,
Like a perpetual legacy,
That never yet hath been surpassed,
And possibly will never be.

When she first left her shantied, live-stock farm,
In her melodious, happy Maryland,
Her child-like ways were full of healthy charm,
And "Captain Taylor" captured heart and hand.
Their hearts and hands were held thence close and warm
Until his death into The White House came;
And first to last, she did her part perform
Without a thought of future wealth or fame.

The sweet unselfishness that swayed her soul,
When suff'ring soldiers felt her sympathy,
Where cruel savages had kept control,
Till her "old Indian Fighter's" victory,
Or coming filled with wounds from foreign wars,
Was like her Savior's hand with healing touch;
And how she honored "honorable scars,"
Because our bravest men "had borne so much!"

And where she swooned at touch of the death-sweat
Upon her husband's broad and massy brow,
A faithful country cannot soon forget,
Although too little thought of, even now.
But as she aided others to adore
The God of battles and of good behest,
Let MARGARET TAYLOR live forever more;
For blessing many be her memory blest!
And "BESSY TAYLOR"! what a "*Bliss*" was she;
Most happy model, in *her* ministry!

MRS. PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE.

[Mrs. Fillmore—*nee* Miss Abigail Powers, was born in Stillwater, N. Y., in 1798. Her father was a distinguished Baptist minister, but died in her first year, leaving her to the joint care of her mother and the widow's God. This however secured to her even a better education than her illustrious husband's, who had the superhuman benefits of her Bible-nurtured society, from their marriage in 1826, till her death soon after leaving the White House, March, 1853. She left with him one son and daughter and a vast sympathetic populace to mourn her loss.] (Read Deuteronomy x, 18; xiv, 29; xvi, 11; xxiv, 19-21.)

Another "ABIGAIL," appears;
 Another widow's child we have,
 To show how those who sow in tears
 Beside a parent's parting grave,
 May yet fulfill their "father's joy,"
 And with rejoicing may return
 Where they were once a girl or boy,
 And life renew, review and learn.

For so, the Fillmore family are found
 To take us back to poverty and pain;
 Thence to behold what benefits abound
 Where there was born the wealth of heart and brain.
 The pious thirst of "Abby Powers" for thought,
 Her thorough knowledge of earth's noble things
 Which she obtained, and unto others taught,
 Would fit a Christian to consort with kings.

The ways she helped her husband to achieve,
 The honors which they two so aptly won,
 Were beneficial fully to believe,
 That we do well as all the wise have done.
 Like Mistress Adams, first in the White House,
 Here MADAME FILLMORE of majestic form,
 With righteous indignations that arouse,
 Had a wise head, and heart as wise as warm.

Then, to her daughter MARY, she might turn
 In any time of need for hostess aid;
 For she was learn'd, as well as apt to learn,
 America's own model of a maid!
 'Twas so equipt, The Fillmore's, side by side,
 With their distinguished daughter, entered in,
 Where ZACHARY TAYLOR had so lately died,
 And well united did new honors win;
 To bare apartments suited books supplied,
 And lived a beauteous *home-life*, beside!

PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S DAUGHTER.

[Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore was born in Buffalo in 1832 and died of Cholera, 1854. She was teaching public school when called by the President to act at 22 as lady of the White House. A local paper says; "She was always governed by a sense of religious duty and her relations to her Creator and Savior were constantly in her thoughts; and young as she was, she did much to lay the foundation of a mode of social life more kind, cultured and genuine. As her beaming intelligence rises before us, it suggests only How good! how Kind! and she is gone!"] (See xc, PS. 12.)

Pause here, O American maiden!
And study this model in State;
Whose beautiful life was so laden
With fortune soon severed by fate.
Stand by her, in casket there sleeping,
Mid mates of her modest young years,
Where the States are all standing round weeping
And the Nation is now shedding tears!

Look back o'er that life in its beauty—
A mirror in which see thy face—
All radiant with devotion to duty,
Adorned with both learning and grace.
What heights 'neath the halo of fame,
She gilded with goodness and skill,
And left there *filled full* as her name—
The story of her excellence still!

While going thence forth to her grave,
Remember her wisdom and worth;
How bright was her spirit and brave,
How lowly her ancestral birth!
Her life was like *thine*, howe'er lowly;
Let *thine* be like *her's* at its best;
Then dying—or quickly—or slowly,
Thy mem'ry like *her's* may be blest!

All the world! look ye on this loved picture
Of life-fruit in this land of the free;
Of crowned heads who inherit no stricture
But the best of free beings to be!
What a contrast if none could be queen,
But a scion of some dame and sire,
Whose seedy successions are seen,
And to which but *their heir* may aspire,
No matter how hateful and mean
Their character and conduct have been!

MRS. PRESIDENT FRANK PIERCE.

[Mrs. Jane Means Pierce, who resembled Jonathan Edwards, was the daughter of President Appleton, D. D., of Bowdoin College, Me., and born March 12, 1806. She married Mr. Pierce, 1834, and with him entered the White House in March, 1853. As one has well said: "It is no disparagement to others to claim for her there unsurpassed dignity and grace, delicacy and purity in all that pertains to public life. There was a Christian home, quietly and constantly maintained in the Executive Mansion while she was its mistress." She died in Andover, Mass., in 1863, saying among her last words: "JESUS, Lover of my Soul, let me to thy bosom fly."'] (See Rev. xiv. 13.)

America's best mother-mind,
Most ethical and most ornate,
Most feminine and most refined,
Most studious of her moral state,
Most helpful to her husband's heart,
Most flexile in afflictions fierce,—
Until she panted to depart—

That "Mother-Mind" was MADAME PIERCE!

Not that she was *all* mind-ethereal;

Though intellectual, she lived to love,
With model form of fine material,
And beaming eyes, like Edward's, lit above.
And yet those eyes had shed full shares of tears;
From infancy she'd often been bereft,
Had buried children in their budding years,
Till loving "Bennie's" all that they have left.

And when at last, they to the White House went,
They had yet this one treasure more to yield,
To fit Frank Pierce in full for President—

They laid "fond Bennie" in the buried field!
The people gave them the best gift they had,
But coming to it caused this keenest grief,
It took the life of that as loving lad
As e'er was born of sanctified belief.

Hence Pierce's bold Inaugural began

By speaking of this "bitter sorrow" borne
When on their way to this last gift of man—
Full many tears there fell with them to mourn.
'Twas in such sorrow—not a soul could know—

When MRS. PIERCE made her appearance where
Some souls had lately suffered nearly so—

'Twas thus she came and served her country there!
Through wearisome ordeals this woman went,
The Peerless Wife of a proud President!

MISS HARRIET LANE, BUCHANAN'S NIECE, AND LADY OF THE
WHITE HOUSE.

[President Buchanan left the White House a bachelor; the first celibate Executive, and we hope the last one. His favorite niece, Miss Lane, whom he had educated from early orphanage, was called to serve as the President's lady assistant. Like Mrs. Pierce, she entered the White House in sorrow and went through her duties with unseen weeping. Her brother and sister had been suddenly buried. She received thanks from Victoria and Albert Edward for her hospitable service to him in 1860. In 1866 she became Mrs. Johnson, and since bore him a son named James Buchanan.] (Read xlvii Psalm.)

Born in a praying home,
Of Presbyterian stock,
Where saints were wont to come,
And pastors of the flock,
Young "Hattie's" yearning heart
Heaved many a sigh for heaven,
And for that "better part"
Which was to Mary given.

But 'ere she'd read her Bible through,
The heart of love on which she leaned,
That trained her taste for what is true,
Was from this world so fully weaned,
Her mother moved to homes on high,
And gave to God her orphaned child,—
Whose sire was also soon to die,
And leave the child in sorrow's wild.
Her mother's brother met her case;
Adopting, as a daughter, her,
He trained her youth in truth and grace
That she Heaven's precepts should prefer.
His sympathy was her support;
His thought her ample, pleasing thanks;
And when he dwelt at foreign court,
She rose into the highest ranks.
Hence, in the "House of Uncle Sam,"
There's scarce an equal to her skill;
In ev'n a "Presidential jam"
She's mistress of the masses still.
With Mary Fillmore's flexile ease,
With Madame Pierce's pensive mind,
She doth the public serve and please
With royal courtesies and kind—
While secret traitors tried to seize
The President by deep surprize,
And "pulled their wool over his eyes!"

MRS. MARY TODD LINCOLN.

[Hon. Ward H. Lamon says: "Lincoln had from boyhood a presentiment that he would be President and die by violence. Mrs. L. too had the same belief as to the Presidency. She is quoted as saying, soon after their marriage: 'He is going to be President, and that's the reason I married him, for you know he is not pretty.'" She bore Mr. Lincoln five children, four of whom died before her own demise in an insane asylum, July 16, 1882. Her life of rational enjoyment really ended when Booth's bullet entered her husband's massy and benignant brain.] (Read Isaiah liii.)

I've heard it said that "Martin Van,"
 When playing with his well pleased mates,
 Would say: "See here! When I'm a man,
 I'll rule o'er The United States!"
 I've read in print that MARY TODD
 So hoped The White House would be hers,
 And when she gave herself to God,
 That prophesy she still prefers.

Yet Mary Todd would not "Steve Douglas" wed,
 For bees, found in her bonnet, seemed to say:
 "I hear a something singing in my head,
 'Abe Lincoln will be President some day!'"
 Presentiments of many public men
 Have been like heralds from the bounds of heaven;
 Both good and bad forebodings there have been;
 For seers the "*traitor*" saw with "the eleven."
 But here, both "Abraham" and "Mary" felt
 Rare futures were before them in real fact;
 So Lincoln's noble heart on heaven knelt,
 And her expectance hailed his every act.
 With his presentiments, hers, too, would share;
 And when he left his people, to preside,
 And prayed them give to him their guiding prayer,
 She, wifelike, loving, waited at his side.

And when he watched through all that wicked war,
 She wrote a note requesting men to pray
 That peace and freedom be not put alar;
 And with a **patriot's* pen, repeated: "PRAY!"
 When prophecies of both had been fulfilled,
 And Booth had pierced The Nation's noble head,
 The widow cried: "THE PRESIDENT IS KILLED!"
 Her shattered mind by such a mighty shock
 Could simply leave behind: "CHRIST IS MY ROCK!"

*She wrote this note to me at Governor Andrew's, Boston.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

[Mrs. Nancy (Hanks) Lincoln was born in Virginia, but raised in Kentucky. In 1806 she married illiterate, honest Thomas Lincoln, and moved to Indiana, giving birth to a daughter and the one son Abraham, whom she taught to fear God and read the Bible, so that he afterwards said: "All I am or hope to be, I owe to my Angel Mother! Blessings on her memory." She died when he was 9 years old, and soon his father married widow Sarah Johnson, with three children, whom he loved, and who were also fond of "Abe" as an obliging, honest boy.] (Read Ps. I and xxv, 10.)

A child of nature and of God,
 Raised up in rude simplicity,
 Where many an Indian maid had trod
 Filled with wild felicity;
 Young Nancy Hanks's unknown youth
 With sparse companionships was spent;
 But there she learned and loved the truth
 Of God in Christ; this gave content!

Thus by the Bible "born of God again,"
 That holy book seems all her cabins own,
 Save Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress printed plain;
 So these she used to read and taught her son,
 Till with delight he learned to read them loud.
 Thus, by fire light, he lit his "lamp of life,"
 And with his progress made his parents proud,
 As for it well "Tom Lincoln" praised his wife.

So by that Bible, Sire and son were blessed,
 And NANCY LINCOLN'S house had needful peace,
 Till in her son's tenth year she sank to rest,
 And from her rough, hard lot had fit release.
 Her kind successor, Sarah Johnson came,
 Viewing that Bible, very best of books,
 She helped boy ABRAHAM bear up his name
 Till truth and trials traced even his looks.

Hence "*Honest Abe*" has been his honored name;
 Though Weems's (well lent) Life of Washington
 And Bunyan's Pilgrim *helped* beget his fame,
 'Twas NANCY LINCOLN'S Bible named her son.—
 Thou dear departed shade! that doth now shine
 In Heaven's salubrious, happy, unseen spheres!
 Dost thou not look from days and lands divine,
 Back to thy cabin's tears and burdened years,
 Where past and future could by faith combine.
 And say: GLAD, GLORIOUS MOTHERHOOD WAS MINE!

MRS. ELIZA MC CARDLE JOHNSON.

[After Lincoln's death, President and Mrs Andrew Johnson entered the White House. They were half-orphans of pious widows, and were married in his 21st year. He was an illiterate tailor, and she became his evening teacher; was a very beautiful woman, and was at Washington inspiring his ablest Senate speech against secession, Jan., 1861. She returned to Tenn., and lost her health by her persecutions within the Confederate lines, so that she was unable afterwards to *officiate* in the White House, but received her guests around her chair. She had two daughters, Martha and Mary, who did the honors well. She died in 1876, and on their monument is carved an open Bible!] (Read Psalm cxix, 97-112.)

How honored is a poor man's *home*!

Here God says: "Give this house to me;
And if calamity shall come,

Your orphan children mine shall be;

My covenant with them I'll keep,

The widow's God and guide I'll be;

Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap

The harvests of prosperity."

Two minors, of two widows, met in need!

ELIZA one, a blond, a beauty brave;

Dark ANDREW he, and able scarce to read;

But both did Christian culture need and crave:

These wed, and thenceforth work their upward way.

At home she helps him into Congress halls;

Indeed, they help each other night and day,

Up in the world, within The White House walls!

Trace back their lot! See "Andrew" at the feet

Of his "Eliza" learn to read and write,

Till (ne'er in school a day) he can compete

With learn-ed men of legislative might!

That cabin view is of earth's very best—

Eliza teaching that young tailor there—

Till to ev'n traitors, she's of truth the test.

And fills his life all full of fervent prayer.

Aye, view again! A Christian cavalcade

Is driven beyond the long deep rebel lines;

And she who leads, betrayed but least afraid,

Is that shy woman—how her face there shines!

Good, hopeful, patient, haggard, pale,

How rebels half confess her rights and cause;

And feel her principles will hence prevail—

This woman seems as wise as ever was!

Let children's children rally round her chair;

The White House walls echo her winged prayer;

Her Bible on her tomb be carved with care!

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S DAUGHTERS, MARTHA AND MARY.

[Martha Johnson Patterson officiated in the White House chiefly for her parents. She was like her father, dark and efficient. Her husband was U. S. Senator. She was partially assisted by Mrs. Stover, her sister Mary, who was a blond like their mother, and had with her three children, which with Mrs. Patterson's two, and invited ones of the town, made a plenty of fun even when their Grandpa was being pulverized under a vain impeachment. The daughters suffered like their father and mother in war time] (Read Ps. cxxxvii, and lxxxiii, 5.)

'Tis hard to realize to day
 The tides of sorrow in the South;
 How the Secessionists had sway,
 By cruel sword and cannon's mouth;
 And harder yet to understand
 How Eastern Tennesseans held
 Their love so firm for father-land,
 Where every shelter might be "shelled."

So wicked were the scenes of wasting war!
 There MARY STOVER 'mid the suff'ers stood,
 For all on earth she felt worth living for
 Had fled before the hungry, fiery flood.
 The father of her children chose to serve
 Our humane cause, and called from home,
 He prayed that *Providence* would then preserve
 His Christian house till he could hither come.

Still Mary Stover soon a widow stood !
 Her children sad are cherished by her Sire
 (Who risked his person for the public good)
 And in his White House have their heart's desire.
 They're all more blest than any body knows!
 The Nation's safe! and so successful now,
 Ev'n Grandma's gratitude, too, overflows,
 As all before the Heavenly Father bow.

While MARTHA PATTERSON, most patient still,
 Serving her country with excessive care,
 With hardly time to wish the heavenly will,
 Or practice leisurely her love of prayer,
 Does honor as "First Lady of the Land."
 She says: "We're from the hills of Tennessee;
 We always could *ourselves* quite well command,
 And more than this they must not ask of me."
 Behold *herself* command that White House band!
 Ev'n when arraigned their Nation's Chief doth stand,
 Her happy children cheer on every hand!

MRS. PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT.

[Mrs. Julia (Dent) Grant was married at her birth-place in Missouri, Aug. 22, 1848, and went with her husband onto a farm, which he called "Hardscrabble." She bore him three sons and one daughter. In sickness and health, in want and in wealth, she encouraged and aided him, often caring for others in distress. She was a prudent woman, and a proud and praying wife and mother. Passing from poverty up to the White House, her domestic administration was admirable. Her bearing in public and private life from infancy to age, was beautiful as May, and harmonious as music.] (Read Proverbs xiv, 1-34)

The woman of the greatest worth;
 Against whom nothing can be said;
 Whose name is honored o'er the earth,
 In realms where it is heard and read;
 Who more than kept her marriage vow,
 Whate'er her husband's wants or wealth,
 To love him truly, high or low,
 In good or ill, sickness or health—
Her loyal brow wears laurels now!

So much that's beautiful, that's sweet, that's brave
 Is in this wifely woman's will and way,
 Which saved her husband to his country save,
 We fain would set her worth in full array.
 But there's no language that can laud too much
 Her patient service, when he was so poor,
 His bootless toil had the "Hardscrabble" touch,
 And dismal want was waiting at the door.

O, what a model for all wives of men
 Who work by day to win home's daily bread,
 And sometimes sink beneath such burdens then
 That they indeed half wish themselves were dead!
 And what a lesson is her later life,
 So womanly in all that wicked war,
 So straight and simple in the scenes of strife;
 And in the White House which they waited for!

No woman there had greater wisdom shown,
 Or shared more kindly its domestic cares,
 And made her husband's honor mold her own;
 In practice of her prudence and her prayers,
 She made the White House what it should be—HOME!—
 And typic of our country and our time.
 And when around *the world* they while and roam,
 Courted by queens and kings in their best prime,
 And to our coasts they hast'ning, happy come,
 Of woman's excellence *she* seems the sum!

A PET OF THE NATION WAS PRESIDENT GRANT'S "NELLIE."

[President and Mrs. Grant gave a suitable wedding to their only daughter, Nellie, in the famous East Room of the White House, May 21, 1874. She married an educated, well-attired Englishman, Algernon Sartoris, who wished the ægis of her name, but made her lot a lesson on international weddings for the young ladies of every land, and offended the pride of the American people, who will prize his loyal wife to the last.] (Read II Cor. vi, 14.)

An Anglomaniacal mood
 Had moved upon the public mind,
 Till countless girls counted it good
 Toward foreign "class" to feel inclined;
 And not a lesson in our land
 Were needed more, than now, to teach
 Girls' hearts here how to give their hand
 And not, as brides, have heartless breach.

Women here fancy foreign *wedlock* well,
 And really feel they've reached both fame and rank,
 Yet soon have trials no true heart can tell,
 And think at last they've *self* alone to thank.
 True beauteous daughters have been oft betrayed
 By boughten titles, or babels of tongues,
 Till no dear kindred can do equal aid,
 And right the rashness, or redress the wrongs.

No ladies now in the United States
 Have nobler graces than had NELLIE GRANT;
 Full many a suitor for the maiden waits,
 Men wise and willing to meet every want.
 Yet not her Mother nor Majestic Sire
 Could change the passion of their petted child
 To vow "*obedience*" to his bold desire
 Who had her goodness to himself beguiled.

If Nellie 'd known he chiefly loved her *name*—
 Like those who marry women for their *wealth*—
 She might have found one fitted to her fame,
 With here a Home of happiness and health;
 But now this famous NELLIE GRANT affair
 Will self possession o'er the world enforce,
 And from this Presidential case prepare
 All virtuous damsels to avoid divorce;
 For this bride says: "To my firm bond I bow;
 I must forever keep my marriage vow!" [now!
 So yet, "The Nation's pet," is Grant's dear "Nellie"]

MRS. PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

[Mrs. Lucy (Webb) Hayes was perhaps the most beautiful type of a practical Bible Woman that ever led the society of Washington. She was born in Ohio, but of New England and Va. ancestry, was educated with her brothers by their widowed mother, at the "Wesleyan University" and "Seminary." She married Mr. Hayes in 1852, and his progress in war and peace was largely due to her popularity and *lucid* piety. She died of apoplexy in 1889. Her life-size portrait is in the Presidential Mansion and should hold an honored place.] (Read the II Epistle of John and Gen. v, 8.)

Lo ! There she stands as large as life !

Her wisdom speaketh from the wall,
The patriot warrior's pious wife,
Whose life's a lesson for us all !

At work, in camp, in peace and war,
Her life was perfect with her Lord ;
Whom she loved, lived and waited for,
Till welcomed to her last reward !

"THE ELECT LADY" of the loving JOHN,
That he in vision, even then, foresaw,
As by the painter in that picture drawn,
Embodies gospel and God's beaming law.
That product, both of Bible precepts born
And master art, in form and heart and mind
Doth well the White House wall and Home adorn ;
A welcome keepsake for all woman kind.

But not the *portrait* in that public place,
By gifted art, observers best engage,
Speaking refinement from an inspired face ;
But her *example*, here, bears on each age ;
Helps virtuous character in every case ;
Urges all cowards their convictions own,
And raises woman in her world and race,
To learn God's law, that "man's not good alone!"

Then let that likeness there forever last,
Among the portraits of the Presidents ;
That passers-by may thus behold the past,
And realize how much it represents ;
For here have women helped, as well as men,
To make Home-Life have moral-loving hope,
To teach the future by what here hath been,
To scan earth's brightness by its broad'ning scope,
And make more keen the Nation's moral ken,
Then LUCY HAYES shall win, if not till then !

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S MOTHER ELIZA BALLOU.

[Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield was born in 1802 and died 1888. She was 78 years old when her son went with her and his wife into the White House. Like Mary Washington, she had been "the making" of her orphan boy's character and consequent career. Her husband when dying said: "Eliza, I have planted four saplings in the woods, I leave them to your care." How she cared for them the sequel shows. Her picture is taken pondering over her open Bible.] (Read I Samuel 1, 27.)

The autumn sun is setting now,
And passing down a perfect day;
A halo bright is on its brow;
I love to watch it launch away!
'Twas somewhat so I used to see
This aged woman, years ago,
Seem like that setting sun to me,
Moving serene, majestic, slow,
Toward the deep eternity.

That MOTHER OF OUR MARTYRED MAGISTRATE,
Was left a widow in his infancy,
So poor she planted what her orphans ate,
And harvesting the ears, did count to see
What number could be spared for *her* supply;
She working, weak and widowed as she was,
The woodman's strokes with all her strength did try,
Yet kept the *hope* that every Christain has.

She was of Gallic and blue Yankee blood,
New England Puritan's ideas and type;
So, gladly met her "glorious motherhood"
And kept home's fruitage, holy, fresh and ripe!
A mother so mature seems more than *made*,
Whose children are so chastened ere their birth
They rise to excellence, as without aid,
And win renown with their own natal worth.

Her "Baby Boy" went battling for the right,
Borne off on war's most bounding tidal wave;
She watched her Savior walking in his sight
And said: "The Christ my soldier son can save!"
And when to Congress and the White House grown,
She looks upon him there with laurel crowned,
"All things are for the best," her faith doth own,
Her gratitude hath grown beyond all bounds;
But when she cried: "They've killed my Baby Boy!"
Her grief soon hushed in heavenly greeting's joy!

PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD'S WIFE.

[Mrs. Lucretia (Rudolph) Garfield, like her husband, was born in "Western Reserve," Ohio, and "kept school and boarded round." She also had classes in drawing and painting and helped prepare their boys for college. She married Garfield in 1858, and bore him seven children. Near his death he said: "My wife is so prudent I've not been diverted once from my work to explain away any mistake of hers. When there is most public clamor, she is most cool. She is perfectly unstampedable."] (Read Acts iv, 14.)

This model Christian mother is
 Completely an American,
 Whose husband knew her wholly his,
 Fit helpmeet for her famous man!
 A teacher, too, of truth and taste,
 Her conduct has a complete whole;
 With changeless will and wisdom chaste,
 She stood quite "*unstampedable*!"

We see her waiting through our wicked war;
 Her buoyant faith bends o'er each battle-field,
 Till final peace arrives that she's prayed for,
 And Heaven's hands the wounds have touched and
 Then, when in "States United" he doth stand, [healed,
 A legislator in high courts of law,
 She now, as helpmeet, nerves his mighty hand,
 A safe adviser as earth ever saw.

From first to last, in learning and in life,
 She was a consort of the wisest kind;
 Well given to Garfield as his Godly wife,
 Endowed most fully with a faithful mind;
 The prudent mate of that wise President,
 She honored us, and we should honor her,
 And let our women—with their lot content—
 Conform to her's their Christian character.

Perhaps no President e'er was more proud
 Of what he called his "better half," than hers;
 For she shrank from no fate, until his shroud
 Encompassed him; and thence, all that occurs
 To hold her guileless heart to human gaze,
 And have all nations know and laud her name,
 Her prudence above princesses to praise—
 'Twas *then* she seemed to fear to *share* his fame;
 Yet, where mankind his monument doth raise
 Her sad delight whiles her declining days!

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S WIFE AND SISTER.

[Vice President Chester A. Arthur followed Garfield to pre-
side in the White House. His wife, the mother of his two beau-
tiful children, and daughter of the distinguished Lieut. Herndon,
who sank with his ship in the Mexican sea, was recently dead,
and Arthur himself seemed submerged in a sea of sorrow. Her
likeness he kept in his room wreathed daily with roses, and
placed her memorial window in the church where he worshiped.
He called his sister, Mrs. McElroy, daughter of Rev. Dr. Arthur,
to his aid. Also Mrs. Carlisle, and ladies of his Cabinet, were
kindly attentive.] (Read Psalm cvii, 23-43.)

Its nice to have a Sister now,
Like saintly MADAME MCELROY,
When to bereavement nations bow
And grief o'ershadows ARTHUR'S joy.
"His Excellency" can, too, enlist
Dames of his Cabinet to come,
And Madame Carlisle, to assist
And make the White House more like "Home."

But there's one woman waiting on the wall,
The President's own privacy adorns;
A smiling lady, neither large nor small,
Whose face's so winning it from folly warns.
Her memory is matchless as a wife;
Her influence her offspring e'er have felt;
This loving consort hath so kept his life,
She now seemed with him when each night he knelt!

This was no fiction, but a worthy fact,
That Arthur, and Van Buren, from his State,
For no new consorts ever could contract;
As loyal widowers they loved to wait,
Though person and position gave them power
To mate with partners most appropriate
To act as hostess many a high-toned hour,
And stand as aid in all the scenes of State.

ARTHUR'S devotion to his honored dead—
His children's mother he hath cherished so,
No lady would he as his life-mate wed;
Nor sought the Nation his secrets to know.
This new example hath ennobling power;
Helps purify our hurrying populace;
It sanctifies the faith, in sorrow's hour,
Through this republic, and throughout the race;
For such fond, conjugal fidelity
Shameth all shades of sensuality.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S YOUNG WIFE.

[Mrs. Frances (Folsom) Cleveland, born in Buffalo, July 21, 1862, was the first President's wife married in his own Executive Mansion (1886.) At her wedding dinner and other times she declined intoxicants. January 26, 1887, the W. C. T. U. of Va., "*Resolved*, That our heartfelt thanks are hereby tendered to Mrs. Frances F. Cleveland, for the position she has taken in the chief social circles of the Nation, as a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and, we pray God's blessing on her young life, and on her *home*, believing that history will applaud her action as all sincere minds even now, approve her motives."] (Habakuk ii, 15.)

That White House still 's the "*Nations Home!*"

It's bright young house-wife is a bride,

The country's guests have hither come,

To share the Presidential pride.

The wisdom, fashion, and the wealth

Commingle round the social board,

And here and there, "They're drinking health"—

The Hostess' glass hath *water* poured!

There's divine beauty in so bold a deed:

There's moral courage matchless in the case;

So frank and happy, it hath friendly heed,

More pleasing, too, for both its time and place.

Aye, this young hostess other crowns hath won;

On other subjects and in every scene,

Never a damsel, nor a dame hath done [queen.

More Christly things that might have crowned a

She with a person perfect, well possessed,

A prudent life; pious, loving and pure,

With blooming health of soul and body blessed,

With sentiments so well settled and sure,

This young loved hostess of the "Land's White

Reveals again the gift of valient grace, [House"

Inspiring her, as Presidential spouse,

To reach her hand of ruth to help the race.

With thanks to God for giving "Adam's ale,"

This brave, yet beautiful, young far-famed bride,

With self possession, neither flushed nor pale,

Here gives her course as our whole country's guide;

That married women and wise maidens, too,

Might all at at once, and will forever more,

Eschew bad drinks, as all good Christians do,

And drive the wolf from every woman's door.

Then, like the homebred, Heaven born LUCY HAYES

Let coming days, too, FRANCES CLEVELAND praise!

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

[Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, officiated as hostess in the Executive Mansion until his marriage in '86. She is the daughter of a distinguished Presbyterian divine, and herself in every way a most estimable woman. The following is from her pen: "There is a majesty of right, a royalty of truth, which, in manifold forms, claims allegiance and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and baffled mother, sister, wife, His own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the rum traffic, and in that cry He makes His argument to men."—E. C.'s REPLY TO HOWARD CROSBY.] (Read Prov. xx, 1.)

Maiden Mistress of "Our Mansion!"

"I should smile!" and shall I meet her?

I'd expect a pulse expansion—

No: of pleasure none 's completer;

She 's the honest soul of honor;

So delights in sense of duty,

That as people look upon her

They believe "she *is* a beauty!"

She is moral forces filled with mental,

Commonsensible, and kind, and solid,

With a conscience wise—not accidental—

And her views and virtues are all valid.

A true woman, she's "a temp'rance worker;"

And her sisters' claims she sees so clear

That of duty she dares be no shirker,

For *Heaven* heeds each home-made mother's tear!

Such a person—safe in pure example,

Prime in presence, prime in sense to see what's proper,

Well may keep America's Home Temple,

Nothing can stampede and nothing stop her

In her care here to conserve her country;

Prompting true sense of propriety,

She is just the one to welcome gentry

And secure true sanction of society.

So completely fit seemed fair ROSE CLEVELAND,

A symmetrical, high-minded hostess,

One can look at like a clean-cut headland,

Saying: *Such "Our Mansion's Maiden Mistress!"*

O how many *such*, this side of heaven,

Sooner maidens than be wives of mad men,

And by Providence, it's best have proven

To be no man's bride than brides of bad men;

But to have such beauteous behavior

They'll espouse and love their Lord and Savior!

MRS. PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON.

[Mrs. Carrie (Scott) Harrison is the daughter of Professor Thomas Scott, D. D., of Oxford, Ohio, where she met in 1850 and married in 1852 her distinguished husband. They were Bible teachers when selected for the high Presidential office, and none of our Chief Executive people have possessed more decidedly biblical characters. Indeed, to her we may say in this regard: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." (Prov. xxxi, 29.)

'Twas in a social wedding scene,
That God Incarnate gave them water;
Pure drink brought to the bridal daughter
Made known what marriage now doth mean—
That virtue in the nuptial vow
Stamps temp'rance on each time and station;
Compels, indeed, this commendation,
"But thou hast kept the best till now!"

By this we boast not that these now are best
Of all incumbents that have ever been;
That HOST and MADAME HARRISON here mean
Their White House taste more than what's been to test;
But seems it boasting, as by some, to say:
This Mistress of that Mansion has maintained
The place so pleasing not a soul's complained?
She's stamp't impressions that shall more than stay.

She *has* laid plans to help enlarge the place;
Her modes of change high architects commend;
Her practiced life helps real progress lend,
Adding a grandeur and enduring grace.
Her House is still a standard "*Christain Home*,"
Embosoms, yet, both aged and the young;
And not a word from wicked pen or tongue,
Of lisp't complaint hath to deponent come!

From "Abby Adams," down to "Francis C—"
There's found no excellence assigned to fame,
That hath not nourished this new Hostess' name:
Nor will the future's best more faithful be!
But though some turned about their haughty backs
Upon our valiant, browned, and vet'ran braves,
She o'er them grieves; with tears waters their graves,
And could with comforts fill their old napsacks—
Who lisps a line this last Chief Lady lacks!

HARRISON'S DAUGHTER AND HER "BABY MC KEE."

[The family group of age, middle age, early manhood and infancy, from venerable Dr. Scott to the Shoe-dealer's "Baby Boy," from great grand sire to great grandson, must close our White House Sketches now. The following impromptu narrative by one who met the Presidential party at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, in 1891, will perhaps help the readers to feel still more at home with the families in our Federal Mansion whom we choose to be models before the eyes of God and men.] (Read Luke xii, 1-12.)

I never saw that "*Baby*" yet!
 Its MOTHER I have merely seen;
 Her friendly face I can't forget,
 Nor what must mean kind eyes so keen!
 I met her in a motly host,
 With Rocky Mountains waiting round,
 Yet I admired *her manner* most;
 It had a *fitness* so profound.

As we exchanged a chosen word or two,
 While trending slowly through the whirling train,
 I was surprised to hear: "I've heard of you,
 And shall be pleased, if we shall meet again!"
 This is a sample of the pleasing soul,
 Expressing from her very Princess' face,
 The culture of such Christian self-control
 As lends a grandeur to a lady's grace.

When such a white, calm soul is seen, even where
 The populace will push each one his way,
 There is a something so suggestive there
 It seems like sunshine of a lovely day.
 'Tis like her Mother's most enlight'ning mood,
 That moves serene amidst emergencies,
 With God's own impulses supremely good,
 And holding hands of faith fondly in His.

But, I would see the President's grandson!
 Whose sire doth buy and sell good boots and shoes,
 Like Roger Sherman, loved of Washington,
 And not ashamed of what all men shall use;
 Indeed, I want to see "Baby McKee!"
 For if he lives till I have left the stage,
 He'll have to bear "Grand-Pa's big hat," may be,
 And look like "Uncle Sam" our nation's sage!
 God grant the sons and daughters all to see
 And hear our Lord say: "Love and follow Me!"

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Harriet Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, and married Professor Colvin E. Stowe, of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, in 1836. She wrote many entertaining and useful works. The best of which she named "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It illustrated the evils of Slavery and so inspired the love of liberty, that, more than any other one cause, it roused the Rebellion, freed the Slaves and saved the Republic.] (Read The Triumphal Song of Debora in Judges v.)

Of all New England's noted towns,
 Whose women have their worth enhanced,
 And o'er the world earned wide renowns,
 And virtues all divine advanced,
 Old Litchfield fairly owns the lead;
 For HARRIET BEECHER here had birth,
 Who wrote what all men like to read—
 The thoughts that influence all the earth!

When "Uncle Tom's" old-time log "Cabin" came,
 Three breathless students stood abreast and read
 Its column hung on the high college-frame,
 While seven more stood where to seize their stead.
 How vividly such scenes have ever since
 The value of that book brought into view
 And yet its merits ever more evince,
 Till it hath thrilled all nations, through and through.

The humane world inhales its moral worth;
 It disenthralled the denizens it thrilled;
 It gave to Liberty Lincoln's "new birth," *
 And treason, too, it kindly, truly killed.
 O! builder of a book so near divine,—
 Whose numerous volumes were none made in vain,
 We reverent look on every book like thine,
 To count the eternal causes they contain.

And so thy works we see will follow thee,
 All filled forever with thy faithfulness;
 From all the races thou hast rendered free,
 Shall millions blend thy memory to bless,
 And generations ceaseless join to say:
 Thanks be to God! Thy thoughts have been his gift,
 The beauties of thy love their lives obey,
 And every human lot they heavenward lift,
 And swell the measure of thy moral sway,
 Till all oppression shall have passed away!

*See Lincoln's Gettysburg address.



HASKELL'S REPLY
TO
REDPATH'S EULOGY
OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Chief of the Proslavery Rebellion.

A REPLY TO JAMES REDPATH'S EULOGY OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

The distinguished French savant, Theodore Jouffroy, said: "The history of Philosophy presents a singular spectacle; a certain number of problems are reproduced at every epoch; each of these problems suggests a certain number of solutions, always the same; philosophers are divided; discussion is set on foot; every position is attacked and defended, with equal appearance of truth; humanity listens in silence, adopts the opinion of no one, but preserves its own—which is that which is called *Common Sense*." Now, strange as it may seem, this long definition of the average and ultimate opinion of humanity is as applicable to history as it is to philosophy; for the History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History present substantially the same "singular spectacle," till even *biography* has to succumb to "the Silent Common Sense of Mankind." There may be multiplied efforts to falsify historical facts, and ages, even, may suffer in silence under false systems of philosophy, but eventually the right and true will prevail. This applies even to the most extravagant eulogies of historic character, to some of which now, Bryant's often-quoted poetical apothegm is more than ever appropriate:

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers,
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Although we need not fear for the final triumph of the truth, some efforts to falsify history are in their

* For Eulogy and Answer, see *The Commonwealth* for February and March, 1890.

immediate effects upon society so hurtful, and some eulogies are so exaggerated, and injurious because so unjust to great truths and issues, that the common sense of humanity cannot afford to keep silent. Such I conceive to be some of the eulogiums pronounced upon the distinguished Secessionists, and inscribed upon their monuments. The most remarkable among these appears James Redpath's apology for Jefferson Davis, the great leader of the "American Rebellion" against the legitimate election of Abraham Lincoln, and which eulogy is entitled: "Neither Traitor nor Rebel."

This, it seems to me, is a needless affront now to National Sentiment, an almost audacious demand, amidst even funeral obsequies, for public debate of what some have long since supposed to be dead issues; and that challenge, too, when all sensitive men would rather mingle tears with them that mourn than raise to life again the old bloody contest from the new tomb of its most notable leader. No man could feel more keenly than I do the delicacy and difficulty of this unseemly contest, and the discomfort incident to such a discussion. I knew Jefferson Davis well, and esteemed highly his gentlemanly bearing and every one of his distinguishing talents and virtues, and his almost peerless opportunities to serve and honor his united, happy and glorious Country! I knew and admired some of his near kindred, with whom I daily met before our Heavenly Father's throne and around the table of his bounty. Many of my warmest friends were among this "great Statesman's" followers and comrades; and I would not needlessly wound any man, woman or child among his many worshipers, not even the enraptured admirer and lover whose surpassing attachments and pathos I am as a patriot instinctively answering. But there have been consequent upon Mr. Davis' political conduct more than a hundred million mourners, and many lands and ages must have suffered severely, if he had succeeded in nationalizing Slavery or in severing the Union. All these issues are forcibly brought anew before the American people now by his many—and often unpatriotic—eulogiums. In answering the one now before us, in a manner suited to the general subject and to the interests of humanity that "listens in silence," we need

first to ask: Who the apologist is; why he speaks as Mr. Davis' mouthpiece, and what is the import of the testimony that he brings us? We need not go beyond his own words for much of the answers to these problems, and the rest is easily found on record and ready.

Mr. Redpath himself tells us he is the biographer of JOHN BROWN, the (assistant) *autobiographer* of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and the ardent lover of them both. He begins his "Life of John Brown" by saying in its first sentence: "I loved and revered the noble old man, and had perfect confidence in his plan of emancipation—I think that John Brown did right in invading Virginia and attempting to liberate her slaves."

In the midst of his book Mr. Redpath shows how Brown had run off a great many bondmen from Missouri, and hoped by giving leadership and simple weapons of self-defense to the slaves of Virginia, he might induce multitudes of them also to escape, without a general insurrection, or the shedding of much blood. He also tells how Brown captured the National Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, was attacked by Federal troops, his son killed at his side, and his men, unbidden, fired three shots, and as many assailants fell; how Brown was then pinned to the earth by bayonets, and, when down, was smitten in his face with the sword; then weak and wounded was cast into prison, tried upon his couch in open court, condemned and hanged under the following verdict: "Guilty of *treason*, conspiring and advising with slaves and others to *rebel*, and murder in the first degree."

The memoir concludes with a quotation from a Southern correspondent, saying: "The students in the medical college at Winchester had skinned the body of one of Brown's sons, separated the nervous, muscular and venous system, dried and varnished them, and had the whole hung up as a nice anatomical illustration. Some of the students wanted the skin stuffed, others wished it made into game-pouches." "Such," says Redpath, "such is the spirit of Southern Slavery!"

Now, a little later, after the lapse of only thirty years, after less than a third of a century, during

which both slavery and rebellion have been blotted out with the best blood of near half a million of the bravest soldiers ever born of educated and saintly women, and the greatest events and issues of the civil world have been enacted and settled, this same James Redpath becomes the assistant historian, and autobiographer, even, of Jefferson Davis, the distinguished champion of slavery and instigator and leader of the "Great War of the Rebellion." This association of these two men, is one of rare and interesting significance, suggesting the greatness of the change in public opinion and in their own predilections. They seem to come instinctively together from the extremes of the country and of political convictions, to become mutual admirers, if not actual lovers, at sight. Of all the literary names laid before Mr. Davis, none was so attractive to him as that of James Redpath. He sent for him as preferred above all others, South or North, an invitation so cordial it was indeed irresistible, saying: "The sooner you come and the longer you stay the better will it please *us*." The whole household seem united in this hearty invitation, and extended to their guest the full, proverbial and elegant "Southern hospitality."

Mr. Redpath, therefore, came to *Beauvoir*, and was soon quite at home with the great secessionist, and as happy as he was welcome. He "remained nearly the entire summer," being in Mr. Davis' company all that time from six to ten hours daily. "In order to assist him with the least friction and loss of time, it became necessary that he should study the State Rights doctrines. Mr. Davis therefore gave him such of his writings on that topic as embodied his personal views, and held long conversations with him, till, Redpath says: "I felt competent to state the Southern theory without any doubt as to the correctness of my understanding of it. During the long period we were together we talked of every important event in his long eventful life and discussed almost every issue between the North and South." From first to last, evidently, they were very friendly and familiar. Says Redpath: "Before I had been with Mr. Davis three days, every preconceived idea of him utterly and forever disappeared. I never saw an old man whose face bore more emphatic evidences of a

gentle, refined and benignant nature. He seems to me the ideal embodiment of sweetness and light. I do not *like* him—I *love* him! And when I realized that he was on his death-bed, I found no sleep till my pillow was wet with tears—for the love for the good and great old man made me anxious to know more of his career, as well as to enjoy more the society of his charming household at Beauvoir."

Now let me ask, before proceeding to analyze his eulogium, Could Jefferson Davis possibly have selected and prepared a more suitable and competent apologist, or a more impassioned and eloquent eulogist, than James Redpath? Was there ever, since the days of Jonathan and David, such mutual admiration and love as existed between these two men? They seem so close, indeed, that *either* might have written the other's *autobiography*. It must be very pleasing to the Southern secessionists and planters, and interesting to all, to see such a union of souls established between the great proslavery leader and the lover of John Brown—whose "body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" Such facts and feelings are *very* suggestive, and such burdened yet beautiful language from such personages cannot possibly be an appeal, or bid, for popular approbation from any part or section of the literary public.

Yet these pleasing phenomena are not sufficiently interesting and surprising, even in the midst of general and tender sympathetic feeling, to justify forgetting or falsifying the most essential facts of American history. Nor have the leaders of the Rebellion generally, nor Messrs. Davis and Redpath in particular, been willing they should be forgotten; though we must think they at least greatly misinterpreted them and mean permanently to change the public mind, if it were possible, and fill it again with the old political errors that have been so dangerous and expensive. It seems as if it were as it was often before the war—political heresies are trumped up and harped about, till the chief agitators are those arguing most against agitation. Mr. Redpath says: "It is time to drop, and drop forever, the old war cant about Rebellion and Treason," and yet he makes them the theme of his eulogium; and the testimony

he brings before us upon them is professedly also that of his patron. "I will present," he says, "only such views as Mr. Davis himself maintained; the language only is mine; the statements and arguments are his." He then gives two common sensible definitions of Treason and Rebellion: "A Traitor is one who violates his allegiance and betrays his country. A Rebel is one who revolts from the country to which he owes allegiance." He then claims that our citizens owe allegiance not to the United Country but to their several States. He, however, adds: "If the fathers intentionally created a *Nation*, then it follows without dispute that the Confederates were both 'Rebels and Traitors,' for they certainly did fail in their allegiance to the Federal Government for four years, and they certainly were Rebels against its authority." From these premises, what must be their Commander-in-Chief? The Fathers *did, intentionally*, found an "Independent Nation," one that was so acknowledged all over the world. They planned, toiled, fought and prayed for this, and God so heard their prayers and helped them, that Washington said: "Every step by which the people of the United States have advanced to the character of an *Independent Nation*, seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency." And the grateful people have also prayerfully sung:

"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and War's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,
Praise the power *that hath made and preserved us a Nation!*"

Our history and literature and diplomacy have countless assertions of that sort. The States do not have them. Diplomacy, therefore, cannot deal with the States, but with the Nation. Washington on this matter said: "It will be worthy of (us as) a free, enlightened, and, at no distant day, a great, *Nation*, to give to mankind the too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." "The name of Americans, which belongs to you in your *National* capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

He was utterly averse to every idea of State Sovereignty and Secession. "It is of infinite moment"

(he says in his last appeal to the American people) "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your *National Union* to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may *suggest a suspicion* that it *can* in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest."

Now Redpath says: "Mr. Davis maintained that the vindication of the South (in the late war of secession) rested on these two considerations—The rightful power to secede; and the causes that justified the exercise of that power." As to the first of these, Mr. Madison, "The Father of the Constitution," as he is called, wrote to Alexander Hamilton that New York could not ratify the Constitution conditionally, reserving the right to withdraw in case a certain amendment should not be made; for, said he: "The Constitution requires an adoption in *toto and forever*." In another letter he wrote: "The idea of reserving a right to withdraw was started in Richmond, but was abandoned as worse than a rejection"—this in part because it militated against "the perpetuity of the Union" already plighted by all the States and thoroughly established. The States emerged from the Revolutionary War as a consolidated Nation. The first of their Articles of Confederation named that Nation "The *United States of America*." The last one said: "Whereas, it hath pleased the Great Governor of the world to incline the hearts of the Legislatures we represent to approve and authorize us to ratify the said Articles of *perpetual Union*, know ye that we, the undersigned delegates, do fully and entirely ratify the said Articles of *perpetual Union*, and we *plight the faith of our constituents that the Union shall be perpetual*!" This was done in 1778. In 1787 the Constitution was adopted on the basis of that imperfect but enduring compact. It declares "We the people of the *United States*, in order to *form a more perfect UNION, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for*

the *common* defense, promote the *general* welfare and *secure the blessings of liberty* to ourselves and *our posterity*, do ordain and ESTABLISH THIS CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

Now in the face of these organic facts, need I take the time of intelligent people to discuss the absurd proposition that a part is greater than the whole; the State superior to the Nation, the county to the State, the town to the county, and the precinct supreme over all, having a right to secede at will? In 1860 Mayor Wood, of New York, reasoning so, urged that city to secede and imitate South Carolina; but the people saw that instead of becoming "a free city" it would emerge from freedom into bondage to Europe, or become simply an object of pity and plunder. Edmund Randolph fitly represented the absurdity of the State Sovereignty doctrine when he suggested how silly it would seem for the General Government to say: "May it please your high mightinesses of Virginia to comply with your Federal duties! We implore, we beg your obedience!" Then, on the other hand, he showed the Virginia Convention that ratified the Constitution the true dignity of patriotism. "I have labored," said he, "for the continuance of this Union, as the rock of our safety. I believe as surely as there is a God in Heaven, our political happiness and existence depend upon the UNION OF THE STATES. The *American spirit* ought to be mixed with *National pride*—pride to see the Union magnificently triumph! Let no future historian inform posterity that we wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in the establishment of an *efficient Government*. The National Government *ought* to be fully vested with *power to preserve the Union*, protect the interest of the UNITED STATES and defend them from external invasions and *internal insurrection*." He believed with Madison and Washington, that they were making a great and mighty NATION, and that the people and the States alike, who adopted the Constitution, "adopted it in toto and forever," with its inherent powers of amendment and of execution, and that they surrendered their own sovereignty to the Nation to that extent, giving it a self-perpetuating existence and power. The speech of Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, January, 1861, to that effect, and claiming

that "Secession is *Treason* and nothing but *Treason*," is forever unanswerable. Therefore "the rightful power of the States to withdraw from the Union of 1787 (claimed by Davis) has *not* been conceded by successive generations." Nor have "the *causes* which led to the act been admitted to be an all-sufficient justification." Far from it.

"Mr. Davis submitted as a justification of the withdrawal of the Southern States in 1861: (1) The destruction of the balance of power which existed when the Constitution was adopted. (2) Subsequent legislation for sectional advantages rather than the general welfare. (3) Persistent violation of obligations which the States had assumed in the formation of the compact of Union, and (4) Incessant hostility culminating in *Invasion*, showing the Union was no longer one of the heart." In answering in their order these assertions, we ask, First: "The balance of power" was what? and *between what*? The equipoise sought by the founders of the Government was the equal distribution of wholesome National authority throughout the body politic, for its benefit in all its parts. The balance of power to which Mr. Davis refers was between slavery and freedom, the Slave States and Free States; the rivalry between the South and North, against which Washington warned the whole country in most eloquent words. The South began this contest before the Constitution was formed, and warmly kept it up till the end of the late war. All the causes of complaint lie justly against the South. To secure equal representation in Congress, the Slave States demanded in the Constitution the right to import slaves and cast three votes for every five slaves they might import or raise, counted with true "Southern generosity." This of course was even supreme "legislation for sectional advantages" to begin with, but it was on Davis' side. By this excess of power the Slave holder secured sixty years of the Presidency to the Free States' twenty; eighteen judges of the Supreme Court to the North's eleven; twenty-four Southern Presidents (pro tem) of the Senate to ten; twenty-three Speakers of the House from the South to twelve from the North; fourteen to five Attorney Generals; eighty-six to fifty-four Foreign Ministers; while the Comp-

trollers, Auditors and Chief Clerks, etc., were largely from the South; as were also the officers of the Army and Navy, with soldiers and sailors mostly from the Free States. The "legislation for sectional advantages" was so generally favorable to the South, that Hon. Alexander H. Stevens exclaimed in the Georgia Convention, January, 1861, "The Government at Washington has always been true to Southern interests!" and asked: "What Southern right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? Can anyone to-day name one act of wrong by the Government at Washington of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer!"—"Then, leaving out of view the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle and offered up as sacrifices to your ambition—I ask for what would you secede? Is it to overthrow this American Government—that has done you no wrong—which was established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of Right, Justice and Humanity? As I have often said before, it is the freest Government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of man, that the sun ever shone upon. For you to attempt the overthrow of such a Government as this, is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote!"

Such was the patriotic feeling then of a majority in the South. The *Raleigh* (N. C.) *Banner*, said: "The big heart of the people is still in the Union! Less than a hundred thousand* politicians are endeavoring to destroy the liberties and to usurp the rights of more than thirty millions of people. If the people do not prevent this, they deserve the horrors of the Civil War which will ensue; they deserve the despot-

* Out of these 100,000 politicians only forty-two came together February 4, '61, at Montgomery, Alabama, assuming to represent the seven States, and adopted the new Constitution, elected Jefferson Davis, its deviser, for President, and put the new Government at once in running order.

ism under which they will be brought, and the hard fate which will be their lot." But the original case was far worse than this. The French Revolution, Warville tells us, was carried by not more than twenty men: The Southern Rebellion was organized by *ten* from seven States, met in secret conclave at Washington, on Saturday evening, January 5, 1861—the same week of Stevens' and Johnson's great speeches against Secession. Those ten Senators, still holding seats under allegiance to the United States, agreed upon the following plan (published in *National Intelligencer*, by some informer, the following week, but not generally believed): "Assume as Senators, as far as possible, the political powers of your several States, devising immediate measures to forestall regular elections by the people; inaugurate at once a Provisional Government, by the following means: Urge by mail and telegraph the several Cotton State Conventions, now and soon to be in session, to refer no acts for ratification to their constituents, as contemplated in their appointment, but pass as near as possible, one and the same Acts of Secession, and another calling a joint convention of all the States seceding, ostensibly to devise measures suited to their common welfare, but really to assume the immediate functions of the Provisional Government. In defense of this scheme urge the several Governors (or if necessary irresponsible men) to take possession of the United States Forts and Arsenals, Mints and Custom Houses, in the name of their respective States, till the Provisional Government may safely assume them to itself, and even the Post and Telegraph offices, allowing the United States to carry still the expensive Southern mails; urge the Legislatures of Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia into unanticipated acts or quasi resolutions of Secession, or at least to call conventions which may so resolve; make sure of the sympathy of Army officers by personal influences, such as will best secure the end; retain seats in the United States Senate, unless positively recalled, till at least the fifteenth day of March, in order to tie President Buchanan's hands, prevent enabling legislation, and keep the North and National Government in doubt; and if the way be clear and exigencies demand, instigate and

aid daring men in Baltimore to kidnap (kill?) the incoming President in transit of Maryland."

This plan was adopted without a dissenting vote and its perjured author was put at the head of its executive committee to begin at once to carry it out. At his instance United States Senator Yulee wrote on the Sabbath, but dated on Monday, the following letter to a Florida Secessionist:

WASHINGTON, January 7, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of Senators from the Seceding States, in which Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi and Florida were present. The idea of the meeting was, that the States should go out at once, and provide for the early organization of a Confederate Government, not later than the fifteenth of February. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana and Texas to participate. It seemed to be the opinion, if we left here, force, loan, and volunteer bills might be passed, which would put Mr. Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities; whereas, by remaining in our places till the fourth of March, it is thought we can keep Mr. Buchanan's hands tied, and disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming administration. In haste. Yours truly,

D. L. YULEE.

Were ever conspiracy, treason, rebellion and *perjury* more foul? It were a sin to *suggest* that Washington or Lincoln or Lee *could* ever have joined in such conspiracies. But here the real *cause* of this Treason and Rebellion comes conspicuously into view. Redpath says: "The South did not fight for Slavery?" What did they fight for? For State Rights? Absurd! The doctrine of State Rights would have disintegrated the Rebel Confederacy itself in the midst of the war if its President, Davis, had indulged the idea. No; the contest was for Slavery all the way from the beginning! Said Stevens: "When we of the South *demand*ed the Slave trade, did the North not yield it for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our Slaves, was it not granted? When we demanded the return of fugitives, was it not incorporated in the Constitution and made effective by the Fugitive Slave Law? When we asked that more territory should be added that we might spread the institution of Slavery, have they not yielded to our demands and given us Louisiana, Florida and Texas?" Yes; all these successive wars of words in the Legislative Halls of the Nation were

waged over Slavery and won entirely in its behalf. The brutal assault upon Senator Sumner was for words spoken in debate against the extension of Slavery. The sectional animosity was on account of Slavery only. Senator Iverson, of Georgia, said: "Slavery must be maintained—in the Union, if possible; out of it if necessary; peaceably if we may; forcibly if we must." A little later he said: "There is but one path of safety to the South, but one mode of *preserving Slavery*, and that is a Confederacy of *Slave States* alone. The fifteen *Slave States* would present to the world the most *free*, prosperous and happy nation on the face of the earth."

Hon. L. W. Spratt, of South Carolina, said before the Montgomery Congress: "The contest is not between the North and the South as geographical sections, nor between the people of the North and the people of the South, for our relations have been pleasant, and on neutral grounds there is nothing to estrange us; but the real contest lies between the two forms of society. The one is bound together by the two great social relations of husband and wife, parent and child; the other by the three relations of husband and wife, parent and child, *and master and slave*. The one embodies the principle that equality is the right of man; the other that it is the right of equals only. The South is now engaged in the formation of a free Slave Republic."

The Confederate Constitution also said: "No law denying or impairing the right of property in Slaves shall ever be passed. In all Territory actual or acquired, the institution of Negro Slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be protected by Congress and the Territorial Government." The vice-President of the Confederacy said: "The new Constitution has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to Slavery which was the *immediate cause* of the late rupture." He also said that slavery is "the chief corner stone" of their new *free* Republic. This was understood both at home and abroad. Professor Cairnes, then the distinguished economist in Dublin University, wrote in 1863: "While the North has arisen to uphold the Union in its integrity, *Slavery* is yet the true cause of the war, and the real significance of the war is its relation to slavery."

Lord Palmerston said to Mr. Mason: "England could not recognize the Southern Confederacy because they were fighting to found a Slave Empire, which was obnoxious to the sentiments of Her Majesty's Government," and the Confederate Ambassadors confessed that fact was fatal everywhere to their recognition. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation put that issue still more clearly, and in his last inaugural he said: "All *knew* that the Slave interest was somehow the cause of the War. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend that interest the insurgents would rend the Union by War." And then he utters that sublime passage—which may have suggested to Mr. Davis the picture from his former plantation scenes when he said to Redpath: "The power that holds the *whip* by the handle never does recognize the need of the groans and kicks that come from the body that stands at the other end." Mr. Lincoln's solemn words were: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood *drawn with the lash* shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are righteous altogether."

Mr. Redpath says Mr. Davis, the invader of Pennsylvania, where Meade lost 23,186 and Lee 31,621 valiant men, the flower of the Nation, gave the invasion of Virginia by John Brown in which five were killed, as one cause of secession! Surely that was a very significant event—but does not Mr. Davis over-do the matter a little by that allusion at this late day! That event was at most a mere omen.

He ends with the complaint that there was "a want of *hearty* reverence for the Constitution and the Union." Yes, that was so, sadly so! But as in all other complaints, the wrong was on the wrong side. I remember Preston S. Brooks, for his assault upon Senator Sumner, had a Southern reception at which he said: "I tell you, fellow citizens, *from the bottom of my heart*, the only way to meet the issue upon us is, just tear the Constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern

Confederacy, every State of which shall be a slaveholding State." And his colleague, Mr. Keitt, who in his eulogy of Brooks said, "Heaven never opened to receive a purer spirit," exclaimed to his constituents: "Take your destiny in your own hands and shatter this accursed Union. Carolina could do it alone; if not, she could at least throw her arms around the pillars of the Constitution and involve all the States in a common ruin!" It is said "this was greatly applauded." But Redpath declares: "I never met any public man who revered the Constitution *as* Jefferson Davis revered it." I never did either. Why, I have here Davis' own published opinion, also "that he and his secession army were fighting for the Constitution and Lincoln and his hordes were warring against it." "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it;" I must simply submit it to the Common Sense of Mankind!

Finally, the eulogist ends by saying, "for the benefit" of foreign lands and guests: "There are two Jefferson Davises in American history. One is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and the fiend of Andersonville—he is a myth evolved from the hell-smoke of cruel war—as purely imaginary a personage as Mephistopheles or the Hebrew devil. The other was a statesman with clean hands and a pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without a thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his great ability; *he* was a man of whom all his countrymen, who knew him personally, are proud."

Here "humanity listens in silence" to learn *how* these two contrasted characters came into American history; and Common Sense answers: They are the embodiment of real facts and deeds, as seen by both his foes and followers. Look first at the former personage in the light of historic facts and see whether he be wholly imaginary: He is called a Conspirator, Rebel, Traitor, and responsible for the fiendish treatment of the Federal troops who were made his prisoners of war. A Conspirator is one who conspires or engages with others in plotting treason against their government. The ten Senators who sat by day under oath in the Councils of the Nation, and by night planned the Rebel Confederacy within the

boundary of the United States, were Conspirators, or there never were men guilty of conspiring to commit treason. The chosen leader, acting freely and from choice, was the Chief of Conspirators. The United States Senator who advised Secretary Floyd, his successor, to send South the munitions of war in the North, Secretary Cobb to send the subtreasury and Secretary Thompson to telegraph that the Star of the West was bearing food to our beleaguered garrison in Forts Moultrie and Sumpter, so that their supplies might be fired on and cut off—that Senator and those Secretaries were all perjured Conspirators, Traitors and Rebels, or there never were Rebels, Traitors nor Conspirators—they are indeed in American history as such, and as such they will remain there forever! I do not say this of all those who enlisted in the Rebel Army, after they supposed the Rebel Confederacy was really a new Nation that urged on them a claim for their allegiance, but those above named, of whom Jefferson Davis was Chief, were not imaginary, but actual, treacherous, rebellious Conspirators. They originated and urged forward what Lincoln afterwards pathetically called “a Needless and cruel Rebellion,” and they did it expecting great blood-shed, but hoped it would be in the North. Ex-President Pierce had written to Mr. Davis (January 6, 1860): “My Dear Friend: I have never believed the disruption of the Union can occur without blood; but if the dire calamity must come, the fighting will not be along Mason and Dixon’s line merely; it will be within our own borders and in our own streets.” The next year, however, President Buchanan said (see *B’s Administration* p. 98): “The first shot fired at Moultrie and Sumpter will arouse the indignant spirit of the North and unite the people as one man to support a war rendered inevitable by such an act of Rebellion.” They anticipated this; they conspired against the Government; they betrayed their country both at home and abroad, and they deliberately brought on and waged with desperate energy what history has called and will so name forever—“The Great War of the Rebellion.” During that war they destroyed in one battle fifty-four thousand and eight hundred of their own brothers, and captured in all one hundred

and eighty thousand patriot soldiers and put them in pens and gave them food unfit for cattle. The stockade at Andersonville, Georgia, stands as a type of them all—and I will not say that the Jefferson Davis who was there, once at least, is “the fiend of Andersonville now in American History;” but I will call on an excellent Christian neighbor who was there, to be duly sworn and under oath tell you what he saw there and suffered.

THE AFFIDAVIT OF STEPHEN HOPKINS' DESCENDANT:

My name is James H. Hopkins. I was born in Hillsborough, Highland County, Ohio; am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and reside with my family at No. 2041 LaFayette Avenue, Denver, Colorado; am by trade a brick mason and builder. My father, John W. Hopkins, was Second Lieutenant in the same regiment in the Mexican War with Major Winder, under command of Colonel Jefferson Davis, and they were warm friends. (The Ohio and Mississippi boys and Winder's Artillery fought together.) My grandfather, Shelby Hopkins, served under General Winfield Scott in the War of 1812-15; and his father was Stephen Hopkins, Chief Justice of Rhode Island and signer of the Declaration of Independence. I enlisted as a volunteer in the Forty-eighth Regiment, Ohio Infantry, in the Federal Army; was in thirty battles, and was made prisoner at Chikamauga, was taken to the Rebel prison at Florence, Alabama, thence to Andersonville, Georgia, and detained there eleven months, in all nineteen months and four days. There was an average of twenty-seven thousand prisoners on an area of fourteen acres, and our privations and sufferings surpassed the power of words to describe. Our food some days, with no fire, was corn meal, cob and all; others a stalk of sugar cane, and on others a little black bean, etc., many days nothing. In a region of great fertility and a time of abundant harvests cultivated by slaves, we were fed upon rations so unpalatable and scanty that thirteen thousand nine hundred and twelve patriot soldiers died in eleven months—apparently starved to death by design of the Rebel authorities. Captain Wurtz told Davis in my hearing: “Send the soldiers down to me; I can kill more than Bob Lee can.” The intentional alternative was, starvation, or enlist against the United States. Once Jefferson Davis, accompanied by General Winder, visited the prisoners to get them to become Rebel soldiers, and be released. They appealed to me, in my emaciated condition, to organize a regiment out of my comrades, have the command and prospective promotion in the Confederate Army. To this offer I replied that I prefer death to dishonor, and would sooner perish by starvation than bear arms against the stars and stripes of the United States. Mr. Davis said: “All right; you will die then!”—for he preferred we should all starve to death, rather than live to fight against the Confederate States! Thus my father's old war comrades closed abruptly the conference. We all suffered indescribable hunger, heart-ache, bodily discomfort from vermine, and pain consequent upon the famine and cruelties

purposely imposed; in the midst of which the alternative urged upon us to become rebels was the most horrible and tantalizing.

JAMES H. HOPKINS.

Duly certified and sworn to before David Keith, Notary Public, Denver, January 29, 1890.

I do not know how mythical Mephistopheles and his Satanic Majesty are, but Jefferson Davis was real, and the chiefly responsible personage at Andersonville, then; he threw open, also, the prison gates to the one hundred and eighty thousand patriot prisoners, on the terms above given. But with the slow tortures to death by starvation staring them in the face, not two per cent of the heroic martyrs accepted the dastardly and diabolical offer. O, my countrymen, was there ever before such courage and love for your country! But it was worthy of it! or it would not have such sons that could so suffer!

Though Captain Wurtz was subsequently hanged for murders in the first degree on testimony of the Confederate guards and surgeons, he said to me just before his execution: "Sir, I was obeying orders." And I believed him.

Jefferson Davis returned to Richmond, and while the prison was still ruled with such relentless rigor that the starving patriots picked even the kernels of corn from the offal of the mules kept busy in carting away the dead to their trenches, he issued (October 26, 1864) this "Proclamation of Thanksgiving" which I hold in my hand and in which he said: "Let us in temples and in field unite our voices in recognizing with adoring gratitude the manifestations of God's protecting care—in the *fruitfulness with which our land has been blessed!*—and (further) let us not forget that many of our best and bravest have fallen in battle and that many others are still held in *foreign* prisons."—"Foreign prisons!" Alas! what narrow, insane and needless *alienation!* The largest, finest, most enlightened, most historic and most happy part of his native land, that educated, honored, loved him, that part containing Princeton, Trenton, Saratoga, Niagara, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill—all cast off forever, to be henceforth to him as a *foreign* country! And while *his* captured troops are treated kindly as erring fellow countrymen and conferred with as kindred, so that those in Fort Warren in full

view from my Boston window, even boasted that they "fared sumptuously every day," with Jefferson Davis' colleague one of the witnesses, *our* troops in *his* prison were perishing with hunger, in regions which they knew belonged still to their own indivisible Republic!—But enough of this! It is too bitter to remember! God knows I wish to forgive and forget it, and would not have spoken unless forced by denials of the facts to expose them. Was there ever such forbearance and forgiveness as that shown after the war by the Federal Government, which said to the insurgents, like Joseph to his brethren who had sold him to bondage and to prison: "Fear not ye: ye meant for evil what God meant for good, as it is at this day, to bless many peoples!"

Leaving Redpath's second personage for his eulogists to portray according to their pleasure, I will draw in conclusion a few inferences from the *facts* already before us—which are stubborn things and will remain in history forever established. "The War of the Rebellion" was for *slavery*; and yet it resulted in the abolition of slavery forever. Jefferson Davis was the indispensable cause and Commander-in-Chief of that Rebellion, and was by far, as I believe, the ablest of all the Secession Leaders and Generals; and yet he was so greatly changed that he chose at last as his helper and bosom adviser the Biographer of John Brown, the mystical sign of the slaves' manumission. The great Republic that Davis sought to destroy by division, remains more consolidated and merciful than ever, so that he lived on unmolested in his Family Mansion, most "Beautiful to Behold," and possessed to the last of his countless unconfiscated acres. He was also protected in every possible enjoyment, reflecting the "beneficence, the light and the sweetness" of our free institutions in his countenance, and finally died in peace among his own worshiping people. Was there ever given to man before so gracious a Government, through which God revealed so much of his long suffering with men, and His sovereignty of wisdom, of justice, and goodness, and mercy? As the past, present and future move on in one bright and overwhelming panorama before me, I see His Sovereign Majesty serenely seated above it all; in every stormy war I understand the

voice of His thunder, and on the late dark retiring cloud that still reverberates, I behold the bow of hope hung up in the light of His countenance, and I dare believe our beloved land shall now remain peaceful, united, prosperous, and never again suffer from a bloody deluge. To this end, let the warnings of history have always a reverent hearing, and the rising generations pay due heed to the judgments of Jehovah.

Jefferson Davis is dead! I see his monument rising before the American people. It is the most imposing that chivalry, art, wealth and affection can furnish. It bears not merely the name, like those of Mount Vernon, nor is it a simple shaft, like the loftiest cenotaph the sun ever illumined, in honor of the Father of his Country; but it is heavily inscribed with both elegy and eulogy, expressing only what his friends would hand down to the future. But humanity looks on and listens in silence and preserves its own opinion—the enduring conviction of the country saved through so great conflict and suffering; and the Common Sense of Mankind will continually come along and read between the lines the epitaph as it should have been written. And when the relentless fingers of Time shall have rubbed out every inscription, and his mighty hand shall have thrown down the monument, there will still be written in history and upon the heart and memory of humanity, also, this simple, solemn memorial, more enduring than Time, and more eloquent than eulogy: Wrong—though overruled and forgiven—is wrong forever. Jefferson Davis betrayed, at home and abroad, the unity, life and glory of his country that bore and blessed him; he revolted from the best Government ever given to humanity and rebelled against its most benign ruler, Abraham Lincoln, and did this in behalf of human bondage, nor retracted his errors; and so, for the warning of the future, let there stand by the name of Jefferson Davis this indellible stigma:

BOTH TRAITOR AND REBEL!

March 1, 1890.

T. N. HASKELL.

Bribery and the Ballot,

AS SEEN IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.*

The history of bribery reaches far back, and the testimony against it has been incessant and eloquent. Laws, human and divine, have been declared and executed against it, and the moral sense of mankind seems to loathe it as much as to look upon a devilish serpent. The Hebrew Commonwealth became a kingdom because the people hated the bribery of its judges, and Judas hanged himself for his betrayal of Jesus for \$15. My subject is therefore repellant, but too important and perilous to be left without the most unflinching and frequent exposure to the public gaze and reprobation; for its worst effects are against our most sacred franchises, and when aimed at debasing American suffrage, the source of our Government, it is the unpardonable sin that should never be forgiven nor forgotten.

The word bribe—of both Gallic and Gaelic origin, meaning first in French, “a morsel of bread,” as that for which “Esau sold his birthright”—has come to mean any material inducement offered to impair ones moral judgments. In Persian the word is akin to *para*, a piece of money; and so that is now oftenest used in bribery, but not always. Anything by which men are hired to do wrong is and always was a bribe, and its penalties have ever been severe. Eliphaz the Temanite, said to Job, the Emir of Uz and earliest of known authors, as if to reprove him with some then ancient proverb: “Deceitful men shall be desolate ‘and the tabernacles of bribery’ shall be destroyed.” Near the same time Ruel Jethro, the father of jurisprudence, said to Moses, the founder of the Jewish Commonwealth: “Thou shalt provide

* See *The Commonwealth*, September, 1890.

out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating bribery and covetousness, and place such as rulers over the people at all seasons," adding: "If thou shalt do this and God command thee so, then shalt thou endure and all this people go on their way in peace." In the days of the Hebrew Judges, the divine sentences against Eli and Samuel's sons for their bribes and sensuality were such as made "the people's ears to tingle." David, the most heroic and devout of the Hebrew psalmists and kings, exclaimed: "Let me not abide with wicked men 'in whose hands is mischief and their right hand is full of bribes.'" And Isaiah, the sublimest of their poet seers, said: "He that despiseth the gain of oppression and shaketh his hands from holding of bribes shall dwell on high, his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks, his bread shall be given him, and his water shall be secure"—in other words, he shall be safe, all his wants supplied and he shall be exalted among men. Centuries later, when Judaism was transferred among the followers of Jesus, and Simon Magus would bribe even God and the chief of His Apostles, Saint Peter said to him: "Thy money perish with thee!" And Saint Paul exclaimed to a similar character: "O, full of subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways!"

Ancient Pagans often proclaimed against bribery in politics. A few "liberal" excerpts from Greek and Latin authors will illustrate this. Demosthenes, in one of his patriotic orations, said: "When a bribe is cast into one scale it then preponderates and forces down the judgment with it; so that it is not possible that a person thus influenced can ever offer to his country good service. For these reasons our fathers thought themselves bound to look with deep concern upon the introduction of bribery into Peloponnesus, and proceeded with such severity against all they could detect in it as to raise monuments to their crimes." He probably here refers to a brazen column then standing in a public place in Athens, and bearing this inscription: "Let Arthmius, of Zelia, the son of Pathonax, be accounted infamous, because he first brought gold (as bribes) from Media into the Peloponnesus." Again Demosthenes says, as if in

despair: "Of all the popular constitutions of the Grecian States I do not know if there be one left now that is firmly established; for when the men administering their affairs would bribe those capable of selling their integrity, they have always a foreign potentate ready to furnish money for the purpose."

Of this King Philip himself boasted, saying, in his famous letter to the Athenians, concerning the Greeks that were crying out against him: "I could easily have silenced with a little gold their clamors and changed them to praises. But I should blush to purchase your favor through such wretches."

[This reminds me of the mercenary motives of the journalists of England who were bribed against us a few years since in our war time. The American press now-a-days is also sometimes purchased in its opinions. It was not long ago a New York editor said to a convention of journalists: "I am paid so much a month for keeping an honest opinion out of my paper. Others of you are paid like salaries for doing the same thing. We are the mere tools of rich men behind the scenes." For reasons of this sort I suspect that whole fonts of subsidized type in Colorado may be set up against the right of this appeal, with no power of hired type or pen or tongue to turn their tide of abuse away; yet it were better to avert the evils of this corroding avarice from our country than avoid any personal discomfort by neglecting a plain public duty.]

The further appeals of Demosthenes against bribery and the probable fact he too was afterwards himself corrupted, enhance our duty to be courageously and invincibly faithful, for his words on this subject are still further intensely admonitory, and his subsequent sufferings from compunction, or public suspicion, were fearful. As he watched the moral decline of his country, he said with increasing severity and sadness: "The noblest principles of the past are being so subjected to the power of gold that such things appear as affect the very safety and vitality of Greece. What are they? Envy, when a man has received a bribe; laughter if he confesses it; pardon if he be convicted; resentment at being accused, and all the other outcome of corruption." How like is this to the laughing countenance and unlawful

shielding of modern frauds and political intrigue!

But the wise old patriot waxes yet warmer and exclaims: "I call heaven and earth to witness there are those among us who do not blush to live for Philip; who have not sense enough to see they are selling themselves and their country for a miserable pittance. * * Our army, our navy, our revenues, all things that are esteemed the life, security and strength of the State, have lost their efficacy by means of these *traffickers*. Formerly to be guilty of such practices was accounted a crime of the blackest kind which called for all the severity of public justice, but now our National interests are exposed for *sale* as if in a market. Even the emoluments of these offenders are influencing others to aspire after public office solely for the display of such silly ostentation.

* * In earlier days the private habitations of the men of eminence were so modest, so consonant with the equality and genius of our Constitution, that the house of Themistocles, of Cimon, of Aristides, Miltiades, or any of these illustrious personages, was not distinguished by the least mark of grandeur. But now some of the men who have conducted our state affairs have built houses not only more magnificent than those of our wealthy citizens, but even superior to our public edifices; others have purchased and improved an extent of land beyond all that their former *dreams* of wealth could have presented to their fancy. O my countrymen!" he exclaims, "My countrymen! it is wrong, it is shameful to desert the ranks of noble mindedness in which our ancestors have placed us!"

It was thus that most eloquent of ancient orators appealed to his own people against the growing power of avarice and civil corruption. It is exceeding sad to see how at last he too was seduced by this subtle and subversive sin against which he had breathed his severest invectives. Well did Aeschines, in his oration against Demosthenes' ambition for repeated public honors, say: "It is the perfection of the statesman to possess that goodness of mind which may ever direct him to the most salutary measures, together with that skill and power of utterance which may effectually commend them to his hearers; yet, of the two, *integrity* is to be pre-

ferred to *eloquence*." Demosthenes' oratory was of small account when he too sold the safety of his country, or fell at least under the popular suspicion that he was not after all supremely devoted to the public welfare.

Yes, Demosthenes, even, was brought to trial for the offense of bribery. He was charged with having been hired not to appear against one Harpalus, a wealthy refugee from the house of Alexander, thereby endangering the peace and safety of the Greek Republic. Dinarchus, his accuser, said to the Athenian Archons: "You have condemned Timotheus, the son of Conon, to a fine of a hundred talents because he had confessed receiving bribes from the Rhodians; and should not Demosthenes, a much more distinguished person, be punished according to his rank, for having accepted a costly vase and ten talents from Harpalus, and thus manifest to the world a just sentiment toward those who are bribed against the public safety?" He further says: "In the case of bribery two different punishments are prescribed. The first is death, that the fate of the offender may deter others from following his example. The second is ten fold the bribe received, that others may dread being disappointed in their sordid expectations."

Though Demosthenes declared his innocence, and his plea of ill health might have excused his not appearing to prosecute Harpalus, if the court had believed him, yet the presumption appeared to be so strong against him that the Areopagus sentenced him to prison and to pay the State a fine of fifty talents. He escaped into exile, and as he looked toward Athens he wept and warned all young men who came near him against the danger and guilt of corruption in politics.

Bribery grew until it had ruined both Greece and Rome. The oracle of the early Pythian Apollo said: "Nothing but avarice can conquer Sparta." And it was indeed bribery that did it. Caius the Samnite said: "When the Romans begin to take bribes there will soon be an end to their flourishing Empire." In accordance with this prediction Cicero ascribed the ruin of the Roman Republic to the moral and social degeneracy of her people, particularly specifying avarice conducing to bribery as the vice most dan-

gerous and destructive. Historic facts confirm the philosophy of these forebodings. The Roman Senators and Consuls were often suspected of being purchased. The Emperors who followed were full of corruption. Cæsar gave a pearl worth two hundred thousand dollars to Servilia to buy the favor of her son Brutus, and paid three hundred thousand dollars to bribe the consul Paulus. Crassus gave many bribes and large ones. Antony squandered millions in like manner. Caligula wasted in a year one hundred and twenty million dollars that Tiberius had left him, and Seneca says "he was born to show the world what mischief may be done by the concurrence of great wealth and great wickedness;" that "he spent fifty thousand dollars on a single dinner, and divided his life betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseous stomach." Jugurtha bribed commissioners sent by the Senate to save the life of his nephew, Adherbal, but he murdered him, nevertheless, and then bribed even the Senate; and when the Tribune Memmius exposed his bribery and he was banished, he went his way, saying: "O venal city! Thou shalt soon perish if I can find a purchaser!"

Seneca assures us there was so much popular and official debasement in his time, that "it became dangerous to be honest and only profitable to be vicious; vice itself was preferred and commended; all insolence became exemplary and lawful and people took malevolent comfort in the number of the wicked." "Men rejoiced," he said, "in uncleanness, theft, and ambition, and even valued themselves on their excellency in ill-doing." He also infers that "when the strife is thus, who shall be most profane and impious, people will have every day less shame and worse passions. Sobriety and conscience will become foolish and scandalous till it is half the relish of their lusts that their sins are committed in the face of the sun. Innocency is not only rare but lost, and mankind enters into a confederacy against virtue, to say nothing of intestine strifes, fathers and sons in league one against another, poisoned fountains, troops in search of the proscribed and banished, rape and adultery authorized, public perjuries and frauds, a violation of common faith and all the bonds of

human society cancelled." "It seems an idle thing," he suggests, "to think of preserving such a people, who find both advantage and honor in corruption." "Who," he asks, "would have imagined that Clodius should have come off by bribery from debauching the wife of Cæsar and profaning the vows that are for the very safety of society?" "But he did bribe even the judges," says Seneca, "not only with money but by pandering to their very worst passions and vices." In the courts of justice and the canvass for office, he said: "He that gives most carries his cause. All vices *gain* upon us by the promise of reward; avarice promises money; ambition, preferment. Contempt of poverty in others, the fear of it in ourselves, unmerciful oppressions and mercenary magistrates are the common grievances of a corrupted government."

Thus, too, does Seneca follow Demosthenes and Cicero to decry against the avaricious degeneracy of the Greek and Roman people, which was in sickening contrast with the elder Scipios' conscience, who could not be bribed against his country by the offer to bring back to him his only son even, from captivity. From the testimony of such patriot sages we see how avarice and ambition for office really ruined the Roman Empire and Republic, as it had Sparta and Attica. The Roman degeneracy continued till the Praetorians actually sold the throne to the highest bidder!

But let us here conclude our free translations from the old foreign classics with these more cheering and ennobling extracts. "A good man," says Seneca, "is influenced of God and has a kind of divinity within him. It was so Cato waged war with the wicked customs of Rome and Scipio with her enemies, and bating even the better consciousness of virtue, who would not, after all, rather be an honest man for the sake of the nobler approbation of the good and wise in all ages; for you shall find virtue in the temple, in the field, or upon the walls, covered with dust and blood in the defense of the public, and its deeds are immortal, while the victims of avarice are found sneaking in the stews and sweating their lives away under the weight of their own vices." With a noble complaisance he suggests that his countrymen

should take pattern from the testimony of a good conscience and be able to say: "I have lived for my country and my kind. Though under Caligula I saw such cruelties that to be killed outright was accounted a mercy, yet I persisted in my integrity and showed that I was willing and ready more than to die for it. My mind was never corrupted by bribes, and when the honor of avarice was highest I laid not my hand upon any unlawful gain or fruit of injustice."—Such semi-inspired sentiments as these against avarice and bribery, strange as it may seem, had little power to save the liberties of the Greek and Roman people; and even these classic authors themselves had serious defects contrary to our Christian system, so that Bishop Hopkins' words in his *American Citizen*, are worthy of serious attention, where he says: "The only basis of safety in the use of our universal suffrage is the virtue and intelligence of our people united in support of the Constitution and the laws under the sanctions of the Christian religion."

But bribery corruption has been brought into Christendom also. Judas, one of the Twelve, betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, but in his compunction cast down his money and decently hung himself. Many others in high offices have been brought to grief by bribery, and, by their punishments, made some amends for the bane of their bad example. In England bribery appeared early, but it has been bravely met several times in Great Britain, and never more so than in the case of Sir Francis Bacon, the accomplished viscount of Saint Albans. As keeper of the Seal and High Chancellor of England, he was charged before the House of Lords with having received money for grants of offices and privileges under the Seal of the State. He confessed his sin and left his sentence to the "*pity* of his peers;" and notwithstanding his distinguished service to his country and mankind, as a man of letters and culture, a philosopher, and statesman of the highest offices and standing, admired of the Court and a favorite of the Crown, he was sentenced to a fine of two hundred thousand dollars, imprisonment during the King's pleasure, and to be forever disqualified for office, sit in Parliament or to appear within the verge

of the Court. Such an "exemplary" punishment, severe as it was, has been ever since useful.

Near a century later the subtle vice of bribery was again so much in vogue in England, that Sir Robert Walpole used to say: "All men have their price." This led to his being watched with suspicion lest *he* should put his mean motto into practice, and he was indeed soon indirectly detected, tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment and fine, after the manner of Sir Francis Bacon before him; but party feeling made his punishment appear so much like persecution that he was afterwards restored to some important public positions and appeared penitent and partially honored and useful. The people of Great Britain and America will never cease to be warned by the sentences against Bacon and Walpole.

The laws against bribery in Great Britain and America are similar. In the United States there are perhaps more specific statutes than in England against political corruption, because our Government *all* rises from suffrage and rests upon it, and if that be undermined and corrupted the whole superstructure is imperiled; yet in defiance of law and regardless of danger, there have been late conspicuous efforts at bribery tending to break down and destroy the legitimacy of even the *National* election. The forged "Morey letter" to defeat Garfield in 1880, is an illustration of political dishonor in appealing to prejudice and mercenary passion, and it deprived the incoming President of the electoral votes on the Pacific coast. Had the elections elsewhere been close it would have founded the executive Government of the whole Nation for the next four years upon that one act of felony. The undeniable dispatches sent in 1876, from Oregon and elsewhere in cipher, should never be forgotten nor easily forgiven by patriots of any party.

One who buys his way into office must be unfitted for public service by that very fact. Could he be a desirable President who would buy for himself the Presidency? Mark what manhood must be bartered away on both sides. Consider the divine and human barriers that must be broken down. What a debasing course of education has bribery, even in our country. Buying of primary votes, bribing canvass-

ing boards to bring in false returns, "purchasing one elector" when one vote may turn the presidential scale, and every step in this climax of stupendous frauds violates some clear and virtuous statute.

Our State and National laws are all now well established against every form of political corruption, and he seems hardened indeed and hopeless who would defy them. I place here two regular statutes; please read them carefully and see with what care also they were enacted. The laws of Colorado declare: "If any person shall, by bribery, menace, or other corrupt means or device whatever, either directly or indirectly attempt to influence any voter of this State in giving his ballot, or deter him from giving the same, or disturb or hinder him in the free exercise of the right of suffrage at any election in this State at which he is entitled to vote, or shall fraudulently change or alter a ballot or cause any other deceit to be practiced with intent fraudulently to induce such elector to deposit the same as his vote, and thereby have the same thrown out and not counted, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor punishable by a fine, not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or imprisonment not more than six months." False testimony of voters under oath is a penitentiary offense also.

The Election laws of the United States are still more significant and severe: "Any member of either House of Congress who asks or accepts or receives any money, or any promise, contract or understanding, obligation, gratuity or security for payment of money, or for the delivery or conveyance of anything of value, either before or after he has been qualified, or has taken his seat as such member, with intent to have his vote or decision on any question, matter, cause, or proceeding which may be at any time pending in either House or before any committee thereof, influenced thereby, shall be punished by a fine not more than three times the amount asked, accepted or received, and by imprisonment not more than three years."

"Any *Judge* of the United States, who in any way receives or accepts any sum of money or other bribe, present or reward with intent to be influenced thereby in any opinion, judgment or cause depending

before him, shall be fined and imprisoned at the discretion of the Court, and shall be forever disqualified to hold any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States."

There are also corresponding laws punishing with like severity any *persons offering* directly or indirectly to *bribe* a Judge or a member of Congress, or an executive or revenue officer of the Federal Government. Members of Congress may not officiate in matters of financial interest to themselves, lest they be influenced thereby not to legislate solely for the public or general welfare. The ethical reasons for all these careful regulations are supreme and usually self-evident. No person can ignore them and be worthy of public trusts or suitably patriotic.

My poor father said to me a few hours before he died: "My son, all I have to leave you is my untarnished name, your time when you shall be sixteen, and your right to vote when you are one and twenty," and to this day I am proud of the inheritance. But that name which I have not dishonored, that time which I improved in self-education and the service of my country, and that right of suffrage which cost blood and treasure and the struggle of ages, are of little avail to me if I see inferior men securing by fraud their nominations to office, and when I go to the polls find fifty persons there before me each paid to neutralize my ballot.

Both Houses of Congress should be so incorruptible that any man of ordinary sense and moral sensibility should be intensely uneasy in a seat to which he was elevated by a fraudulent ambition.

A good conscience toward suffrage helps to see the hatefulness of the unholy ambition that has always been so hurtful to society. The aspiration to be true and useful is the essential honor. That goodness of mind that would guide to beneficent measures, that eloquence that is able to command them and that integrity of character which Aeschines applauded, have abounded in the American Congress, the Courts and the Executive Mansion, and one can hardly think of the great men who have sat in those seats and left in the House and the Senate, upon the Supreme Bench and in the White House their halo of glory, without emulation and wishing to be like them—and such is

a laudable ambition. But, O how sinister, how niggardly selfish must be the narrow souls that would *offer* to buy of an American citizen his suffrage! The wonder is that *any* briber of a ballot should ever wish or expect the world's approbation, or should dare undertake the duties of an elective office.

I have now expressed my reprobation of the great reproach and evil brought upon the country by the bribery of the ballot. If I have spoken severely it has been because there seemed to be special need of severity. It has certainly been more in sorrow than in censure! I have felt and written as a patriot, not as a partisan; have sought the public good, not my personal gratification. I have never willingly put a thorn on any man's pillow. It has given me pain to expose and prosecute my familiar neighbors and particular congenial friends. But franchise is more than friendship; it is the life of the Nation. Were my dearest brother in this great wrong, I would defend the right, hit whom I might. With this feeling I appeal to my countrymen, to the just people of Colorado and to all General Assemblies to contest every inch of ground with the corruptors of the sacred source of our civil power, and let the right prevail and the future reward our fidelity.

The completest remain of antiquity is the Temple of Theseus at Athens. There it has stood in solitary grandeur more than twenty centuries as his monument—not because he was an Argonaut, not because he slew wild bulls, boars and giants, killed even the monster of Crete to whose devouring maw Athens had given yearly seven youths and as many young maidens, not even because he had consolidated his country and conquered his foes; but because he refused to be her king and gave her a free constitution and the right of suffrage. Let those who sympathize with these sentiments put on their virtuous armour and defend them with valor. Let no man despise his birthright. The past with all its sacrifices and examples, the Present with all its obligations, the Future with all its hopes, unite to say: Let every public servant do his duty, and every citizen stand sentry; then will our suffrage be safe, and saved the Great American Republic.

Haskell's Konkaput

AND

Occasional Poems.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

While no adverse criticism of this book has yet appeared, it is quite gratifying to see with what emphasis and unanimity the press has commended these poems, for both their local interest and their prospective permanence in the popular literature of this country. Below are a few extracts, given as samples of the best editorial opinions :

From THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS—
(FOUNDED 1859).

Some time since two paper covered volumes of Poems from the pen of Professor T. N. Haskell, issued successively from the press. The first was entitled "Young Konkaput, the King of Utes; a Legend of Twin Lakes," and is a poem about the length of Hiawatha. The hero is an ideal educated Indian, who realizes and depicts the only possible happy future for his race, and falls a victim to its ingratitude. Though called a legend, there are many incidents in Konkaput of historic importance, and many fine descriptions and passages of great beauty. "The Key to Konkaput, or the Fate of the Meeker Family," will be read with rare interest. The second volume contains a number of shorter poems, Foreign, Patriotic, Juvenile and Domestic.

The Foreign Poems show that Professor Haskell has been an extensive traveller, and reproduce the first impressions received at the places that inspired them. The Centennial Poems and others on national subjects, are full of true patriotic feeling, and whatever the topic touched, the sentiment is always on the right side. These two volumes are now united in one book, neatly bound in cloth and morocco, and offered to the public. This volume is in clear print, on good paper, and contains numerous illustrations. Even those who possess the separate books will be glad to obtain them in this more substantial and attractive form. Besides points of special interest to Western readers, the work possesses literary merit that will win and hold its place with the reading world.

From ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERALD—
(FOUNDED 1850).

"Haskell's Konkaput, King of the Utes" with "Occasional Poems at Home and Abroad," is an attractive volume of some five hundred pages well illustrated by the best of Colorado artists. Indeed, the entire book, beautifully printed, is the product of Colorado talent, and should, therefore, be more readily purchased and appreciated by our home people. The chief poem was written to illustrate the Indian Question in the United States, and incidentally presents our relations to all the colored races of this country. This is done by creating two or more imaginary personages, and preparing them by eventful experiences, observation, travel and education to tell the story, each to their own race, with intelligent and thrilling eloquence.

"The Key to Konkaput, or the Fate of the Meeker Family," illustrates well the saying that "Fact is sometimes stranger than fiction," and will be read by the friends of the late Mr. Meeker with tender regard. Already the book is highly praised by numerous purchasers and the discriminating press. Besides being filled with points of special interest to Western readers, the book contains literary merit that is bound to place it among the favorite works of the age.

From DENVER REPUBLICAN—

"Young Konkaput, the King of Utes," and several other poems written by Thomas Nelson Haskell, has been published in very attractive form by Collier & Cleaveland, of this city. The main poem, representing the real deserts and difficulties of the Indian Question in the United States, is a versified Legend of Twin Lakes, and has many poetic gems. The story embodies the rescue, by United States troops, from the Arapahoes and

Sioux, of the favorite Ute squaw, Susan, or Shawsheen, who for her gratitude, in turn rescued the Meeker women. The tone of the poem is lofty, and the descriptive passages are strong and finely drawn. Mr. Haskell is a Colorado man, and he has cleverly interwoven his story so as to present the most interesting scenes and Indian romances of the Rocky Mountain region.

From THE DENVER TIMES—

Prof. Haskell's book of poems entitled "King Konkaput," is fresh from the press of Collier & Cleaveland, and is worthy of popular favor. "King Konkaput" is the story of the Indian Question told in pleasing rhyme, and the author evidently saw the good side of the noble red man. The book is certainly worthy the support it is receiving.

From THE DENVER EYE—

The story of "Konkaput, the King of Utes, and Shawsheen, His Maiden Queen," is of thrilling interest, and, told in Professor Haskell's inimitable style of poesy, it holds the reader's closest attention from beginning to end. Haskell's Occasional Poems (bound in the same volume), is a collection of many of the richest gems of thought that has flown from this poet's gifted pen, some of which have before appeared in the current literature of the day. The book has been issued both in paper covers and in elegant cloth and morocco binding, and reflects much credit upon the publishers, Collier & Cleaveland. Professor Haskell's poetical genius is too well known to require any endorsement from the press, and now that he has presented to the public, so many of his poems in a collected form, they will doubtless meet a very flattering reception at its hands.

From THE MILITARY REVIEW—

We have "Young Konkaput and Occasional Poems," by Thomas Nelson Haskell, which are profusely illustrated. To a lover of real poetry, original thought and dramatic situations, we are convinced these poems will be of the deepest interest.

From GOLDEN GLOBE—

Prof. Haskell's "Legend of Twin Lakes" is a book setting forth very fully the Ute-Meeker Massacre, and treats the Indian Question in a masterly manner. We commend it to the reading public.

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From COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE—50

"Young Konkaput, the King of the Utes, a Legend of Twin Lakes," is the title of a volume by Thomas Nelson Haskell which has just been issued. The book is written in an attractive and simple style of verse. The author, in the preface, states that the work has been prepared chiefly for the youth of America, and its practical object is to impress upon the rising public some of the real deserts and difficulties of the Indian Question. Professor Haskell's intimate acquaintance with the habits and traits of character of the Red man, especially fitted him for the preparation of the work. He has made it not only an interesting story but a useful one to those studying the important questions connected with the welfare of the Indians. The author needs no introduction to our readers. His work in behalf of Colorado College is well known in our city, and his deep interest in the educational and other interests of the State in general have made his name familiar throughout the State. The book will be found at book stores, bound both in paper and cloth.



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